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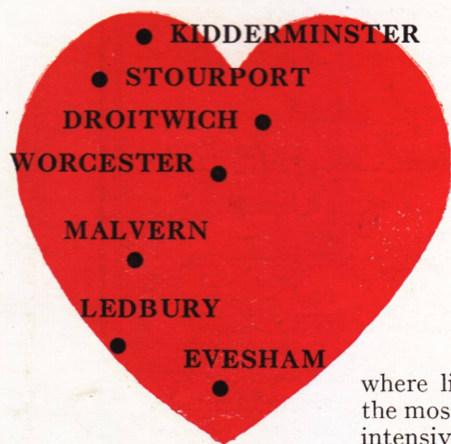
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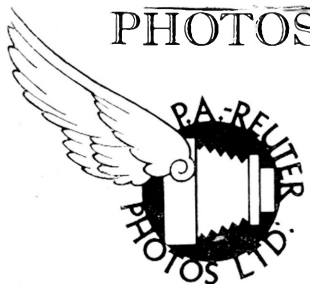
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the selected contributions of leading  
journalists, artists, cartoonists and photo-  
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Edited By  
**ARTHUR J. HEIGHWAY**  
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**MORLEY RICHARDS**  
(news editor, "Daily Express")

as a

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# FOREWORD

**T**HIS book is designed to do three things, all very worthy.

First, to picture some of that glamour of life and vivid experience which is the common lot of the newspaper man. Wherever history is being made, the observant reporter is at hand, ever alert to record the truth for a news-hungry world. He attends fire, flood, and shipwreck; diplomatic conferences, the scene of riot, famine, murder or pestilence; he interviews the famous, watches the fall of kings, records the sway of battle, brings his experience and skill to the interpretation of sport; in short, all the world and its life is his stage; sent there at the behest of you, the omnivorous reader of the modern Press.

That experience of the journalist is so varied and full of incident that it takes on the cloak of glamour. Not that the newspaper man himself feels glamorous—far from it; he is usually so devoted and hardworking an individual, so keen on his story, that he takes the most bizarre happenings and personal adventures as all in his day's work. It's the news that counts.

But that life of his has a fascination and is worthy of attention. So it is the first objective of this book to give the newspaper man himself an annual platform on which to record some of the "stories behind the stories" in his service of news. A glance through the varied contents of these pages will show you how absorbing and gripping that tale can be.

Note, too, that the Press is varied and complicated. In addition to the national Press, there is the provincial and weekly Press, all very vital and very worthy. Space is given, too, for them and their makers, to record their part in our national life.

The second objective is by thus putting something of the newspaper man's life into print, to interpret him and his career to the public. Newspapers have been under some political fire of late. Some speeches have been made which reveal a very incomplete understanding of the function of a newspaper, the nature of the newspaper man's life, and of the standards of practice, and the high sense of devotion that he brings to his task. The average newspaper man is a conscientious, intelligent, hard-working citizen, devoted to his work, with a high sense of professional integrity and a sense of public service. He works under tremendous

pressure of time and sometimes with, unfortunately, an unco-operative attitude on the part of bumbledom or officialdom. This is regrettable, but fortunately it is a diminishing factor as a greater appreciation develops of the service rendered by newspapers. So the second purpose of this volume is to enable the public generally to understand and appreciate the nature of the work, its problems and its difficulties, performed by the journalist and the newspaper.

And the third purpose is charity. Some 86 years ago the Newspaper Press Fund was brought into being to help journalists in their declining years, care for the widow and the orphan when the breadwinner was struck down, and generally ease the lot of those devotees of the Inky Way who encounter misfortune. In the discharge of that purpose hundreds of thousands of pounds have been distributed. To maintain service something like £20,000 a year is required.

The whole of the profits of this book will go towards helping that Fund and provide for the needs and comforts of the beneficiaries. The Editor of *World's Press News* has charged himself and his organisation with the whole of the work involved in planning, editing, printing and publishing these volumes.

I have looked through the proof pages of this first effort with intense interest. I am indeed grateful to all the contributors—scores of them—for responding so generously with such a wealth of good material. I am sure every reader will agree with me that it represents wonderful value, and I wish it every success in its threefold purpose.

J. J. ASTOR,

*President,*

NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND.

## EDITORIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE compilation of this book has been a pleasure. It has not been easy but I feel it has been worthwhile and will be increasingly worthwhile in the coming years as the momentum of performance and achievement carries the Annual forward to greater heights.

That a wealth of unmined literary gold awaited extraction from the experiences of the journalists, cartoonists and photographers who produce the British Press has long been obvious. On the call of charity that vein has been opened to achieve the purposes outlined by Col. Astor in his foreword. In that development I have been given the greatest and friendliest co-operation wherever it was sought. The talent available is, in fact, inexhaustible—and I would particularly ask that those not approached this time should not feel themselves slighted: I will be after them next year and in future years, when the production of further volumes will, I am sure, carry our work from strength to strength.

This volume, I say unhesitatingly, is good. I believe it represents the most comprehensive record of individual newspaper experience ever put into one volume and I am proud to have edited it. But it is only a beginning: we will do better as the years go by until this INKY WAY ANNUAL of ours is known in every English-speaking newspaper office in the world, and plays its part in giving the public a greater and fuller understanding of the life and character of newspaper workers.

To Morley Richards, deputed by the Newspaper Press Fund to assist me editorially, I give grateful thanks. His guidance and influence were of the highest value.

To all contributors I extend the most sincere appreciation for their co-operation; and I don't apologise to any whom I may have had to harry for copy. I just had to do it!

To the cartoonists and artists I give especial thanks. I was determined that the book should be well illustrated and so be alive, vital and attractive. Of the greatest help in this field were Sallon, indefatigable in his aid, Trog and Tim and other personnel of Cooper Features, Ltd. This group of quality artists really pulled me through at a phase when time counted. And, of course, to all the busy high-priced cartoonists of Fleet Street, headed by David Low, the master himself, I render deepest obeisance and thanks for the masterpieces they have contributed.

ARTHUR J. HEIGHWAY,

*Editor.*

World's Press News,  
20 Tudor Street, E.C.4.

October 10, 1947.

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# TAXI!



ARTHUR  
FERRIER

"You have to be 'fleet' in Fleet Street."



# THE DAILY MIRACLE OF

by

★ ARTHUR J. HEIGHWAY ★

PRODUCTION of the daily news sheet is a modern miracle. The amount of organisation that goes into it is almost inconceivable. Even those who "work on the wheel" and derive their daily bread from a routine activity here or an ordered process there cannot visualise in any one quick flash all that goes on to deliver to millions of readers daily their favourite news sheet. The thing is too big.

Consider how it has grown. This modern news machine, while working in obedience to a fundamental human need for news—gossip, entertainment, what you will—is still relatively young. It has burgeoned over the last 150 years, and particularly in the last few decades, in response to the widening spread of education. Its growth has not yet stopped. The appetite it seeks to satisfy is an ever-expanding one.

Ponder these facts. Back in 1790, when the red blood of noble and aristocrat was flowing in France in revolution, here in England there was the beginning of the modern newspaper Press. It had, of course, begun to grow much earlier. But there are figures available for that year which are illuminating and upon which I ask you to dwell.

## One Newspaper a Person

These figures are available because many years earlier, at the time of Queen Anne, Ministers of the Crown, who provided revenues, had imposed a tax on newspapers. Every copy sold had to pay a fee to the Crown and so precise figures were kept. These records show that in a year some 14,000,000 copies of newspapers were printed and distributed. At that time the population of the United Kingdom was between ten and eleven millions, so the newsprint consumption in that year of grace was little more than one newspaper per person per year.

That figure is worth reflecting on. Against it, put to-day's figures—at least, as they were before the recent cuts in newsprint. We will deal in round figures—just for simplicity. There are in Great Britain today some 47,000,000 people,

*Over 180,000,000 copies of daily and Sunday newspapers alone pour from the printing presses each week in Britain. Behind that astronomical figure is a story of astounding human ingenuity and organising power. In addition, there is the vast output of local and provincial papers, and weekly and monthly periodicals of all types.*

*In this introductory article the writer traces the growth of the modern British newspaper from the distant days of the eighteenth century. He goes on to describe "from the inside" how your newspaper is daily born anew.*

men, women and children, housed in something like 13,000,000 separate homes or flats. The daily output of newspapers morning and evening alone on ordinary week-days is 26,000,000—a shade more than one for every two persons and two for every home in the country.

On Sundays the dailies suspend print, but the Sunday papers take up the run. And they print again a shade over 26,000,000 copies, over two papers for every single home in this country. On average, therefore, the consumption of individual newspapers in the past 150 years has multiplied something like three hundredfold.

That's only the numerical side. The quality of the paper has changed even more remarkably. The productions of 150 years ago were little more than news-letters, containing at best only a few thousand words. Today the content of the modern newspaper is something to marvel at—even with the reduced size to which we are subjected in these days of austerity. The comparison as regards content would, of course, be even more striking with our papers of pre-war vintage.

But it's no use sighing about those days. Some time they'll come back, we hope. Meantime we must just deal with the facts of the news machine as it is today. Even though the size of its product

# THE PRESS

is curtailed by shortage of raw material, the news-gathering and news-producing machine is functioning today as efficiently as ever—nay, more so, because over the last decade, including the war years, the speed-up has been phenomenal. Today cable and radio combine to kill time. No longer is it a case of days or hours for transmissions to come to hand from distant points. Seconds suffice.

## Girdles of Speed

This has been achieved by perfected techniques on the part of cable and radio transmission activities and the adaptation of multiple channels to serve many functions. Cabled relays link the world with girdles of speed. Radio transmissions are as instantaneous as light itself. Man has harnessed those mediums to his will. Teleprinters link capital with capital, office with office, and supplement cable, radio and telephone.

Such marvels are the servants of the newsmen and the news machine. They are handled by world news agencies to serve the world's newspapers and the world's public. Through them the whole world is linked. Correspondents of the great news agencies—of which Reuters is the outstanding British representative, although Exchange Telegraph and British United Press also serve—scattered in every country at capitals and other vantage points, stand ready to flash all major news direct to Fleet Street headquarters. There it is disseminated back again on outgoing channels to other countries—all those interested—in a length expertly judged as suitable for requirements, or internally throughout Great Britain by direct teleprinter to leading offices or over the Press Association's amazing network to provincial offices.

Individual newspapers supplement these agency services by their own correspondents—skilled men, trained observers, who meet the obligations of their news-demanding editors by going or staying where a story “breaks,” flashing here or there by aeroplane. I know one man who covered 27,000 miles in some 15 days in the service of news.

But all the news in the modern news-sheet isn't foreign news. The domestic news-gathering machine is also a triumph of organisation. Outstanding in its service to all dailies is the Press Association. This organisation is co-operatively owned by all the newspapers. It exists to service them all with hard factual news. Its network covers the country. It has correspondents at every worthwhile point—all in closest communication with their regional or central headquarters. Different categories of newspapers are given different standards of service—according to their needs. All services are carefully balanced and sub-edited, from which the newspapers use just as much as they require.

Even that isn't the end of the news-gathering machine. Each paper then has its own reporters, its own special writers, its sub-editors, its news editors, its feature editors, its sports editors, its commercial editors, and so on, according to its size and service, and according to the function it plays in the life of its readers and the life of its community.

All of these men have special skills, are animated with the one purpose of getting the news, and conveying the story of life as they see it to their readers. They regard their paper as a living entity. To them it is something alive, vital, pulsating. Each plays his part daily to create this “something.” Each puts his mind, his skill, his ability, his judgment, into what he is doing. And they all have a pride in their job. There is nothing in life that transcends the true newspaper man's love of his own sheet.

## Wizardry of Transformation

So far I have spoken only of the news gatherers who build the editorial columns of a newspaper. They are, of course, very important people and they do work that is, in effect, a miracle of organisation in achieving their daily creation and production. But they have allied with themselves, to further their activities, other miracle workers—real mechanical geniuses who perform that wizardry which transforms at incredible speed the written words on the journalist's copy into solid lines of type; which collects those lines and imposes them in order of array, well displayed and effectively headed in page form; whereafter those metal masses enter the maws of stereo presses to have their words magically multiplied in rotary shields as frequently as required to fit

the cylinders of mammoth presses which, at the touch of a button, will roar into life and spew out at each delivery point completed newspapers at the rate of 50 to 60 thousand an hour.

### **An Implacable Ruthlessness**

The modern newspaper press is literally one of the world's wonders—an amazing triumph of engineering skill. Think of the co-ordination of abilities, the accumulation of ingenuity down the ages, that have steadily transformed Caxton's original type into a machine to achieve what is achieved by the modern newspaper machine, using that word in its widest significance.

No layman can stand in the machine room of any big modern newspaper and hear the scores of presses roaring away at deafening speed to feed the torrent of papers that races into the publishing room on movable conveyor belts, unceasingly, untiringly, without being awestruck, even dumbfounded, at the extraordinary combination of unhurrying speed and implacable ruthlessness which is conveyed by the majestic roar of those presses.

### **Split Second Synchronisation**

We still haven't done with miracle workers. After I have doffed my hat to the wizard of the machine room, I bow in deep obeisance at the split second synchronisation of the circulation men in achieving their unerring and unfailing daily distribution to millions of readers. It is they who impress upon you that time is a tangible thing. See them catching provincial trains with only seconds to spare, night after night; see them hurtling their vans through London's traffic to distribute a million and a half and more newspapers within seconds of the same time, day after day. There's a triumph of organisation for you! The post office charges 2½d. to collect and deliver your letter from point to point; the newspaper man delivers you his newspaper at any point within hundreds of miles and charges you a 1d. or 2d., as the case may be. He absorbs his delivery charge into his price and it's only a fraction of the whole. (I ignore, of course, the specific delivery charge of the suburban newsvendor to the domestic home where that is imposed.)

The newspaper machine is geared to give the reader, wherever he is, all the news at a uniform price. And yet that price covers all services up to that point, delivery, the newsvendor's payment,

distribution by van, conveyance by rail, shipment by sea, printing in the office, composing and imposing by the compositors, blockmaking by the process people, the skilled artistry of the cartoonist, and the editorial servicing of that very complicated news-gathering machine, stretched across the world, which I first outlined.

Then, too, there is the advertising side and those commercial wizards who service the cause of business and promote trade by plying the wares of manufacturers—as did the bell-ringer of old, telling you, the customer, just what you want to know about supplies, prices, services.

### **FACTS TO REMEMBER**

*Towards the end of the eighteenth century 14,000,000 newspapers were printed in Britain each year.*

*To-day about 26,000,000 newspapers are printed every day — more than 9,000,000,000 in a year.*

*Completed newspapers cascade from modern newspaper plants to each delivery point at a rate of 50,000 to 60,000 an hour.*

*In 1790 people in Britain got one newspaper per person per year.*

*In 1947 one person in two (on average) gets a newspaper every day throughout the year.*

What a complicated machine it all is. How skilfully it has been evolved through the centuries to serve you, the public. Enterprise here has shown a way of speeding this and shortening that; brains there have devised new links, new subtleties, new speeds; always demand has been for better and better service, and better and better products for the reader, sounder and more profound satisfactions.

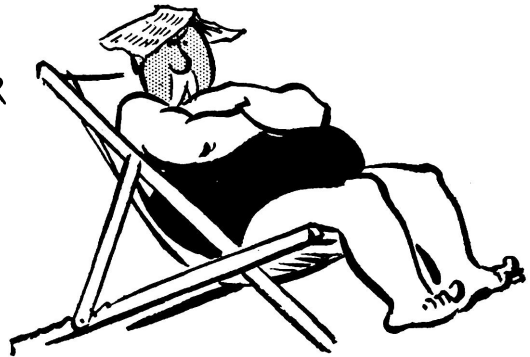
So I think back to 1790 when our forbears had the privilege of paying 6d., 9d. or 1/- for their newspaper—and received on the average one copy per person per year.

You've got brains—make your own comparison between that time and today, and the service you get, and then tell me whether or not the delivery to you of your daily newspaper is not in fact a daily miracle.

IF THE PAPER SHORTAGE SHRINKS OUR NEWSPAPER  
ANY FURTHER, IT'S  
GOING TO BE A  
PRETTY SERIOUS MATTER



AS IT IS  
THE THING ISN'T  
BIG ENOUGH  
TO WRAP OUR  
FISH-AND-CHIPS

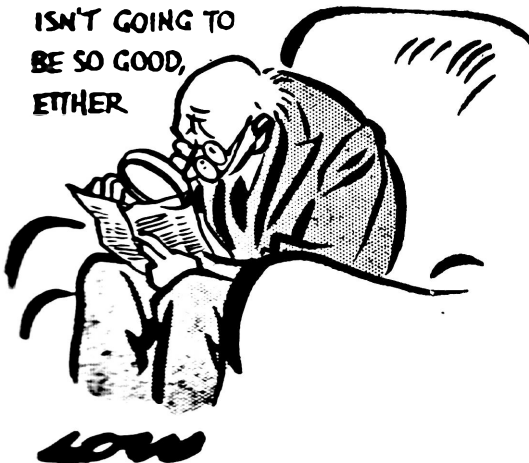


HOW ARE WE GOING TO  
KEEP OUR HEAD COOL NEXT  
SUMMER?



HOW CAN  
WE KEEP  
OURSELF  
WARM ON THE  
EMBANKMENT  
THIS WINTER?

THE EFFECT ON THE  
POOR CHAP WHO READS IT  
ISN'T GOING TO  
BE SO GOOD,  
EITHER



BUT, WORST OF ALL, WHAT ABOUT THE  
EFFECT ON THE UNHAPPY JOURNALISTS,  
SUBJECTED TO THE DAILY  
SQUEEZING, SQUASHING,  
COMPRESSION,  
CONCENTRATION,  
ELIMINATION  
?



*"These are the times that try men's souls" wrote Thomas Paine during the American crisis in the eighteenth century.*

*Today times are, perhaps, even more fraught with destiny and among the men of destiny are the Editors of newspapers.*

*The writer of this article, himself an Editor, is quietly controversial in setting forth his views on*

## The Functions of an Editor

IN the early nineteenth century Joseph Story, an American, wrote :

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain

Unaw'd by influence and unbrib'd by gain."

That epitomises the function of an Editor for, if he is worthy of his high office, he seeks to be above influence and bribe, whatever the form, and to be the champion of the people in pursuance of truth and justice.

The Editor, despite the many criticisms of Press Lord ownership of the British public print, remains the key man in guarding the freedom of the Press. As long as he is of high moral character and resolution he will not tolerate inclusion in the columns of his newspaper articles or stories which offend the test of truth and honesty in purpose, or which distort fact. For he is, after all, the man who must accept full responsibility for every word printed in each issue of his newspaper ; the Press Lord or the plain owner—unless he is his own Editor—does not personally have to face "the music."

While it is impossible for an Editor to *know* that all contributions to his paper are true in fact, he can "vet" every word that appears. And (speaking as an Editor) it is his duty to check over every "story" if not each word in each issue.

### The Supreme Authority

An Editor is like a Captain in a ship : he is the supreme authority. There is no appeal over his head to the owner any more than a member of the crew may appeal to the ship owner over the head of the Captain. With such authority, therefore, the Editor has the power to stamp his personality on his paper—as a Captain can his ship. And every notable Editor impresses his paper with

his character and personality ; and a great Editor makes a great newspaper.

Any Editor who has in him the elements of great leadership, character and purpose is well aware of the power he holds, and is most discriminating in its use.

The charge may be laid that there is much evidence that all Editors do not so discriminate. Of course not ; all Editors are not great men. But the object, surely, must be to discover those who can be great ; the aim must be high, if not the highest. And there is, fortunately, always at hand a Delaney to be an Editor, a Shakespeare to be a playwright and a Dickens to be a novelist.

### New Great Editors

They may not, of course, be recognised. People say—how often "people say"—the day of great Editors is passed, but I, for one, do not believe so. Indeed, I assert (possibly to their acute embarrassment) that Mr. Barrington Ward of *The Times* and Mr. John Gordon of the *Sunday Express* are great Editors. Why? Because Mr. Barrington Ward has raised *The Times* to a new height of responsibility and leadership politically in a hysterical world, and because Mr. Gordon has imprinted his robust and stockily assured personality on the *Sunday Express*. And, to be even more rash in assertion, as a "coming man" I tip Mr. Guy Schofield, Editor of the *Evening News*, an industrious, shrewd and balanced character possessing resilient strength. (All Fleet Street admired his stalwart defence of the unwritten law of journalism when he refused recently to divulge to the Parliamentary Committee the name of the M.P. who supplied the *Evening News* with guidance on political affairs.)



The men I have mentioned I have chosen carefully because I feel sure they would never publish material merely on instruction from their "bosses"; they would do so only if they thought it right by their own standards and in the public weal.

### The True Watchdogs

There are many like them in this country and overseas. They are the true watchdogs of the much-mouthed freedom of the Press. They and their like will always be on the job—even if we move ultimately to a State-controlled Press. Personal integrity and public weal are more important to them than (to use an ancient phrase)

all the temptations of the world and the flesh and the Devil.

I shall ignore the more mundane functions of an Editor; their efficient disposal largely depends on executives under the Editor, and he can choose his own men.

An Editor's true function is on a higher plane. As Francis Bacon wrote some time ago: "Men of great place are thrice servants—servants of the Sovereign or the State, servants of fame, and servants of business."

The cynical should note that in old man Bacon's worldly-wise summing up business easily comes third.

## PRESS CLUB PERSONALITIES



"Skipper" Coulton.

W. T. ("Skipper") Coulton is one of the most picturesque characters of the Press Club, Fleet Street and London Bohemia. For over 50 years he has been active in its life. As representative of and director for *The Times of India* he has played an important part in building British and Empire Trade; was prime mover in founding the London Association of British Empire Newspaper Offices; is noted for his generosity and bonhomie. The "Skipper" derives from his penchant for yachting and his captaincy of the West End Yacht Club.



Ernie Bland.

Ernie Bland is rightly named, for he's bland both by name and nature, as he abundantly proved during his memorable year of office as chairman when his enterprise and hospitality in reviving functions dropped during the war rendered a real service to the Club and its members. Ernie is a sporting journalist and author of several books. He's a particular devotee of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race.

*What makes a Great Editor? JOHN GORDON, Editor of the "Sunday Express" (and regarded by many exacting judges as a great Editor), poses the question in this article which is written in his usual clear and vigorous style. He has called it*



## EDITORS—OR THE MEN WHO SPOIL YOUR BREAKFAST

IN newspaper offices they will tell you that the one man who never really understands the newspaper business is the Editor. He gets the job, I gather, by reason of some imponderable quality obvious only to the man who appoints him.

Even the reader pities the Editor for his limitations. Every reader, as every editor is told in due time, knows much better how to make a newspaper than any Editor.

So what can I really say about that much-to-be-pitied class?

### Those "Great Editors"

I have been one of them for something like 20 years. I am indeed the longest in service of any national newspaper editor in Britain bar one. I have known more or less intimately all my national contemporaries during these years.

I have seen them soar like comets and all too often flop back again like spent rocket-sticks. Not always the best of them soared. And certainly not always the worst flopped. But that, I suppose, is Fate or Life or whatever you will.

What makes a good Editor? That brings me up against a fact which never ceases to intrigue and amuse me. I read periodically ecstatic praise of some editors—mostly dead—who are classed among the Immortals as Great Editors.

I notice they mostly have one thing in common—the papers they edited rarely had substantial sales and were usually in financial difficulties.

I gather therefore that the first attribute of a great editor is that his newspaper should not be what is vulgarly regarded as successful.

To seek the truth more deeply I have read much of what these good—and even great—editors wrote. I must confess, being a man of limited mentality and simple tastes, that I can

rarely understand half of it, and what I can understand seldom moves me a bit.

I gather therefore that the second attribute of a great editor is a profundity of thought and expression far beyond the comprehension of most of his readers.

### Should Satisfy Readers

Perhaps the real truth is that an Editor, like most figures in history, must die before he achieves greatness, and he then achieves it because we find it rather convenient to have some legendary figure to measure against the living pygmies.

Let us leave greatness for a bit and consider mere competence. What makes a good editor? A good editor, I should say, is a man who can create and sustain a publication which an adequate number of readers like to read.

It need not necessarily sell millions. The best editors are not inevitably the editors of the widest and biggest sellers. It is sufficient to my mind that an editor should adequately satisfy his readership, whether limited or large.

I knew an editor in my very young days who sold more copies of his newspaper than there were houses in the little town he served.

Every one of his readers believed every word printed in that newspaper. The editor only dealt with the affairs of a few parishes yet what he said was as powerful as Holy Writ in the area he served.

### "Light and Shade"

I know he was a good editor. Indeed I think he must have been a great editor. Yet I never see his name in the lists of the great and I am sure I never shall.

What do I call a good newspaper, the hallmark and handiwork of a good editor? I think a good



*John Gordon, editor "Sunday Express."*



newspaper is a newspaper that satisfies its readers by giving as nearly as possible complete coverage of the news which interests them, by being as truthful and accurate in its reporting as fallible human men can make it, by being honest and independent in its view on events whether local or national and by providing entertainment for its readers as well as mere coverage of the important. For I believe that it is only by mixing the light and shade that we get a true and satisfactory reflection of life.

Making a newspaper isn't as simple an operation as screwing a nut on a bolt. It isn't an easily learned mechanical business, but demands qualities and instincts of the mind so indefinable that they really cannot be set down fully and adequately in words.

An editor either has the trick or he hasn't. If he hasn't, no amount of practice will give it to him. If he has, then practice will sharpen and develop his skill, and judgment will grow with experience.

### **Influences the Events**

But what is the difference between a good editor and a great editor? I should say it is simply this. A great editor influences the events, local or national, of the time in which he lives.

Sometimes I read that we have no great editors today. On the other hand I read occasionally that we have many.

I will refrain from expressing my own view on that delicate subject but those who may wish to reach a decision can apply the simple test I apply myself.

Does the Editor produce a newspaper with fairly high favour with readers, and, at the same time, does he influence public opinion and shape national or local policy? If he does both then I say he achieves greatness.

Newspaper production has changed very much in my lifetime. The newspaper has become Big

Business. And like all Big Business has lost something in its growth.

It may be that in the change, great editorship is a little more difficult today than it was because the responsibilities of the editor are less defined, and are today shared with colleagues to a greater degree than they were.

But newspapers, and the newspaper business, are still changing. It may be that in our lifetime there will be changes as great as the changes of the last half century.

### **Great Editors Needed**

I think there will be. And I think the changes will lay heavier responsibilities upon the Editors and increase — or rather restore — their stature.

I would go a little further and say that never in our history has there been a more urgent need for great editorship. We are in the midst of a political revolution, the course of which will affect the human world as profoundly as the first stirrings of democracy did more than a century ago.

If the future holds visions of tremendous consequence for the good of men it also has in it some ominous threats. Two forces are struggling for control, not only in Britain but throughout the world. One believes in the Freedom which we have come to regard as the heritage and most precious right of the common man. The other argues that security and prosperity can only be built on a system that leaves all power in a few hands.

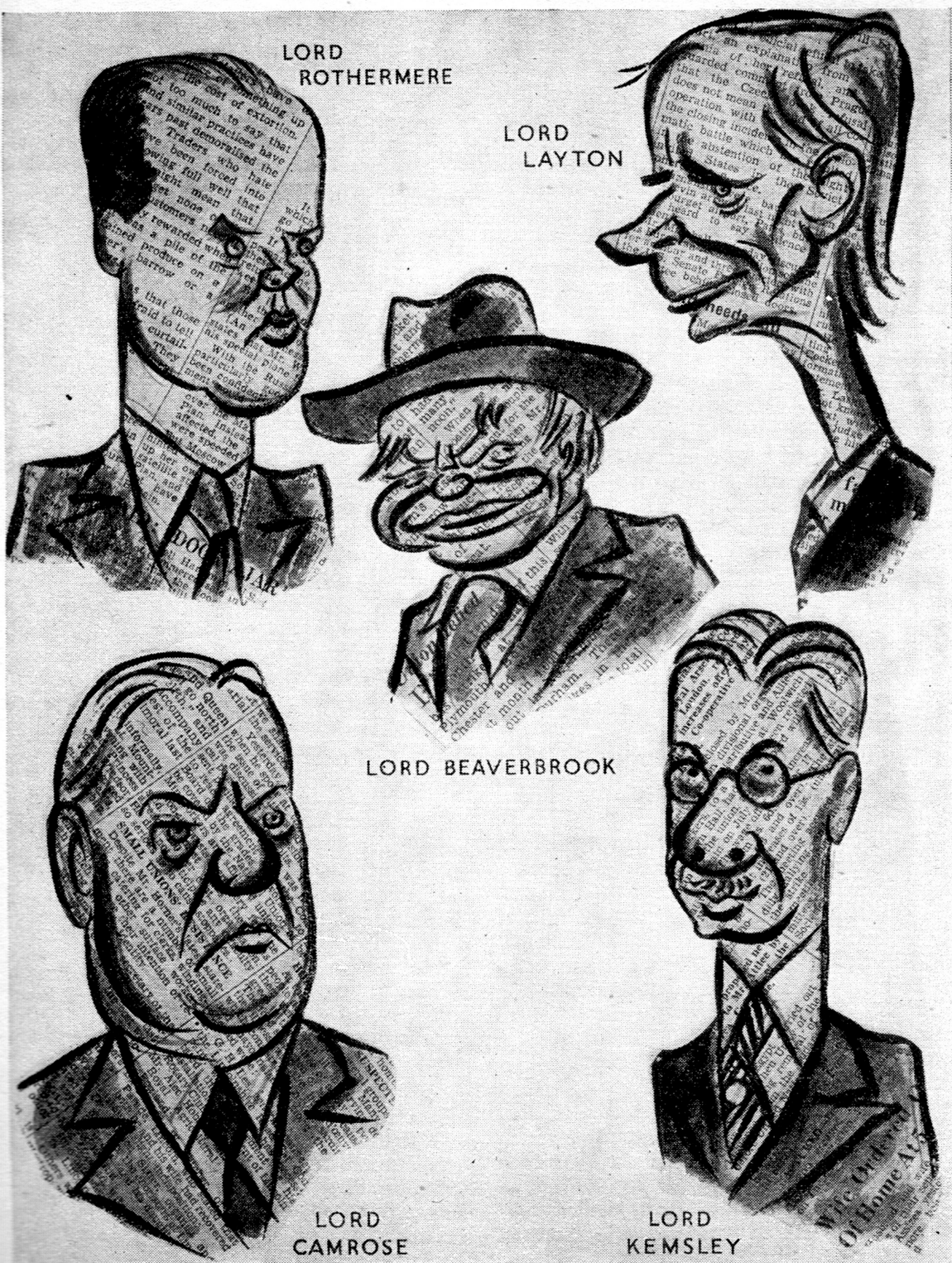
The good newspaper editor, by keeping his readers thoroughly informed, must play a considerable part in that revolution. The great newspaper editor, by the fire and zeal and wisdom with which he engages in the battle, may well be a decisive influence in it.

The opportunity is there. Among the youth of journalism is there a man climbing to grasp it? I should hate to doubt that there is. But then I am an optimist.

### **★ EMERSON ON BOOKS ★**

*I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book, in the original, which I can procure in a good version. I like to be beholden to the great metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under heaven. I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue.*

# THE PRESS LORDS



LORD  
ROTHERMERE

LORD  
LAYTON

LORD BEAVERBROOK

LORD  
CAMROSE

LORD  
KEMSLEY

by Vicky

# Sub-Editor?

## He Has POWER without GLORY

NEWSPAPER sub-editors prepare manuscript or "copy" for publication; prepare themselves, mostly, for an early grave. For theirs is the power without glory, the toil with tears.

Each national daily has a score or more of these unfortunates. (There is no such animal as "The Sub-editor" as commonly supposed.) Their job is to present the paper to the public. Everything you read in your paper has been sub-edited.

Consider this piece of information from the Encyclopaedia Britannica:—

"Generally speaking, the staff of a national daily newspaper consists of an editor-in-chief, an assistant editor (called managing editor in America), a day editor, a night editor, a news editor with his staff of reporters, a Sunday editor, a foreign editor, the chief sub-editor with a staff of sub-editors, in addition to leader or editorial writers, a literary editor, sporting editor, aviation editor, dramatic, film and music critics, and experts on such subjects as motoring, wireless, racing and golf. That is the internal journalistic organisation as distinguished from the managerial, advertising and other departments. The outside organisation includes a chain of correspondents all over the world."

### Sub at Work

A sub-editor would give you the same information like this:—

"A national daily has an editor-in-chief, an assistant or managing editor, day, night, foreign, Sunday, literary, sporting, and aviation editors, a news editor directing reporters, and a chief sub-editor directing sub-editors. There are leader writers, experts on drama, films, music, cars, radio and sport and a world-chain of correspondents."

Nothing has been destroyed in the saving of words. An able sub-editor will destroy only his own soul (which any reporter will tell you is non-existent).

To this writer a new girl reporter recently said: "Our subs.—I daren't go near them. They look so harassed, so wild in the eye. They aren't normal, are they?"

"My child," I replied, "any skilled sub-editor is mad. He was mad to begin with and

says

H. BASIL DENNY

*In this illuminating and—appropriately—brief contribution, the Chief Sub-Editor of the "Daily Express" gives you an example of the "sub's" technique. He also reports on the startling effect subs have on young and innocent reporters.*

his toil and skill have made him madder and madder.

"Look at 'em—sitting on those broken-down chairs at those old tables. See the strain on their pale bespectacled faces. Yes, they go home when the night's work is done—about 4 a.m. perhaps, but they have no home life, no social life. They've given up their wives and families, hobbies and health."

"But," interrupted the innocent one, "I thought sub-editors were the most important men of all on a national daily. They handle every story in the paper and really make the paper, don't they?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "Notice those shallow wicker baskets? Stories are poured into them all night. The night bosses pick out the important ones and pass them to the sub-editors with instructions about length and type of headline."

"Isn't it very difficult to get everything into four pages?"

"Very difficult."

"And don't you think sub-editors are very important and very clever men?"

"I do indeed."

"Are you reporter or sub.?"

"A sub."

"Then you're mad."

"Of course I'm not. D'you think I would be a reporter, being sent abroad at a moment's notice, running the risk of the sack for some little error, living on his expenses and having to turn the whole of his salary over to his wife?"



# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A NEWS EDITOR

by

—CHARLES LEATHERLAND—

NEWS Editors are human beings. Some people do not think so. Reporters, for instance. So don't ask me to prove it.

They go bald very early, go to bed very late, and sleep with a telephone by their beds. The telephone is for the Night Staff to ring them up five minutes after they have gone to sleep.

These News Editors have wide circles of friends (members of their own staffs excluded).

Cabinet Ministers lunch with them and call them by their Christian names. M.P.s sometimes naively address them as "Sir." Master crooks often respectfully crave an audience. Very Important Persons say "Come round and see me some time."

## Films Exaggerate Features

No News Editor has yet actually been certified by the Mental authorities. This is regarded—by my reporters—as one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

You fans of American newspaper films know all this. You see the antics of the man who presides at the "City Desk" and marvel how a newspaper ever manages to see the light of day each morning.

The truth is, of course, that the Yank newspaper films, like the Yank Jane Russell films, tend to exaggerate certain features.

The man who presides on the News Desk of a British daily paper certainly lives excitingly. He breathes thrills. He sadistically worships Crime, and Wickedness and Sin. He throws his hat in the air if a Cabinet Minister poisons his mistress. An express train crash is his idea of the answer to a maiden's prayer.

All these things mean high speed work, quick, clear thinking and action, and big headlines.

But he has to be something more than a mere sensation-monger if he works on a responsible British paper.

A News Editor "must have his finger on the pulse of the nation. And that is what makes his job one of the most fascinatingly enjoyable in the world," writes Mr. Leatherland who, as News Editor of the "Daily Herald," should know. Here he gives a stimulating and intimate account of his day's work.

He must be in touch with the background of High Politics; be able to gauge and foresee industrial and economic trends; have a good idea when the Stock Exchange is going to stop booming and start slumping; know whether the next corn harvest is going to be good or bad; and intuitively sense what every big public body—from the T.U.C. to the British Medical Association—is going to do or think next.

He must have his finger on the pulse of the nation. And that is what makes his job one of the most fascinatingly enjoyable in the world.

His is a creative job. Those jobs are always the best in life. And, unlike the farmer, he need not wait a year till he sees the fruits of his creation. They face him daily on the breakfast table. Every morning he has the Grand Inquest into whether he has Succeeded or Failed.

He is the first of the Newspaper's Executives to reach the office in the morning. Before getting there, he has read every morning paper, including his own. He starts this in bed, continues it at breakfast, and finishes it on the way to the office. He has marked the stories on which his own paper has scored, and those on which it has





receive instructions ; the Manchester Staff submit a list of likely happenings north of the Tweed ; "informers" phone with tips from the underworld.

### Stories Need Considering

By this time it is about half past ten. The News Editor and his Deputy then try to get a few quiet minutes in which to talk about special stories which do not arise directly out of the hard news engagements of the day : An investigation into some new black market activity ; a new scientific development ; Juvenile Crime ; or profiteering by seaside hotels. Decisions are taken, and notes of these go, along with the other material, into the Active Tray.

All this time, yards of teleprinter copy keep ticking over the tape machines from the News Agencies. This is sifted, and stories which show signs of likely development are also put into that Active Tray.

At eleven o'clock it is possible to plan the day. There are well over fifty items in the Active Tray. Reporters are assigned to the most promising of them. Others are allocated to district men in the towns concerned. The foundation has been laid for the next day's paper.

But it is only a foundation. Half an hour later a beautiful blonde has been found foully murdered ; and off goes the Crime Reporter to Brighton, with a photographer to take pictures of the spot marked X where the body was found, and to find a boy friend who has a portrait of the girl.

Then a plane crashes in the middle of Banbury. The reporter who was being kept in reserve rushes off in a car. A granary goes up in flames in London docks ; a reporter has to be switched from some less important story—one that can be dropped—to this, which is really hot news.

By lunch time the Warspite has gone aground off Land's End ; a gun gang has raided the biggest jeweller's in Maidstone ; the Thames floods have started to submerge Maidenhead ; and the paper begins to take an entirely different shape from that which was planned a few hours ago.

The reporter who had been courteously received by the President of the World Women's Institute when he interviewed her at 11 a.m. has to be sent off by plane to Penzance for the Warspite story. The Lady President and her views on the Wicked Young Girls of Today

have to be forgotten. That is, till she rings up next morning and asks what the News Editor means by wasting her time when he has no intention of using her story. He is as sorry as she is. But these things will always happen till newspapers have battalions instead of platoons of reporters, and till the four and six pages of today swell to the sixteen or twenty of before the war.

Lunchtime for the News Editor is a variable feast. He may take it at the House with a Cabinet Minister. In one of the dives near Whitehall with a big man from the Yard. Or, on a rush day, it may be a sandwich and coffee on the desk, to which he will be tied for as long as eleven hours at a stretch. But he likes to get out whenever he can, for a lunch contact may yield a first rate story.

After lunch the invisible devil who has his foot on the accelerator of Things that Happen steps on the gas. Tragedy, Comedy, Incident and Accident come tumbling in to the News Desk, by telephone, teleprinter, informer and reporter. This is the time for quick, but calm, decisions. Reporters have to be speeded up on their earlier stories, and sent out without delay on the later things that have happened. The aid of district correspondents must be sought. A Birmingham staff reporter may have to be switched to Bristol. Some earlier stories must be dropped altogether. The News Editor starts ordering cars, aeroplanes and motor launches to get his reporters to the scene of their assignments ; tells these reporters they must forget their evening social life ; and, in a human moment, reflects that reporters' wives, like News Editors' wives, must be very patient and long-suffering women.

### Editorial Conference Decides

The time is now arriving for the Editorial Conference of Departmental Heads, with the Editor presiding. The News Editor presents his schedule of all the news of importance that is happening in Britain. The Foreign Editor presents another of what is going on in the world outside our shores. Preliminary decisions allocate certain stories to the front page, some to the inside pages ; indicate the size of headlines ; fix the general lay-out, and take account of the maps and pictures that will be needed. The ultimate appearance of the next day's paper begins to take shape.

# STRUBE'S Little Man Anticipates a Worrying Day

NO NEWSPAPERS!  
WHAT A RELIEF! —

FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN  
YOU AT BREAKFAST  
FOR YEARS  
MY DEAR!



BESIDES, IT GIVES  
MY EYES A REST!

WELL, WHO  
CARES  
ABOUT  
HEADLINES,  
ANYWAY!



IT'S A CHANGE NOT TO  
HAVE TO READ A  
RIGMAROLE BY  
SOME  
SPECIAL  
WRITER!



I SHALL MISS THE  
LEADING ARTICLE  
BUT NOT THE  
SITUATION.

I WOULD SOON  
KNOW IF  
ANYTHING  
CRASHED.



NEWS  
PITCH  
TO  
LET

I SAY!  
THAT'S  
PRETTY  
AWFUL.

THEY  
SAY.



I WONDER WHO THEY  
ARE WHO SAY WHAT  
THEY SAY THEY SAY?



OF COURSE, I WOULDN'T  
BELIEVE A WORD OF  
IT UNTIL I  
SAW IT,  
IN PRINT.



I WONDER HOW THAT  
SPECIAL WRITER  
WOULD HAVE SUMMED  
IT UP?

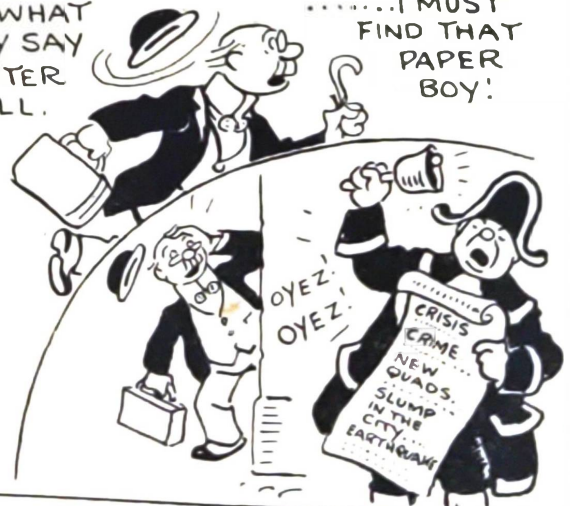


GOSH! PERHAPS  
THERE MAY BE  
SOMETHING  
IN WHAT  
THEY SAY  
AFTER  
ALL.



IF ONLY I COULD SEE  
A HEADLINE!!!!

.....I MUST  
FIND THAT  
PAPER  
BOY!



Strube



With the Conference over, the News Editor returns to his desk. But time has not been standing still. It never does with news. His Deputy greets him: "While you've been talking in there, we've had a murder at Sandwich, the rumoured resignation of a Cabinet Minister, a strike at London docks, and a bomb in the Foreign Office."

So the work starts all over again. Much of what happened in the last eight hours becomes relatively unimportant by the side of these later events.

The News Editor once again starts to re-plan the disposition of his reporters; the clocks and the tape machines tick on; in a few hours he will hand over to the Night News Editor, who will see things through till the printing presses stop humming at 4 a.m. And as he puts on his hat, and takes an armful of documents to read at home, he feels that though the morning saw some task begun, the evening did not see its close.

Tomorrow will be another day. He will love it just as he loved today. And there will be one more grey hair to add to the total.

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**FRANK ROSTRON tells of**

## **"The One That Got Away From Me"**

**M**Y most interesting story was the scoop I didn't get, in those days when it was every journalist's ambition to interview Hitler. But only Ward Price of the *Daily Mail* and Jules Sauerwein of *Paris Soir* had the entrée then.

I was then the special correspondent of the chief group of South African newspapers, and reporting the "Partijtag"—that wonderfully stage-managed annual Nazi rally in Nuremberg. My chief wish was to interview Hitler.

### **Interview Was Arranged**

I was back in Berlin and about to go back to London, the Hitler interview written off as an impossibility, when it was suddenly arranged in the most devious and unexpected way. Some time before, I had been managing the South African Olympic boxing team at the Games in Berlin. In that team was a strange young heavyweight named Robey Leibbrandt, who five years later won much more notoriety than he'd ever accumulated in the boxing ring by his activities as a Nazi-subsidised saboteur in South Africa. They eventually earned him a life sentence in Pretoria Central gaol.

Leibbrandt's fan mail in Berlin had included a letter from a certain Doctor Leibbrandt, who claimed some distant kinship. My boxer mentioned to the "Doctor" that I was disappointed because I hadn't interviewed the Fuhrer. The Doctor got in touch with the propaganda Ministerium. A gentleman whose card announced him as Hans

Joachim Voigt called at my hotel. Voigt took me to Goebbels and suddenly I found myself with an interview with the Fuhrer about to be thrust on my hands.

I should have to submit my questions in writing in advance and then I would be received by the Fuhrer at the Wilhemstrasse and have my "interview." Questions that were difficult or had undesired implications would be struck out.

And then back in London the Managing Director of my company stepped in. Lunching me, ostensibly to discuss the questions we should set for the Fuhrer, my chief, one of the shrewdest editorial brains I have met, pointed out that my triumph was being obtained by lending his newspapers as a platform for a Mad Dictator who had platforms enough, that the Fuhrer would tell the people of Africa in this one-sided interview how just and innocuous were his claims for the return of South West Africa and what a jolly neighbour he would be. Solacing my disappointment at losing what would have been a world scoop for an obscure South African journalist, my chief told me my enterprise was duly noted and a tangible recognition would be a fifty guinea bonus just as though I had done the interview!

So I wrote what must have been a unique letter to Herr Doktor Goebbels saying nonchalantly I now find pressure of work prevents me from keeping the appointment!

And that is my most interesting story—the one I did not get.



What makes a great newspaperman or a great newspaper story?  
A genius for the uncommon presentation of the commonplace?  
An ability to see the true significance of facts, great or small,  
even trivialities?

An answer is provided by Lindon Laing in this article on

## Lessons in News Values

SWAFFER, the great journalist, taught me the first lesson in news editing.

It was on the night King George V died. Swaffer was sitting in his flat over Trafalgar Square listening to the radio which told all the people of this country and of the Empire, while a clock ticked away the remorseless seconds, "The King's life is drawing peacefully to a close."

Now we all remember that ticking of the clock and the solemn words of the broadcaster as the King was dying.

But the news editors of Fleet Street were too busy with their own ideas to listen to the radio. At every Royal Palace or a Gate with the Royal Crest on it they had placed a reporter to stand outside. Yes, outside every Royal gate. By the score they stood outside the Gates of Buckingham Palace, Sandringham, Windsor—wherever a gate bore the crest of the reigning house. Of course, they got nothing at all.

But Swaffer, sitting in his flat and listening to the B.B.C., picked up the telephone and spoke to the Daily Herald the following story:

"Marconi took us by the hand last night and led us to the King's death-bed.

"Never in history has the passing of one of the great ones of the world been made so intimate to the ordinary people of the world.

"The miracle of radio took us all to the King's bedside and we gathered round as one great family . . . I could picture the vast unseen congregation—millions of people, famous and infamous, rich and poor, people of high or low degree, all taking part, praying, in tears, reverent in their sorrow. Marconi had taken them to the King's bedside—all of them."



*Lindon Laing by Trog.*

Swaffer, on the death of the King, thought, instead of standing outside a gate. Sitting at home he saw the only real news story while everybody else was wasting his time outside a Royal gate!

Lesson No. 2 in news editing was given by an impecunious public schoolmaster who spent his long vacation drinking enormous quantities of beer mixed with fabulous quantities of fish and chips, but to the residents of this cheap boarding house he achieved a certain respectability, verging almost on Debrett, by virtue of the fact

that at the breakfast table each morning he consumed his egg while engrossed in the current issue of *The Times*.

He ignored the first leader and was unconscious that there was any such thing as a fourth leader. He was unconscious of the stale smell of the egg. His shaking fingers ran each morning through the births, marriages, deaths and personal notices hoping always against hope that one of his ex-pupils had attained at least that degree of distinction which would enable him to pay the necessary 12s. 6d. a line to inform friends of some event via *The Times*.

On this morning, he laid his trembling hand, rather like the Ancient Mariner, upon me and said, "You are a journalist, aren't you?"

I said, "Yes."

I was 19 and was earning £4 13s. 6d. a week, which I regarded as a very high salary, on a local newspaper.

"Well," said he, "read this," and there in the Personal Column of *The Times* I read:

"Please wanted: A boy friend aged 7 to 10. Must have red hair and not afraid of a hard ball. Apply Tommy Flynn, aged 7, c/o Housemaster, Brighton College, Brighton."

The schoolmaster said, "Go and see him. Obviously a boy of initiative. Nobody in my class was like that."

### Story in All Papers

Now here, indeed, were all the elements of the "human story." I shook the trembling hand of the master of Ancient Greek, went to Brighton College at noon on this Saturday—to get for the first time a story in a London newspaper.

Not in one London newspaper, mark you.



*A boy was playing cricket with seven girls. "Girls are all right," he said, "but they don't like a hard ball."*

Every newspaper in London published carried my story next day.

On the lawns of Brighton College I saw a boy playing cricket with seven girls on a regulation pitch, with regulation stumps, balls, pads, but alas, with a lawn tennis ball.

Says I to the only other man around, "Are you Tommy Flynn?"

"Yes, sir," said he.

Says I, "Did you put this advertisement in *The Times* Personal Column this morning?"

"Yes," he said.

I said, "What for?"

"Well," he said, "The school's down with measles and all the boys are sent away. As a Housemaster's son I have got to stay here and play with girls."

"Now, sir," said he, "girls are all right, but they don't like a hard ball. So I have advertised for a boy who isn't afraid of a hard ball."

"Why red hair?" I asked.

"Because," he said, "red-haired boys are more adventurous, brave and less likely to be afraid of a fast one."



And so it went on. The *Sunday Express* then news-edited by Christiansen, gave the whole middle page lead to the story. *The People*, the old *Lloyds Sunday News*, the old *Sunday Graphic*, even the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* printed my story of the boy who disliked playing with girls and wanted a red-haired gutsy playmate.

Even Suhr, I suppose the fastest working news editor in Fleet Street this century, did not have the story in Saturday night's *Evening News*—except for a 30-line paragraph which he managed to get in the replate.

Of course, the lesson is to read *The Times* and think while you read.

Lesson No. 3 was given by Christiansen.

I had been sent in my first days on the *Daily Express* to Waterloo where a viscount was on his way from the House of Lords to the continent to marry his ex-nurse.

"It is true," declaimed the viscount from the window of his carriage, in which he was surrounded by mink-coated bridesmaids-to-be. Exhilarated so early in the morning, he said, "I travel from the west, she travels from the east" (the lady was on her way from Java) "and we marry in Marseilles."

This, of course, made a most intriguing page one story for the pre-war *Daily Express* and I included in the story the fact that the viscount wore his old school tie.

"A good story," said Christiansen, "but what school tie?"

It was Eton; and, of course, it was elementary to say so. Never say a man was heavy, say what he weighs. Never say he is tall, say what his height is. Never say he shouted out angry epithets. Say what he said.

Thank you, Mr. Christiansen!

Mind you, I have once or twice tried to give a lesson in news editing to others.

### **£1,000,000,000 Loan**

Shortly after I was appointed assistant news editor of the *Daily Express* and coming in around my first Sunday (the news editor's day off, and so I was in charge) I found that there was a paragraph in the important Sunday papers saying it was rumoured that on behalf of Mr. Chamberlain a member of the Cabinet had made an offer of a loan of £1,000,000,000 to Germany in the hope that this gold from Britain might set her on her industrial feet and so remove

one of the potential causes of war which at that moment was threatening Europe.

I was told that it was impossible to obtain confirmation of this story through the usual diplomatic channels. That the Minister concerned, Robert Hudson, then holding the post of Minister for Overseas Trade, had refused to talk to the diplomatic correspondents and that nothing could be done.

Cyril Morton (now Assistant Editor of the *Daily Mirror*) was at the time chief reporter of the *Daily Express*, and was also known as a great crime specialist. He spent much of his time between the Old Bailey and the scenes of provincial murders.

I said to Morton that Sunday morning, "Let's teach them a lesson in politics. Go round to Hudson's place in Kent and see if you can get him to talk. This is an offer that may prevent war if the public is fully informed, here and abroad, of the real truth. If the political man can't get it maybe the crime man can!"

### **Full Statement**

Morton went down and the house party was interrupted while the *Daily Express* chief reporter went upstairs to the first floor sitting room with Hudson who, in truth, at that moment may have held the destiny of the world in his hands, and whose offer, if carried further, may have changed world history.

Morton came back to the office around 6 p.m. with a statement from Hudson in which the Minister admitted that on the instructions of Chamberlain, then Prime Minister, he had made this offer of a British loan.

"But," said Morton, "it is conditional on Hudson passing the interview when he has read a typescript. I have promised him that before he would agree to talk and Hudson doesn't think he would like to be quoted."

I decided I would read Morton's interview over to Hudson on the telephone and argue with him into giving permission to print.

I spoke to Hudson and said:

"You may, at this moment, hold the destiny of the world in your hands. This offer may make the difference between war and peace in Europe. What does your own career matter against that?"

"Never will one man have such an opportunity again. We have got to print this."

Hudson was convinced, except for involving his master, Chamberlain. "Bring him in," said

he, "and, as I warned Morton, I will be sent for immediately after breakfast and hauled over the coals."

We left Chamberlain out and produced next day a world political scoop running to three columns of page one of Monday's *Daily Express*.

I had taken the precaution of having my conversation with Mr. Hudson and everyone else concerned recorded on a dictaphone attached to the telephone system—the records of which subsequently caused some amusement in various high quarters.

### Riddle of Fortune

The first day I was made assistant news editor of the *Daily Express* I determined to try for a flying start. I went away to the country, 100 miles from the office, for the week-end. I thought that a two to three-hour train journey would give me ample time to think and read all the morning newspapers.

On page five, column five, of the *Daily Herald* I read a paragraph about a man who had a few months earlier been sentenced to seven years penal servitude for share pushing. He had been brought from prison to attend a bankruptcy court at Reading, and told the Receiver, "My mind is a blank, my memory has failed and I don't know where my assets are."

I threw all the other newspapers out of the carriage window and said, "Here, boys, I have got it—the riddle of so and so's vanished fortune."

"Where is it? Where is the money he made? Where are the jewels his wife wore, what happened to the houses he used to live in?"

It made the greatest running bankruptcy story, so far as space is concerned, on living record and made the *Daily Express* front page splash the following day with pictures, interviews and everything else. No other paper had a line that day, but they carried columns for weeks afterwards.

The perfect example again is Swaffer. He came down to Brighton and said, "What's doing?"

I was a local reporter then. All the great reporters always called on the local man and did not despise him.

I said, "There is nothing doing. They have stopped committing suicide here now. They don't throw themselves over the cliffs at Black Rock as they used to do."

Swaffer said, "Why's that?"



Swaffer said: "Take this down. It will go to half a column and the title is 'Death Leap is Lovers' Walk Now.'"

I said, "Because the Borough Surveyor has cemented all the beach and made an undercliff walk with seats at the foot of the 150 ft. drop. Lovers sit there on the seats now, and when people come to commit suicide the shimmering hardness of the concrete compared with the deceptive sand and shingle makes them go away and think it over. So, instead of two or three suicides a week we get none now. There is nothing doing."

I was, of course, very young and inexperienced. Swaffer, with the virtuosity of the master, said, "Take this down. It will go to half a column and the title is 'Death Leap is Lovers' Walk Now.'"

### Ruler of the World

The invention of printing added a new element of power to the race. From that hour, in a most especial sense, the brain and not the arm, the thinker and not the soldier, books and not kings, were to rule the world; and weapons, forged in the mind, keen-edged and brighter than the sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and the battle-axe.—Whipple.



# Liverpool Makes News—and Good

states

**H. M. NAYLOR**

who, as News Editor of the "Liverpool Daily Post" and the "Liverpool Echo," is certainly "in the centre of things." And he is well able to support his interesting claims for Merseyside.



H. M. NAYLOR.

I DON'T know of any job that has more to offer than news-editing for the man who likes to be "in the middle of things," and who enjoys having his fingers on a number of interests at any one time.

Nor do I know of any more stimulating atmosphere than Merseyside's for keeping a News Editor—or any other newspaperman for that matter—"on his toes."

We produce good newspapermen on Merseyside. Christiansen of the *Daily Express*, for instance, started on a local weekly here; J. L. Garvin once sold newspapers in this area, starting a great career the hard way . . . and so on. But we still manage to make life in Liverpool sufficiently worth-while to keep a healthy stock of first-class newspaper brains working for our lively newspapers, and to attract others from Scotland and other centres of migration—not excluding Fleet Street!

## Run for Newshounds

What other provincial city produces with such regular frequency so many "national stories" as Liverpool? It is not just local pride which gives the answer to that question. It is only one reason why news-editing in this great port ("Citadel of Western Approaches" . . . remember?) can lend a sprightly "kick" to any newspaperman's life.

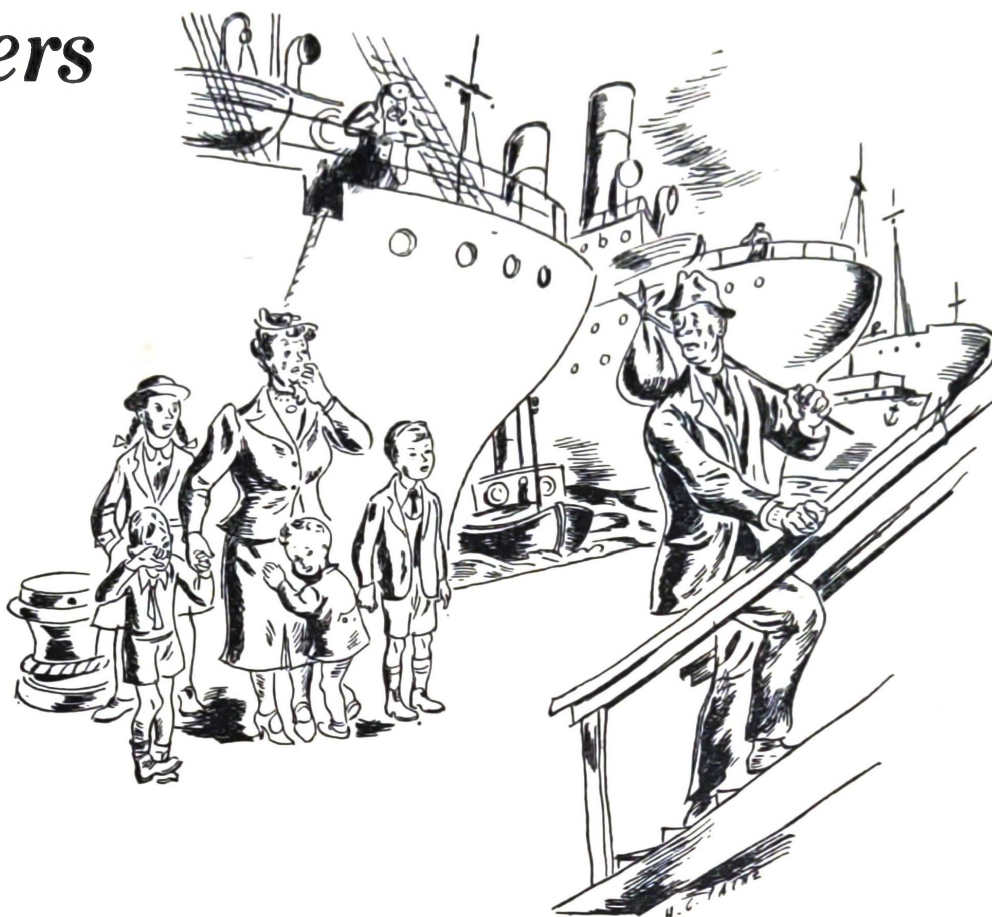
The port's eleven-and-a-half miles of docks, with ships from all over the world, give a pretty good start to the questing newshound.

This reminds me of the national newspaper representative in Liverpool, years ago, who was reproached by his News Editor, sitting in a state of righteous indignation in Manchester, because he was not sending enough shipping stories through. The News Editor warned the reporter to pull himself together, adding that if he did not have a first-class exclusive on the schedule for Monday's paper he would soon be looking for another job.

By Sunday afternoon the reporter had phoned through a first-class human story of an ex-convict, just out of prison, and determined to

# Reporters

This lively contribution by Mr. Naylor gives the reader a fair picture of the life of a Provincial News Editor. It shows that he must not only have a high quality mind, and be a man of outstanding character, but he must also be physically tough to stand the strain of the job.



*The reporter described how the ex-convict, boarding the liner at the landing stage, bade a tearful farewell to his wife and children.*

reform, who was off to America to make good. In phrases full of throbbing emotion, the reporter described how the ex-convict, as he boarded the west-bound liner, at the landing stage bade a tearful farewell to his wife and children, who were to join him at some later time.

That story was exclusive because the reporter had invented it.

On the Monday the News Editor phoned again. "Brilliant!" he exclaimed. "I've told our New York man to meet the ship and do a follow-up." For a week the reporter waited in an agony of apprehension. Then came the sequel. Under a New York date-line his paper published an exclusive story, just as graphic as the original one, which described how the ex-convict had arrived in America!

Now, our zest for the "scoop" in Liverpool is not nearly so adventurous as that. We have to live with the people here, and accuracy and reliability form the only paying policy for us. In any case, one hopes, the general standard has risen.

But while we enjoy a regular crop of front-page hard news stories in our front garden, our outlook is far from being merely "provincial." Liverpool's morning and evening newspapers thrive on local loyalty, but while we pride ourselves on covering all the news that's worth having in the North-West, better than anyone else can do it, if we are to compete properly with the "nationals" we have to ensure constantly that we are putting up a show of world and national news so full and complete that it will convince our readers they are getting full value for their money.

In the wider field, life for the provincial News Editor resolves itself into a "Battle of Communications." We have to live up to our slogan of "more news printed later," in an area running well down into Wales and the border counties, and up through Cheshire, Lancashire, the Lake District and beyond.



Not long ago, as a pleasant break from desk work and the clamour of the telephone, I was given the opportunity by a management which keeps its ear well to the ground, of a thousand-mile car tour, seeing our staffmen and correspondents in this great area. Nowadays, as a result, when I put a call into a news contact, there is a cheering, personal touch about it all. It may be the correspondent I met one day when he got back, muddy and tired, from covering a hound trail contest in the Lake District; to the man in the mining area who, when I saw him in his local haunt, was bursting with pride over a Coal Board scoop he had put in our way; or the lineage man in a North-West borough who was also the Mayor and entertained me regally in his parlour.

There's something quite satisfying in having a chain of friends in half-a-dozen or so counties!

But, as I remarked before, while local news is an important part of any provincial newspaper's strength, there has constantly to be borne in mind the wider aspects of the newspaper "Battle of Communications." There is the arrangement of telephoto pictures for covering the long-distance picture story; the dovetailing with a busy London office in ensuring that the London wires are always buzzing with enough of the sort of news we want. In peace-time all this is a matter of routine arrangement . . . but there was a time during the war when we had to pull that little extra out of the bag.

### Contemporaries Help

That was when we in Liverpool were cut off by bombing from wire and telephone communications outside the city. The *Post* and *Echo* got all the news our readers expected us to have, through the generous help of the *Manchester Guardian* and *Evening News*, and the provision of a shuttle service of motor-cycle messengers between Liverpool and Manchester.

Speed is always the essence of the contract, and "Faster! Faster!" the cry. When normal communication channels dry up, there is always another way. For instance, when the submarine *Thetis* went down in Liverpool Bay in 1938, and the public was calling for news of the men trapped at the bottom of the sea, our reporters went off by tug equipped with baskets of pigeons.



"If you send me on any more wild goose chases, I'll kill you," shouted the irate reporter, chasing the "runner."

The news came back on the wings of the wind to the loft of the fancier who owned the birds, and at his side was a reporter to read out the slips by phone to the office as he retrieved them from the returning carriers.

Liverpool's newspapers yield nothing to the "Londons" where speed is concerned. We take pride in chipping seconds even off our own local speed records for events like the classic Grand National held at Aintree, six miles from the *Post* and *Echo* office. Through an ingenious arrangement we have photographic prints in the office eighteen minutes after the "National" has started; half-tone blocks are completed about fifteen minutes after that; and a well-illustrated *Echo* is on the streets almost before racegoers have started counting their losses.

One of these days, no doubt, the telephoto cameras will project race pictures right into the Process Department. But whatever the future may bring, provincial newspapers, and particularly Liverpool's lively journals, will be found well up the track in the newspaper speed race.

In these hustling times we make increasing use of the aeroplane on big occasions. Recently we had ninety minutes in which to get pictures of a railway smash at Preston—thirty miles from here. While two cars sped off to Preston with

reporters and photographers—one group to stay there for the *Post* and the other to make a dash back—inquiries were made for a plane at Liverpool's airport, Speke. The only one available was a Proctor single-seater just back from Malta. While the photographer was speeding to the airport the pilot checked over his machine, and then took off to the scene of the crash in weather which was so bad that even the hardened photographer was sick on the flight. But he brought his pictures back . . . and in time for the edition.

### Many Callers

The direct personal contact in the office is another feature of life in Liverpool which adds to the interest. There's always a steady stream of callers. It may be the councillor with the "low-down" on municipal affairs; the business man anxious to tell the public how red tape is strangling him; or the lady who is organising a demonstration of housewives in London.

And then the "runners"—that oddly-assorted race of men who bring in tips of stories from all over the city on a cash-and-carry basis.

It was one of these "runners"—a man whose enthusiasm for the rewards of enterprise occasionally caused him to throw accuracy to the winds—who at midnight called in with a dramatic story. It was the sad tale of a school chemistry master who, that day, had picked up what he thought was a glass of water, and then dropped dead in front of his class, having taken poison by mistake

### "I'll Kill You"

The "runner" was met by an irate night reporter who was tired of the cry of "Wolf" and who chased him, shouting: "If you send me on any more wild-goose chases, I'll kill you!"

Just before edition time, the reporter discovered the story was true

Merseyside's population is a mixed bag, with strong contingents from Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and including every shade of colour from the far-off corners of the world. But they are interesting people, with enough of them doing the unexpected at sufficiently frequent intervals to make newsgathering in their midst an absorbing occupation.

As an example of this "unexpectedness," I cherish the memory of a Liverpool man who rang me up during the war and pleaded with me to have a picture taken for the *Echo* of a land-mine which he explained had come down without exploding.



*The land-mine dropped to rest just outside the french windows. "I can almost touch it from where I'm standing," said the "Echo" reader.*

"Where is it now?" I asked.

"Just outside the french window," he answered blandly. "I can almost touch it from where I'm standing . . ."

That sort of thing, and the million-and-one points of interest which form the fabric of newspaper life on Merseyside, all help to prevent the cobwebs from accumulating.

Meanwhile, as cheerful support for our efforts, we have the steadily rising lines on the circulation graphs to keep us cheerful and striving. What more could a newspaperman ask for?

### Speaks to Millions!

The productions of the press, fast as steam can make and carry them, go abroad through all the land, silent as snowflakes, but potent as thunder. It is an additional tongue of steam and lightning, by which man speaks his first thought, his instant argument or grievance, to millions in a day.—Chapin.



# WHAT IS A LONDON EDITOR?

THERE is a great deal of vagueness even among journalists themselves as to what a London editor of a provincial newspaper is and what exactly he does.

Newspaper men have come up to me, metaphorically tapped the sides of their noses, and said, "Soft job, old boy, wish I could find something like it," while others, younger and wealthier, have charmingly endeavoured to conceal a slight disdain.

Well, what exactly then is a London editor?

In the first place he is neither a Londoner (or very rarely) nor in the usual sense of the term an editor. He is not a Londoner because a provincial background — Birmingham, Liverpool, Bristol, or wherever it may be — is obviously necessary. He must, for example, have a sound geographical and historical knowledge of his paper's circulation area. A small town that means nothing to Fleet Street, a village that is scarcely a name, may mean a lot to his own paper. It may perhaps have a local fame for roses or as the birthplace of footballers or possess some other claim which makes it of enduring news significance.

## Inside Knowledge

The London editor must also have a good idea of the trend of local politics, not only the present trend, but of the particular angle from which the citizens look at life. Are they a cautious and careful people or of a more daring and reckless inclination?

He is also a dredger of the Gossip columns where the names mentioned may have local associations not referred to by the writer but which should be known to the London editor. Whatever quiet journalistic roads he travels on, he must always be looking, so to speak, for a signpost that points to his own particular district, for the smallest paragraph in a London morning or evening newspaper may lead to a big local story.

This "Local angle" outlook has its amusing side. Sometimes when during leisure hours I am reading a book I find myself reaching instinctively for scissors and paste as a local name crops up. Perhaps Kent Pressmen feel the same when they see the name of the play, "The

asks

NORMAN G. PHELPS

*London Editor of the Liverpool Evening Express, who has spent 20 years in Fleet Street. Here he deals gently but firmly with those foolish people who think he has "a soft job."*

Dover Road," or Sussex men when they see "Brighton Rock." If so, they should consult a doctor at once because the thing is obviously getting them down.

But the London editor has to possess a "national" mind as well. His readers want to know — or at least I hope so — the latest pronunciamento on food and floods. If a K.C. murders his wife (Boy, what a story that would be!) he need not necessarily come from the local Puddleton-on-Sea to make the narrative interesting to the readers.

So the agency machines go on pouring out the news of the day, grave and gay, from round the corner or from the outposts of Empire (if there are any outposts these days) and a judicial selection must be made. Like all other newspaper men, my pet aversion is the obliging gentleman who whispers in awful confidence that he has "a nice little piece to help to fill up the paper." I tell him right now it will be justifiable homicide one of these days and he won't have to fill up any papers any more.

My twenty odd years in Fleet Street include memories of the happy days when certain London editors just pushed everything through in bulk and went over to the "Falstaff" while the wiremen were steadily but mutinously sending the copy over. Those days are past. It seems just possible that a 60 page paper might be able to carry all the news sent out on the agency machines, but those spacious days are not visible yet.

Then there is the blessed word "contacts." You may place whatever accent you like on the



NORMAN PHELPS.



word "Blessèd." What it means simply is that you must get to know everybody who at some time or other may be able to provide you with an item or — better still — a good half column of local news. And you must never allow him or her to forget that you are alive and thinking of his welfare. His welfare may or may not entail wishing him well in a bar. This facility of reference, the knowledge of who can help to solve the news difficulties of the moment, is one of the most vital attributes of a London editor's job.

There are also things known for some mysterious reason as "SGs": in other words, messages from head office which arrive always at the busiest and most inconvenient moments and indicate the desire that prominent notabilities of local fame who happen to be in London should be "contacted" and interviewed. As this invariably appears to be the notabilities' busiest time also, a more or less agitated time is had by all.

### Usual Worries

A Press telegraphist once told me in an endeavour to clear up the enigma of what "SG" meant that it had the same significance as the letters "MM", which on the face of it doesn't seem to clarify matters at all.

But newspaper offices are like that and as it all seems to work out all right in the end no great harm is done.

"Pictures," of course, are another trial. You not only have to get the picture which is either of national or local importance, but you have to get it to your town of publication. It either has to be rushed to the station to catch the next train, in which case the office boys have all mysteriously disappeared, or it has to be telephotoed, in which case the transmission instrument has a habit of becoming obtuse.

These are passing worries, but when all these things occur on the same day and at the same hour the London editor and his sub-editorial colleagues are apt once more to dream of that Arcadian inn in the country towards the ownership of which all journalists are said to aspire.

But every trade and profession has its bricks as well as its — occasional — bouquets and the inconveniences have to be balanced against those moments when the news machines stop

chattering and there is a rare and refreshing silence.

At that moment, however, there always enters a man who says he worked in the paper's home town for years or was born there, knows the editor, news editor, and all the sub-editors and reporters by their Christian names and but for the unfortunate fact that at the moment he is a hundred or so miles away from them would undoubtedly be in a position to borrow a trifle on account. In the circumstances perhaps the London editor for the love of the old home town could oblige?

But perhaps the most difficult job of all, the London editor has to combine with the drive and initiative so necessary to keep an office on its toes the gentle guile of a diplomat in keeping everybody in a small office reasonably contented and happy: a task which is by no means as easy as it looks. Where two or three are gathered together in Fleet Street there shall the soft whispers of intrigue be heard.

"Soft job, old boy?" O.K., come and have a shot at it.

**D**URING the war a young journalist home on embarkation leave called at his former place of employment to say farewell to his Chief—the harassed Scots News Editor of an evening paper. His visit coincided with an edition time and he found the staff and News Editor running hither and thither. After scarcely a word with the Chief he took his departure and stayed away for four years.

On the day of his return he again called at the office and found the News Editor buried under piles of copy and scribbling furiously.

When at length, after repeated coughs, the News Editor looked up, the young man was astonished to hear him say: "Mon, mon, are ye still knockin' about?"—GEORGE B. MILLAR.

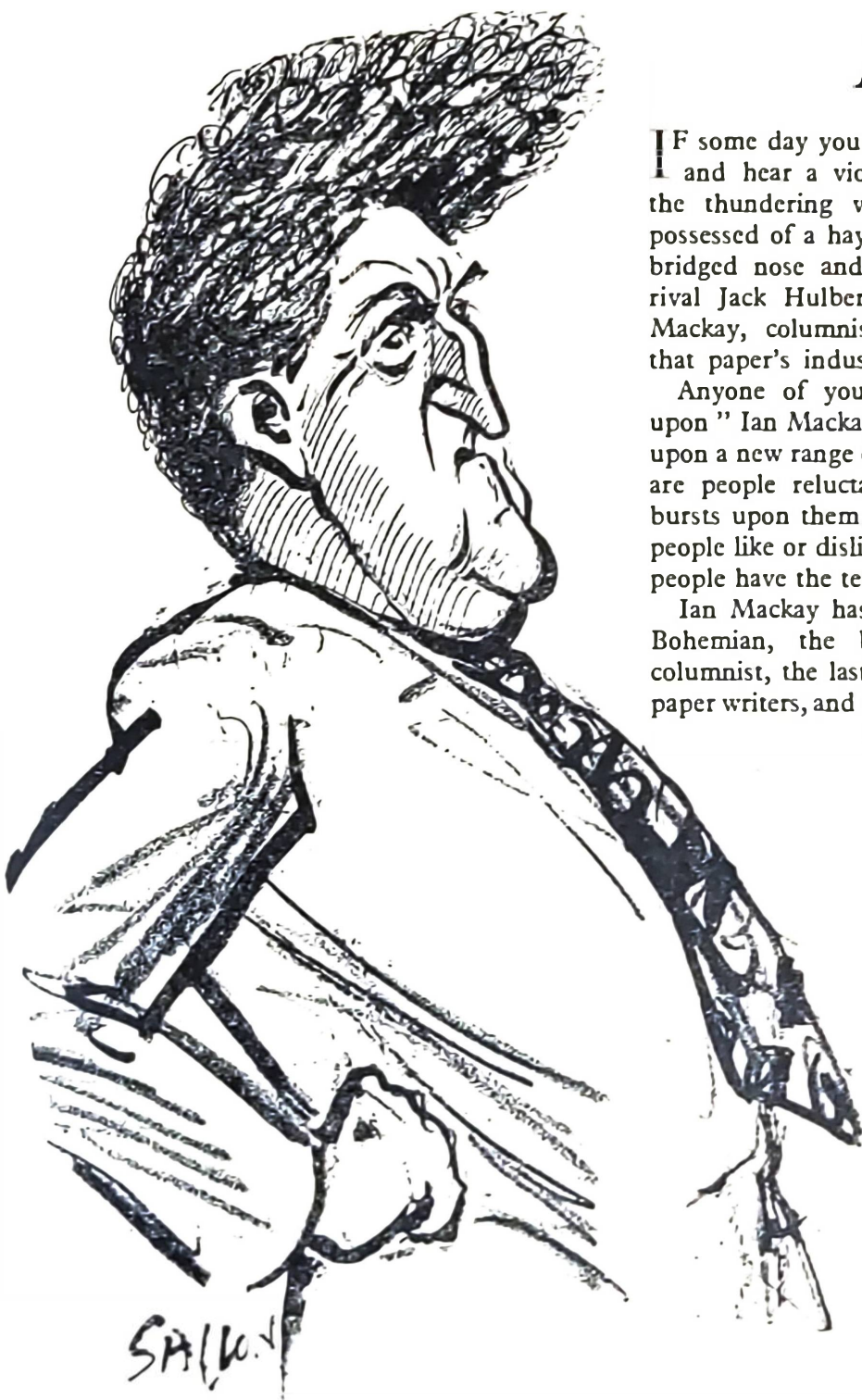
### What Disraeli Thought

The Press is not only free; it is powerful. That power is ours. It is the proudest that man can enjoy. It was not granted by monarchs, it was not gained for us by aristocracies; but it sprang from the people, and, with an immortal instinct, it has always worked for the people.

There are men who could never pass in a crowd; nature ordained otherwise. Dr. Johnson and G. K. Chesterton—great Fleet Street men—were two. Today there is at least one. He is sketched here by “C.D.” and called

## Fleet Street's Mountain Peak—

*Ian Mackay*



IF some day you should walk down Fleet Street and hear a violent commotion dominated by the thundering vociferousness of a large man possessed of a hayrick of grey-black hair, a high-bridged nose and a chin shaping as though to rival Jack Hulbert's, you have come upon Ian Mackay, columnist of the *News Chronicle* and that paper's industrial correspondent.

Anyone of young and tender years "comes upon" Ian Mackay as a wide-eyed explorer comes upon a new range of mountain peaks; and if there are people reluctant to "come upon" him he bursts upon them. There are no half measures; people like or dislike him immediately; not many people have the temerity to dislike.

Ian Mackay has been called Fleet Street's last Bohemian, the best British daily newspaper columnist, the last in the great tradition of newspaper writers, and the best informed of the political-industrial correspondents.

Whatever you may have to say about his views—which he expounds with ferocious gusto and remarkable language when roused—there can be no doubt that he belongs to the tradition of great individualists in Fleet Street (in the line of Johnson, Wilkes, Goldsmith) and that as a columnist he is the most brilliant discovery of a decade.

The discovery of Mackay as a columnist is, indeed, a bit of the romance of Fleet Street, that Street of adventure, of hope, and of cynicism. For how did it come about that Ian Mackay should have spent about 25 of his 27 years in the



Street before an editor "discovered" him? It isn't because he had got stuck in a groove; that would never happen to Mackay. In any case, according to his own estimate, he has been political, industrial, dramatic, architectural, cricket, soccer, naval, military, agricultural, musical, art and even fashion correspondent. But nobody—not even Mackay himself—unearthed his talent as a columnist until chance led (I suspect) through the tribulations of the duodenal trouble that struck him to the moment when he wrote his first column. Since then he might feel he has delivered himself into the hands of the Philistines but his readers are avid for that daily column so fluent in style, so stamped by Mackay's personality and so essentially the work of a dreaming Celt.

Ian Mackay was born in Wick, Caithness, on April 23, 1898, and after serving in the 1914-18 war (under age) arrived in London in 1919 where he made a few shillings on London letter paragraphs.

"But my real start," he writes, "was given me by my celebrated townsman, Herbert Sinclair, of the *Pianomaker*. . . . I also helped with the *Musician*, and though I cannot yet distinguish between a viola and a violet I soon began to write about Mozart with a degree of intimacy that would have put his mother to shame."

### "Incredible Character"

He joined the *Western Morning News* as assistant to "that incredible character, the late J. Byers Maxwell, who was the last man in Fleet Street to wear an astrakhan coat, spats and a topper, and died in a Blackpool workhouse worth several thousands. When news of his death was published wives came flocking from all over England to claim the money."

Mackay joined the Parliamentary staff in 1924 and remained in the House until 1933, when he decided to get out and see "the people whom we were supposed to be governing." He was offered the post of Industrial Correspondent on the *News Chronicle* and told Aylmer Vallance, the editor, he would take it "if you don't mind my politics."

"What are they?" asked Vallance.

"I regard Stalin and Trotsky as a couple of crusted old Tories."

"You'll do," Vallance told him, and he joined the paper—April 1, 1933.

"A most appropriate date," Mackay remarks.

Since then he claims to have covered more

miles than any man in Fleet Street; in one year he attended 88 conferences. In his time he has come into contact with every important public character in the political, literary, artistic, industrial, theatrical, sporting, religious and criminal worlds.

### Granny Wins

"And so far," he continues, "I have not yet met anybody who could stand up for five minutes to my old granny, Hughma, who couldn't write and could only read by spelling the words out letter by letter. It has taken Bernard Shaw and Artlee sixty years to reach the same conclusion about private enterprise as the old lady reached way back in 1906 when she told the Tory candidate for Wick that if it was left to her she would 'put a stop to it.'"

Recalling some of his past jobs, Ian said: "On one celebrated occasion I did a day-by-day running commentary on the Oberammergau Passion Play from the Punch Tavern which, I am told, was so highly thought of across the Atlantic that it was lifted as a moving eye-witness account by some of the Blue Grass weeklies.

"My only big scoops so far have usually been wrong but I can claim to have been the first political pundit to turn the heat on Mosley. It was in the old *Daily Sketch* that I published a week before he wanted it his notorious 'Manifesto' which led to his break with Labour and his drift towards Fascism."

Ian says he is a non-official Communist, a God-fearing atheist with leanings towards head-hunting, and has all the vices—except virtue. In literature his choice is "everything in print from Homer to Hemingway with Shakespeare, Shaw, Molière, Rabelais, Anatole France, Dickens and Turgenev high up and all the time."

---

*How shall I speak of thee, or thy power address,  
Thou god of our idolatry, the Press?  
By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,  
Exert their influence, and advance their cause:  
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,  
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell;  
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise,  
Thou ever bubbling spring of endless lies,  
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,  
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee!*

—Cowper.





*"By rights I'm a paper-tearing act, Lady."*

*[by Grimes]*



# "THE BEST STORIES WRITE THEMSELVES" declares *JAMES DUNN*

**S**COOPS are prized, but stories count. Scoops are the necessities of the craft, not its accomplishments.

Journalism is not, as the films portray it, a mere relay race in which the only thing that matters is to bring the baton in first.

The aims of journalism are not physical, but mental, as common sense should predicate of any sort of writing business.

We, in the trade, are apt to exaggerate the importance of a scoop. Readers of the paper that obtains it expect it and are, therefore, not deeply impressed, whilst readers of rival journals are not aware they have missed anything.

But a story can be a score without being a scoop. Half a dozen or so reporters may be out on the same job, and one man's work may so outshine the others, not in the facts but the way they are presented, that his story has the value of a scoop.

## Stories "Felt"

All veterans know that their best stories were the stories they felt. And these were not necessarily the big stories.

A true craftsman can sometimes get more satisfaction out of a stick par than he derives from a two-columns splash. Not all the best pictures appear on a large canvas.

Looking back over the years I find that one story stands out in my memory, and is still capable of giving that inward glow which some may deride as conceit and others concede as earned.

Anyhow it was a story I felt from the start, and I wrote it not with the smooth phrases of the trained journalist, but in the words of women small of vocabulary but big in understanding.

It was at the Whitehaven pit disaster before the first world war, when many miners working in galleries extending far under the sea were trapped in a fire that followed an explosion.

My opening sentence was: "There is a burning cemetery under the sea."

And there I stopped. Many reporters know that feeling of frustration when the elusive facts refuse to be snared by the right words.



★ *Few men have garnered so rich a store of newspaper memories as that outstanding reporter and Fleet Street personality JIMMY DUNN. Here, in his deceptively easy style, he turns over a few pages of his personal book of adventure.* ★

I walked away from the pit, through the little town, searching for the inspiration that would not come. And there I got my story.

I got it not in my own words, but out of the mouths of women who gossiped as if they prayed. These shawled wives and mothers talking



together in their caressing northern accent gave me a story without knowing it.

I did not interview them, I spoke not a word, but smoked my pipe and listened—listened to how swift and awful death had come to Whitehaven, and what its coming meant to the lives, loves and hopes of women who lived in the shadow of sudden death.

The story was told in short, low sentences, and every word contained a tear.

So it went on, the story of the men who had died, and the story of women who had lost.

That was the story I wrote for the *Sunday Chronicle*, the story told by women who knew.

It was a story that wrote itself. The story of one who listened to words that held tears.

Once I achieved a scoop. This, too, on the North-West coast. In the days when aeroplanes were in the hopping stage, and military experts were experimenting with dirigibles, the Admir-



*"I spoke not a word but smoked my pipe and listened—listened how swift and awful death had come to Whitehaven."*

A young girl passed with unseeing eyes, eyes that looked inward into darkness.

"Poor Milly," murmured one of the women. "She was to have been married next month."

"Aye, there will be more widows than brides in Whitehaven," said another.

"Aye, that there will. There's Mrs. Shaw at No. 17. She's left with five young children. Eh, but it's terrible. Thank God my man was not in that shift. He's now with the others down the pit seeing if anybody is alive. But there's little chance, not with the fire and all."

alty decided to build a navigable balloon at Barrow.

The project was kept a close secret, but thanks to a hint from an acquaintance in the shipyard I learned enough to persuade the *Daily Dispatch*, Manchester, to send me to Barrow.

It took several days and many pints of ale to get at the facts, but one morning the *Daily Dispatch* came out with a splash story of how a fleet of naval dirigibles was contemplated by the Admiralty, and that the trial of No. 1 was fixed for that week.

Reporters from London and the big Provincial Dailies arrived in Barrow, and found confirmation of the story.

But I had something up my sleeve. On the morning of the trial when other papers were jubilant over the enterprise of the Admiralty in securing a new weapon, the *Daily Dispatch* announced that No. 1 would not take the air as she had not sufficient lifting power to raise her from the basin where she floated serenely.

And lo, she did not rise. The propellers whirled, mechanics tugged and tinkered, but No. 1 stuck in her basin and refused to budge.

### Prediction True

The trial was postponed for alterations, when it was confidently predicted that this time the dirigible would certainly take the air.

The morning of the second attempt arrived with the newspapers hopeful if somewhat subdued.

The *Daily Dispatch*, however, boldly announced that No. 1, now officially christened the "Mayfly," would certainly take the air, and just as certainly break her back, as the construction was too frail to sustain the air pressure.

"Mayfly" took the air all right, and in less than a minute had broken her back.

The photographs were very interesting.

Yes, it was a scoop, but what pleased me most about the whole affair was that the Admiralty did not see the joke when in one of my stories I facetiously christened No. 1 the "Mayfly," and my lords officially adopted the name that actually gave the game away.

Once I was the cause of many indignant reporters being locked in the Wolverhampton police court whilst the result of the exciting 8 majority by-election in South Wolverhampton was declared from the Town Hall balcony.

It came about in this way. During the big Conservative defeat at a general election following the Boer War I was a reporter on that successful evening paper, the *Wolverhampton Express and Star*.

Sir Alfred Hickman, who owned the rival paper, the *Midland Evening News*, was the Tory candidate, and he was opposed by one Richards, a Labourite from Leicester.

The contest was hot, and keen interest was taken in the result although it was generally



"I had just taken down the figures when the mace bearer spied me . . . he was deeply shocked . . ."

expected that Sir Alfred Hickman would retain the seat.

As I said, it was a hot election and a tiring one for reporters, so when the talking and canvassing was over and all that remained was the result, several of us adjourned to a favourite pub and discussed the situation and the local beer, the last being home brewed.

I don't know how I got there, but subsequently I found myself in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall, where the Mayor, before making a public announcement from the balcony, was reading out the result of the voting for the private edification of the candidates and a few officials.

Richards had won the seat for Labour.

Propped against a ballot box, I had just taken down the figures when the mace bearer spied me and in tones that showed he was deeply shocked exclaimed: "Mr. Dunn, you have no right here; get out at once."

I got out to a telephone, and telephoned the result to a waiting sub-editor.

When the Mayor, candidates and privileged officials went on to the Town Hall balcony to acquaint the waiting crowd with the anxiously awaited verdict of the electorate there was no waiting crowd. It was busy buying copies of the *Express and Star* containing the required information.

That was why at the next election in Wolverhampton reporters were locked in the police court until the official announcement was made.



## Home Brewed Ale

Just one piquant reflection. The morning following the "scoop," Andrew Meikle, the editor, called me into his room and fixing me with his shrewd blue eyes inquired :

"Dunn, what made you go into that counting room?"

"Home brewed ale, Mr. Meikle," I replied truthfully.

"Just as I thought," observed the "Merry Andrew," "and mark my words, young man, home brewed ale will get you into worse places than counting rooms, if you are not careful."

Then, his eyes twinkling, he added: "It was a damned cheek, but it was a good scoop. Away wi' ye."

A fine Scotsman and a rare editor was Andrew Meikle, named behind his back, "Merry Andrew."

War stories, interviews with important and not so important people, experiences in coal mines, a trip in a balloon with Spencer during my honeymoon, a night ride on a locomotive from Manchester to Aberdeen, strikes, explosions, railway disasters, these flicker on memory's screen, but leave little impression.

They are just stories that have been told.

There is one experience, however, that lingers with some persistence. Whilst I was special commissioner of the *Sunday Chronicle* I travelled from Liverpool to Leeds (or it may have been Bradford) by tramcar.

Starting in the early morning I arrived at my destination by nightfall having during the journey seen the daily routine of life in many towns and villages change with the passing hours.

That journey made a deep impression on me, particularly on the sitting down part of my anatomy.

I recall the article was "framed" with photographs of the numerous tram tickets I had acquired during the journey.

Even so, there were readers who wrote to the editor saying they did not believe the story.

I could have given them a stern reply, but modestly refrained.

But it was a long time before I could be persuaded to ride in a tramcar again.

For a short and tiresome period I worked in the Press Gallery as Parliamentary Correspondent of the *Daily Mail*. I did not find it a



*"He stuffed it so hard that I would waste precious minutes making it draw."*

congenial job, and I am afraid that for most of the time I was too bored to do the job properly.

Listening to other folk talk day after day, night after night, is not my idea of interesting journalism.

One story, however, I did enjoy writing. It was about a beetle that crossed the floor of the House.

Lloyd George was speaking about something that did not much matter, and soon the attention of a score or more members, including some of the Irish Party below the gangway, was fixed on the progress of that beetle.

Main interest seemed to be centred more on the length of its survival than on its actual progress.

Members coming into the Chamber from the Lobby saw the beetle, stopped, hesitated and then carefully stepped over it.

It was a race between life and death, and the beetle appeared to be winning. John Ward, I think it was, encountered the unfortunate insect on his way to his seat, stared in momentary surprise, and then lifting a large and heavy foot crushed that beetle completely out of order.

The interested audience of watching members



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immediately broke into a roar of mingled satisfaction and disapproval.

### Treasured Memory

The unexpected noise startled Lloyd George who, knowing nothing of the beetle, took the outburst as a demonstration against himself, and he tore into the Tory members with the sound and fury of one of his native Welsh torrents.

That beetle remains my one treasured memory of reporting from the Press Gallery.

Queer how stories you were proud of at the time fail to make an impression deep enough to remain in memory.

It is like the soldier's war-time experiences. He forgets the big tragic things, but remembers vividly the little comedies and things of little account in themselves, but containing some personal association that makes them stick in the mind.

So it is with an experienced journalist. For example, when during the other war I was arrested by the Dutch police in Rotterdam on a charge of spying on the German Army and kept in prison for six weeks awaiting trial, there were some episodes that must have made good copy at the time.

But to-day my chief recollection of those weeks in gaol is my intense anxiety lest, when I was allowed twenty minutes daily (except Sunday) in which to smoke a clay pipe, the warder whose job it was to fill it would stuff it so hard that I would waste precious minutes making it draw.

That warder meant to be kind, but his kindness was terrible.

In something like half a century in journalism there are many stories of mine in the files.

Some I like to remember ; others I recall with a shudder, but good or bad they make up a life's work, a life that has always been interesting and sometimes thrilling, a life I would not have changed for any other, however rich the reward.

### JUDGMENT

What gunpowder did for war, the printing-press has done for the mind ; and the statesman is no longer clad in the steel of special education, but every reading man is his judge.

—Wendell Phillips.





"Round the Stone at Press Time."



# THE FIRESIDE MEMORIES

MY Harrow newsagent thinks I am the craziest customer who enters his shop. He is certain I am in worse case than that — completely mad.

Why? Because I get from him six morning papers and three "evenings" every day, all the Sunday papers, and a round dozen of the Amalgamated Press magazines with which I was so intimately and proudly associated for thirty years. When I go into RAE'S to pay my pretty hefty monthly bill the proprietor still regards me with an obviously puzzled expression.

More than once I have explained to him that I am a retired Fleet Street man. That newspapers and newsprint are, and will remain, as the breath of my nostrils! That the mechanics of newspapers and newspaper production continue to be, so far as I am concerned, the most absorbing things in life! And that an ex-professional contemplation of how different editors treat the same news story, or deal with the ever-changing political or industrial scene at home and abroad, to say nothing about "layout" or presentation of features, is the one thing that makes my day complete, keeping me in contact with a well-remembered lifetime of activity! But the good and hard-working Mr. Rae never seems quite convinced as to my sanity! He handles a thousand more papers every day than I do. But our interest in them is entirely different!

## Never Truly Proud

My old friends, Arthur Heighway and Morley Richards, ask me to write something for this unique volume. I am delighted to do so. But I point-blank refuse to make any serious contribution to the subject they suggest—"The Job of which I am Proudest." This for the simple reason that in all my forty-five years of journalism I never did any job of which I was really and truly proud. No mock-modesty here; nothing Uriah Heep-ish; I am merely being honest with myself and stating a cold fact.

As telephone boy, reporter, sub-editor, leader-writer, editor, biographer and, latterly, Literary Director of the largest publishing house in the world I tried to do every job that came my way

to the fullest stretch of my ability, counting neither time, nor trouble, nor infinite research so that the finished task was as workman-like as I could make it. This, too, in executive matters as well as in actual writing. Has my simple formula become outdated? Sadly, I sometimes think it has.

That some of my work earned me appreciation and won many promotions goes, I suppose, without saying and yet I have no hesitation in asserting that I have known countless journalists who, given the same opportunities and lucky "breaks" as fell to me, would have made much better going with the tasks I had to tackle.

My old assistant and dear friend, John Gordon, who started his brilliant career under my wing in Bonnie Dundee, holds strongly to the view that every man in Fleet Street gets his chance at one time or another. It is recognising the chance when it comes and grasping it with both fists that make the really successful journalist, whether he hails from Hoxton or Hawick, Dundee or Doncaster, Widnes or Wick. (And mention of Wick, what price Ian Mackay, whose *Diary* in the *News Chronicle* is, to me at least, one of the great joys of Fleet Street writing these days?)

Of course, luck hits one man straight in the face and misses another—and perhaps a very much abler man. The Goddess of Chance is a fickle jade, admittedly. It was a lucky day for me, as an instance, when Northcliffe turned his full, luminous, brown eyes on me at our first meeting and asked me bluntly what I knew about running daily newspapers. For a few seconds I was non-plussed. Then I blurted out—"Very little, sir, about dailies, but quite a lot about weeklies and magazines!" The Chief reached for his telephone and asked to be put through to his brother, Harold.

"Harold," I heard him say, "I want you to come along to my room and meet a young Scottish journalist who frankly confesses that in some respects he is an ignorant fellow. It's a new breed to me from North of the Tweed! I'm going to give him a contract!"



# OF AN OLD JOURNALIST

By  
WILLIAM  
BLACKWOOD

*In reminiscent mood, one of Fleet Street's honoured and retired journalists recalls the great days of the past and the characters—legendary and real—who played a part in his career.*

That was a slice of genuine luck if you like. It was lucky for me, too, that one of the first jobs I was given under the Northcliffe regime was to find a new line in fiction-writers. Fiction was a strong card in the Scottish weeklies of my early days, and I had little difficulty in roping in popular writers like Mark Allerton, George Edgar, Ruby M. Ayres, May Christie, Victor Bridges, John Goodwin and, later, the incomparable Edgar Wallace. With all of these I spent hundreds of evenings, and innumerable weekends, plotting and planning instalments of serial stories for the *Daily Mail*, the *Mirror* and the immensely popular magazines of the A.P. The autumn serial in *Answers* was the fiction event of the year twenty and thirty years ago. Authors vied for the honour of writing it; we spent many thousands of pounds in publicising it; an increase of a hundred thousand copies per week on the circulation was often the result.

Northcliffe took a keen personal interest in *Answers* and its fiction. "My fortunes were founded on the old paper" he often told me, "and



William Blackwood, C.B.E., J.P.

I still read it from cover to cover every week!" Every first instalment of a story I had to submit to the Chief. He "titled" many of the serials himself and his criticisms and suggestions were amazingly useful and shrewd. He delighted in evolving what he called "snappy curtains" to the instalments.

When Edgar Wallace and I got together on the first serial he ever wrote for the Amalgamated Press, Northcliffe, I well remember, went off the deep end in quite a violent way.

"Wallace borrowed five hundred pounds from me a year ago and he hasn't paid back a penny of it. He shan't write a line for any of my papers and you can tell him so from me!" With that he ordered me out of "the presence"!

I wanted the story. It had all the appearance of being a winner. It was Edgar at his best. Moreover I had not a stand-by serial ready. So I got my great friend and immediate chief, George Sutton, then Chairman of the A.P., to frank an advance payment of £250 to Edgar. The cheque I took up at once to Clarence Gate Mansions, where Wallace lived at the time, handed it over to him and insisted upon Edgar drawing his personal cheque for the same amount made out to Northcliffe. Wallace was not at all willing to play ball. He had had a couple of bad days at Hurst Park, swore he hadn't a penny in his pocket, and urged me to let him keep the money. But at length I persuaded him to do as I suggested. The cheque was duly sent off to the Chief along with a very nice letter from Edgar apologising for delay in "coming through." Not a word, of course, about my connection with the matter.

### **"A Scottish Scoundrel"**

Three days later Northcliffe came into my room. He was smiling that wonderful smile of his, a smile that ravished the hearts of every man and woman in his service. (His frown had quite the opposite effect!)

"You are a Scottish scoundrel, my dear Blackwood," he said, "You have been pulling a fast one on me along with Edgar Wallace. I know it. I can smell it. I presume you will defy me and go on with 'The Dark Eyes of London'?" Well, let me see the first instalment. Edgar is a genius. But tell him I want the balance of that five hundred!"

Yes, I must admit I was rather "proud"

of that little manoeuvre even if the ethical values were a bit questionable. Edgar Wallace earned many thousands of pounds writing for me in later years. To round off the little story I have just told you I ought to mention that the balance of the loan was duly paid back to the Chief and both men remained good friends until death took the Great Northcliffe from the Street whose workers he had uplifted and inspired, giving them a new faith, a new standing, a pride in their work and in their profession.

I could go on telling you many, many stories about the lords and the lions of London journalism, but I must pay attention to that "prideful jobs" idea.

### **Real Self-Sacrifice**

I think I can honestly say that the one job in all my life of which I am proudest was not a real job at all. It was the saving, over a period of fully a twelvemonth and by a self-sacrificing parsimony upon which I look back to-day with amazement, of exactly One Pound One Shilling so that I could take a course of twelve lessons in Pitman's shorthand. I was only about fourteen at the time and already had had several "gainful occupations" carrying wages of from half-a-crown to five shillings per week. My father had taken me to a political gathering in the old Kinnauld Hall in Dundee at which, if I recollect rightly, the speaker was Campbell Bannerman, the Prime Minister of Britain.

I am afraid I paid not the slightest attention to C.B.'s oratory; I was far more interested in watching the reporters taking down the speech in shorthand. To me they seemed to be the cleverest men I had ever seen or heard about, wizards, genii, demi-gods. On leaving the hall I said to my father, "Some day I am going to be a newspaper reporter!" From that decision I never wavered nor wandered. In due course I saved the necessary guinea and before I was sixteen I took my Society of Arts certificate for 180 words-per-minute and this success practically carried with it a very junior post in one of the Dundee newspaper offices.

Another "job" to which I look back with some satisfaction was the saving of Ten Pounds in the next two or three years so that I could attend successive winter sessions of lectures on History and English Literature under the auspices of St. Andrew's University. Our professor was an



erudite and charming savant of the name of McCormack. It was his custom to single out for special instruction and encouragement the boys and girls who were obviously keen to learn. I happened to be one of those and to Old McCormack I have owed a life-long debt of gratitude.

He was a firm believer in the old Scottish system of education, a system which laid it down as almost a cardinal principle that it was a better national investment to have teachers spend their time developing a dozen pupils who were willing and anxious to improve their minds than in stuffing a smattering of subjects down the throats of young people who neither wanted education nor had the mental capacity to assimilate it. Can you wonder that to-day I view with horror the expenditure of millions and millions of pounds on mass education up till the age of sixteen of boys and girls, a vast proportion of whom will never have a thought above the cinema, the dance hall, cigarettes, the "pools" and the "dogs," and of earning as high wages as possible for as little work as they can get away with, so that they can indulge their lamentable proclivities to the full?

(Perhaps the Editors will deem the preceding paragraph to be touching on highly dangerous "politics" and cut it out. I hope they don't!)

### Scots Together

Another "job" upon which I sometimes reflect with considerable pleasure was my ten years' association with the *Saturday Evening Post*, the internationally famous American magazine. On one of my visits to the United States (foreign visits were always insisted upon for their staffs by Lord Northcliffe and his C. of S. Sir George Sutton) I met George Horace Lorimer. He had been the Editor, and principal proprietor, of the *Post* for many years. Of Scottish descent, Lorimer was instantly interested in the fact that I knew the calf-ground of his ancestors as well as the back of my hand and we became great friends. The Lorimers had a magnificent estate at Wyncote, on the outskirts of Philadelphia, and it was there one evening, seated in the flower-encircled porch, that we cemented an arrangement by which I became one of the *Post's* European writers.

Every year, for some time thereafter, I had a series of articles published in the great American magazine. These series were mostly biographical

and dealt with the careers of men like Sir Harry Lauder, Sir Thomas Lipton, Ramsay MacDonald and Gordon Selfridge. Fleet Street men would no doubt like to know more about the "inside story" of writing for a magazine like the *Post* and the extraordinary high prices paid to contributors. But I have no room to deal with the subject here; all I will say is that from first to last I earned many thousands of pounds through my lucky meeting with that great and remarkable American, George Horace Lorimer. His best-known book, "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son," is a million-sale classic all over the world. When he died rather suddenly several years ago, I lost one of my best friends.

Here I think I might add that I am at present engaged writing my memoirs of a long, full and exciting life and one chapter at least will be devoted to my intimate association with Mr. Lorimer and the *Saturday Evening Post*. It was, to me—and also to the magazine, as I happen to know—a very profitable association. When I can tell the facts more fully I am certain that the young British journalist of to-day will gasp with wonderment at the prices paid by Mr. Lorimer for the material he really wanted. But these palmy days of making a small fortune in a few years by writing for the *S.E.P.* have gone, alas, never to return on either side of the Atlantic. Taxation, for instance, . . . but why go into that ghastly business?

One more fireside reverie to finish with! Among the many "jobs of work" I did for the dear old Amalgamated Press was to act as a sort of father-confessor to the younger and more ambitious members of the literary staff while keeping an eagle eye open for promising newcomers. The A.P. was, in my time (and still is), regarded as the finest publishing house in the world for its treatment and nurture of young writers with initiative, brains to support that quality, and determination to make good. I would like to think that quite a number of the present staff and others who have gone out into the competitive world of authorship and journalism retain a kindly memory of the rather rough-and-ready Scotsman generally known in Fleet Street as "W.B."; certainly those colleagues still in active service at the Fleetway House always give me the cheeriest of welcomes when I enter their rooms or they find me walking, ghostlike, along the old familiar corridors.



# A Good Reporter Just

says

GODFREY WINN

*In the pre-war years Godfrey Winn feature writers in Fleet Street. His winning pen to the work of war Navy. He has written the books "Victory" and "P.Q.17." And, in the highest paid film story writers in*

EVERYONE treasures their own personal and private moments of intense happiness in life, highlights on which they look back across the years with a great sense of reassurance in retrospect. One such moment came to me in my life when, after several years' apprenticeship in Fleet Street, my Editor sent for me, with my latest page in galley proof in his hand, and said, dourly: "We shall make a reporter of you yet." As he was a Scot from Dundee, and as I was at that time the highest paid feature writer on his paper, I felt it was a compliment, indeed!

I would like to tell you now three stories which I hope you will agree at the end would be worth reporting in any paper and which are all linked together by the same theme of money.

The first concerns an incident which happened to me last winter in New York, and which I subsequently related over the air in one of my Columbia broadcasts. It made such a deep impression then that I'm glad to have this opportunity of recounting it now to an audience of my compatriots.

## That 100-Dollar Bill

It happened like this. The day before I was leaving New York to commence a barnstorming tour, speaking about the domestic situation of England to-day, I went to the bank and cashed a cheque for my travelling expenses. As you know, the problem of money for a Britisher going to the States is a very complicated and stringent one, so you can imagine my horror when I was going to bed to discover that a hundred dollar bill was missing from my wallet.

I must have given it to a taxi-driver instead of a one dollar bill, I thought, lying awake and wondering what on earth I should do to replace my loss. It was a long night, as you can imagine, and then very early there came a tap on my door and, getting out of bed, I found the chambermaid there, whose name I did not even know, for we had not said more to each other at that time than "Good Morning."

Now she was holding out my hundred dollar bill in her hand. "I think you gave me this by

mistake yesterday. I did not notice myself till I came off duty, and I knew you were going away this morning early, so I was afraid lest I should miss you."

I was so speechless with gratitude I could hardly find words to thank her. But when at the end of my speaking tour I came back to the same hotel for a few days before sailing for home I asked if I could be put on the fourteenth floor again, and have the same chambermaid. I noticed now that she was a bonny-looking woman of about forty, with flaxen hair, braided close to her head, and very blue eyes. Her name, she told me, was Anna, and I noticed that she still spoke with a trace of foreign accent.

One day when I came into my room I found her looking at the photograph frame beside my bed, with its pictures of my family and of my very English home in the country. Anna said, "It is very pretty . . . your English garden. We do not have gardens like that here in the States."

I said, "You are Swedish yourself, aren't you?" Before she could answer, I went on. "Do you find this work monotonous and hard?" Anna shook her head. "I like it very much. America gives women a chance. In the war I worked in a steel foundry. That was much harder work. But I was glad—glad to do it for my country that has given me a chance."

"But don't you come from Scandinavia?" I persisted.

"Oh, no," said Anna. "I come from Hamburg. I am a German."

The German maid, who regarded herself as a

# Tells the Truth

*became one of the highest paid. During the war he turned his con-correspondent before he joined the "Home From Sea," "Scrapbook Of his versatility, he is now one of the England.*



hundred-per-cent. American citizen, and gave back a hundred dollar bill to the traditional foe of the country where she was born . . . what do you make of that story, I wonder? At any rate, it is a true one, for I believe that it is the essence of a good reporter that he always writes the truth. For instance, there is the episode of the millionaire and the cup of tea. That really happened, too, and the hospital concerned was St. Mary's, Paddington.

## Smile Got the Money

But let me start from the beginning. A millionaire, who always walks about with empty pockets, but with an open mind, was asked if he would contribute £70,000 to pay for a new medical school, very badly needed. He said he would think about it.

The next morning, unknown and unheralded, he visited the hospital and sat down on a bench in the out-patient's department, among the mothers and their children, the sick and the lame and the weary.

After a time he noticed that at one end of the hall, with its many doors opening on to vistas of new health, was a counter with a set-up for tea and buns. So he went up and asked the old lady who was pouring out the tea what a cup cost. "A penny for the tea," he was told, "and another penny for a bun. Would you like one?" He shook his head and went back to his seat. In a little while, Mrs. Webb—for that was the name of the old lady—came across to him and, whispering in his ear, asked him a question. "Haven't you got a penny in your pocket?" Truthfully, he shook his head. "Well," she added, "you can still have a cup of tea and a bun if you really want one."

## Millionaire is Shown All

At that moment, one of the surgeons, passing through the hall, recognised the millionaire and a hullabaloo arose. The big shots were sent for, and he was ceremoniously conducted over the hospital. He was shown everything and told everything, how each week there are twenty-one thousand things sent to the wash, two thousand bottles of medicine dispensed and a thousand yards of bandage used. And, finally, just how much it cost to keep the hospital going every year.

Thoughtfully, he listened to the cataloguing of every item, until the procession reached the door of one of the operating theatres, when the sleeve of the doctor speaking to him was plucked urgently by the old lady who had served the millionaire in the canteen. "Whatever shall I do? Shall I apologise to him now, or shall I write a letter?" she exclaimed.

"Do? Do nothing," came back in a triumphant chorus from the group around him. "You have got us our money."

And she had.



### **"Smile of a Bride"**

Now it was the millionaire's son who told me the story himself, so in my eagerness to be a good reporter I decided I'd better check it up at the other end. So I went to the hospital and visited Mrs. Webb at her counter, who was then already seventy, and who told me that she had been dispensing buns and tea now for over thirty years, because she was a widow with an invalid son to look after at home. But her smile was the smile of a bride, and I don't think it had anything to do with the sequel to the millionaire's visit. It was always there, I guess. She summed-up to me:

"You can never tell from someone's clothes how hungry they may be. You'd be surprised at some of the folk I serve here. They look smart enough to be eating at the Ritz, but all they've got is on their back. And if a cuppa can give them back their confidence and faith in life, it's not much to give now, is it?"

"No, it isn't really," I agreed. Oh, I forgot, the name of the millionaire was Lord Beaverbrook.

### **When Money Had No Value!**

And the third story I told to him for the first time, five years ago this month, when I returned from Russia with one of the biggest scoops of the war in my notebook, and was met by a blank wall of censorship and frustration. Even my newspaper boss for once could not cut through that particular ocean of red tape!

But I did not throw away my notebook, and at long last I have been able to publish the whole story, uncut and unexpurgated, in book form under the title of "P.Q. 17." From it I reproduce this story.

Let me first of all explain the setting. Of the thirty-six merchant ships that left Iceland on that now historic voyage, only eleven finally reached port in Archangel. For the latter part of the voyage we spent most of our time, between attacks, picking up survivors. Now read on. . . .

I found myself looking from face to face, as listlessly they turned over old copies of *Punch*, as you do in a dentist's waiting-room. The second engineer was on watch in the engine-room when the first torpedo hit the ship, he told me. Both his legs were broken, but one of the crew immediately volunteered to find his way below, and proceeded to drag the wounded men up on deck and even to improvise a stretcher. Unhappily, just as they were lowering him into the boat, a second torpedo

hit the ship, and he was thrown, helpless, into the water. At the same moment, the boat that was being lowered capsized with sixteen men in her, and they were trapped beneath, and all drowned.

### **Intense Cold Killed Men**

The smaller boat in which the second engineer and the Captain eventually found themselves also capsized twice. The two companions were very conscious that with the other boat crushed by the second torpedo, unless they got this one righted, their chances of life were absolutely nil.

"So what did you do?" I asked.

"Somehow we got the boat right side up again, but, of course, it was still completely waterlogged. So we tipped up the bows, leaning on the stern, and, pushing forward as far as we could, started scooping out the water with our hands. When we'd made a little progress, we scrambled round to the bows, and repeated the process from there."

It was then that the Captain, searching desperately for something, anything, with which to bail out, suddenly remembered his brief case, stuffed with money for paying the crew, tied to a cord around his neck. At once he emptied it, and made a bucket of sorts, until gradually the boat lightened and the gunwhale broke surface. To their good fortune, the pair of oars, by some miracle—the word they themselves used—had not been lost, each time the boat capsized, but were jammed under the thwarts. So now they started to row round the wreckage, encouraging, exhorting, doing what they could to keep up the spirits of the remnants clinging to the rafts. One of these, a fireman, had his head burst open and died before their eyes. Then the Captain took off his oilskins and wrapped them round the body and dropped it back over the side.

He said: "I had nothing to weigh it down and I could not remember how the burial service goes, except the bit about dust to dust and ashes to ashes. So I said that over twice, though the words did sound a bit strange with nothing but water all round. There was the body floating in the middle of all that brass I'd had to chuck away. Clean notes, too, and it's a pity some of the black market boys couldn't have seen 'em. How I wish they could."

I echo those words! Unless we can somehow reproduce the spirit of that captain and his men in peace, as well as in war, we have "had it" as a great nation.

# PROBLEM OF THE PROVINCIAL PRESS

## SPACE allocation :

Metropolitan morning paper : Adverts. 4 cols.; news space 28 cols.

Provincial morning paper : Adverts. 13 cols.; news space 19 cols.

That in a nutshell is the position of the provincial morning news editor. With the wretched 4-page paper which still afflicts him, he starts his night's work 9 cols. of space worse off than his London counterpart.

And in his 19 cols. he not only has to cover general and foreign news, sport, finance, features and pictures, but as much local news as possible. No previous planning is workable — except in the very widest terms. As the news copy arrives at the news-editor's table, so does he make his decisions.

In Wales we must cater for the special tastes and needs of the Welsh and border people. The Welshman is as keen on general and sports news as the Yorkshireman or Lancastrian, but he is also very much alive to his own political, educational, administrative, industrial, social and religious affairs. Nor can the distinctive claims, aspirations and outlook of North and South Wales respectively be overlooked.

## Wide—Narrow

In the mass the Cymro is more internationally and parochially minded than the Englishman. He expects to read of what Truman or Stalin did or said yesterday, and, though his rural district council's doings may not excite him so much as the Parliamentary debates, he expects to find them reported just the same.

Space must be found to publish the fact that the Rev. John Jones, pastor of Cwmsewt Welsh Presbyterian Church, has accepted the pastorate of Pantypincws Welsh Presbyterian Church. The award of the Military Medal to Mrs. Morgan's boy for gallantry in Palestine is of as much interest in Llandeilo as the £50 million steel mill which is promised to Port Talbot 40 miles away.

Mrs. Morgan's boy must have a show.

The Eisteddfod, drama and other cultural subjects, the Urdd and kindred youth movements are almost of as much concern to him as the industrial and educational developments of his area.

explained by

W. HOWELLS-JONES

*News Editor of the Western Mail, Cardiff. Providing an acceptable newspaper for Welsh readers is a task calling for wide experience, exact judgment, the ability to spell Rhosllanerchrugog, and the cunning of Merlin himself.*



A not insignificant matter is the correct spelling of Welsh words and place-names. On this thing the average Welshman more sensitive. Render Rhosllanerchrugog, for instance, in any other way and he heaps his scorn on everything to do with "the papers" in a fury better by now



post. Every step must be watched if your Welsh reader's respect and patronage are to be retained.

Next headache is the publishing time-limit—two hours earlier than before the war.

For more than six years, when the staff was reduced to a third of its normal strength, this was a crippling handicap.

The layman assumes that a paper a third of its usual size should be produced by proportionately fewer men. He does not know that the same amount of copy has to be handled for a four-page issue as for one of 12 or 14 pages. Nor can he realise what a loss of two hours in working time means in the circumstances.

Although the position has been eased considerably since staffmen came back from the Forces, the short-time factor is still a nightly obstacle. The increased tempo and strain on the sub-editorial staff cannot be assessed except by the executive on the spot.

In a lesser degree this also applies to the reporting, composing and other departments.

One very valuable result of these conditions is the reporter's keener regard for conciseness. It has been and still is a hard school for the older hands and for returning ex-Servicemen. Hitherto allowed half a column for a story, the scribe now has to compress it into 20 lines or less without missing one essential fact, but he has found how to do it — with impressive results. So British journalism and the newspaper reader benefit.

### Zig-Zag Ways

Our mountains form another worry. They have hindered railway progress, so that our train service between North and South Wales is little, if any, better to-day than it was 50 years ago.

A reporter sent by rail from Cardiff to Bangor (75 miles in a straight line) has to make a 200 mile journey via Shrewsbury, taking seven hours in the fastest train. By car he would not save much time because the route is zig-zag and hilly. So only set engagements in North Wales can be covered specially from Cardiff head office.



"On the day of his well-earned retirement let us remember his greatest scoop: He never wrote the *Inside Story of the Men in the Kremlin!*"

## Sixpenny Story

A DEFENDANT at Northampton Divisional Magistrates' Court was fined £1 for driving a tractor without a road fund licence, and tendered payment in 3d. pieces from an old stocking which he held in his right hand throughout the proceedings.

The *Daily Mirror* sent me to interview him, and I learnt that another alleged offence was to be heard. As there had been a question of whether his 3d. pieces were legal tender, he told me he would pay the next fine in sixpences.

Here was a grand picture—the defendant counting over his pile of sixpences in his home on the night before the court proceedings. I arranged to get a picture. I even took £5 worth of sixpences from my own banking account to make his pile bigger.

Then those spoilsports on the Bench dismissed the case!—W. R. GREEN.

### Bony's View

A journalist is a grumbler, a censor, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.—Napoleon.



"He says his paper is owned by its readers!"



# Abdication Journey

*A distinguished newspaperman, F. G. PRINCE WHITE, evokes memories of emotional days of*  
★ *the Abdication of a decade ago.*

THE girl behind the tobacconist's counter in Basle was sobbing when I entered the shop.

I asked her, as discreetly as I could, what was the cause of her tears. She dabbed her eyes—they were big blue eyes, I remember, and rather appealing; and her hair was very fair, and braided, German-fashion.

"Ah, le pauvre Prince!" she sighed.

Did I not think, she demanded, that it was irvellous that a king—mais non, un empereur!—should sacrifice tout pour l'amour?

It was late on the night of Friday, December 11, 1936, and this little Swiss shop-assistant had just been listening to King Edward VIII's broadcast farewell to his erstwhile subjects in Britain and all over the world.

## "End of Everything"

She was able to repeat, almost exactly, the words he had used in asserting his inability to continue to carry the burden of kingship "without the help and support of the woman I love."

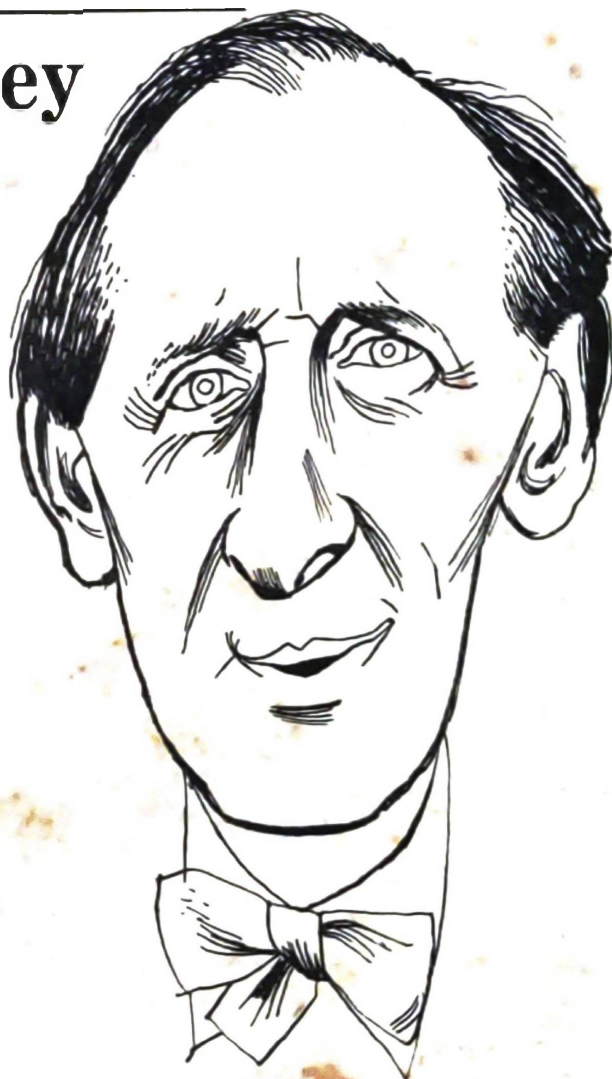
Her tears were falling again as the shop-door closed behind me, and I turned back to my hotel.

There I found the manager mournfully communicating the gist of the broadcast to half-a-dozen gaping sympathetic members of his staff.

He ended with a gesture that said, plainly as any words, "This is the end of everything, my friends. . . ."

I had arrived in Basle with the dawn; and I was there because the Foreign Editor had decided it was the best jumping-off place for most parts of Europe where an abdicated monarch might be expected to go. And wherever he went there was I to go also.

But when I left London nobody knew his destination. It was not known even when he set off on his gloomy drive through the winter darkness from Windsor Castle to the coast. And it was still a secret when, at Portsmouth, he



*An impression of F. G. Prince White by Trog.*

boarded the destroyer that was to take him on the first stage toward a new life.

Basle proved an inspired choice, for it was here that the new Duke of Windsor came on the Saturday express from Boulogne. Piers Legh, his old friend and equerry, was with him; his only other companion was his favourite Cairn terrier, "Slipper."

A whisper had reached me on Saturday morning that the Duke would probably pass through Basle; and all that day I haunted the railway station, and talked myself into the good graces of an important official. It was well, indeed, that I did so. Night brought the Boulogne express—and the Duke.

He, of course, had a special coach, combining sleeping, eating and "sitting-room" compartments. The rest of the train was crowded. Not



"Ah, le pauvre prince!" she sighed.

a seat was vacant; scores of people—business men mostly, bound for Vienna—pushed and struggled at the doors.

I had a horrid vision of being left behind. Then, like a peak-capped deity, my excellent friend the official appeared, haloed with importance.

"Make way, there!" he boomed. "Stand away from the doors!" At the same time he beckoned me with his eyes to follow him. The next moment I was on the train—and in a seat which, somehow, he had reserved for me.

His large, pontifical face appears in the window as the train begins to move. "A' voir!" he shouts, and vehemently repeats a promise to telephone a message to London for me, giving the news that the Duke is making for Austria. Then the night swallows him up.

I spent the next few hours wondering where the Duke *was* going. I had, somehow, to settle the question. I determined, just before falling asleep, that I would "call on" the Duke in the morning.

At 10 a.m. the train is at Buchs, on the Austrian frontier, and the curtains at the windows of the Duke's coach are still closely drawn.

Smiling peasant women in their Sunday best of flounced skirts and sky-blue and vermillion bodices try to peep through the curtains, but the station-master puffs along and shoos them off.

Until now we have been travelling through a grey, mist-shrouded world. I remember jotting down in my notebook: "Very dreary was the Zurich lake-shore, and drearily called the green-necked waterfowl."

Presently, a few miles inside Austria, there is a transformation that almost succeeds in making the abdication itself seem less of a burden on the spirit: dazzling blue sky, a royally shining sun, scintillating heights and mauve-shadowed deeps of snow, mountain tops a-glitter.

The memory of it all is permeated with the fresh, enlivening scent of coffee, and stamped with the image of the Duke as he stands at his now uncurtained window and gazes at the stimulating scene with brooding eyes.

Here at Buchs the Duke's coach, with a few others, is joined to the Vienna express, and three Austrian police-guards plant themselves on the little platform between it and the rest of the train.

It is during this operation that I discover that several American journalists are on the Duke's trail. The *Daily Express*, too, appears, in the person of a youthful Iddon who, at this time, is not within dreaming distance of the fame that is to come to him as the Don of the *Daily Mail New York Diary*.

Everybody is in a fever to find out the Duke's "landing-place," so, after much talk, we decide to send him a note asking him to receive us. The Americans suggest that I write the note. Apparently they are not quite sure about the correct way of addressing the Duke; they have an idea he has given up his right to the title of "Royal Highness."

### World Waiting

There is some difficulty in getting the note past the Austrian watch-dogs, but at last Piers Legh, courteous and amiable as ever, comes along, and we are invited into the royal coach. He says the Duke is busy writing letters, and is sorry he cannot see us. But what do we want to know?

We tell him, and at once he reveals that the Duke is going to stay with his friend, Baron Rothschild, at Schloss Enzersfeld, near Vienna. But he hopes no mention will be made of this fact before Vienna is reached.

Back in our own part of the train we discuss this implied embargo, and my American colleagues condemn it as unjust. "The ears of the whole world are shooting out for this news," says one of them, with a picturesque though somewhat ponderous oath.

A little later the train pulls up at a station. The Americans leap out and vanish into the





*"The Americans leap out and vanish into the telegraph office. They return wearing a look of bravado. They admit they have 'spilled it.'"*

telegraph office. They return wearing a look of bravado.

They admit they have "spilled it." I battle with my conscience—and the train moves on. I tell myself there can be no virtue now in keeping silent: the fact that the Duke of Windsor will stay at Schloss Enzersfeld is about to be flashed to New York, and thence round the globe. London is entitled to learn it first.

Rapidly I type a brief message. Soon the train stops again. I shout for the station-master, and thrust the telegram and some money into his hands. I tell him it must be despatched with all speed. "My life depends upon it!" I cry. He trots off, waving the bit of paper above his head and protesting feebly.

Night falls again. . . .

There was one point at which the essential drama of this abdication journey was coloured by a happening that, though in itself simple and unimpressive, was strangely moving.

#### **He Exercised "Slipper"**

The train had stopped at Salzburg. Only a few lamps were lit on the station, and in the semi-darkness massed shadows stirred at the back of the platform; they were a crowd of men and women who had come in the hope of a glimpse of the man who had been a king—who had been, and was still, the foreign prince most popular among the people of Austria. (How

did they know he was coming? Word was spread by railway officials, probably.)

While I leaned out of my window, watching them, I saw the door of the royal coach open and the Duke step down on to the platform. In his arms he carried his little dog. For ten minutes he exercised "Slipper" on a lead, up and down the length of the platform, while the roped-off crowd stood, quite silent, and watched the little incident as if they were witnessing—as indeed they were—something of history in process of fashioning.

The Duke had climbed back on to the train (with "Slipper" under his arm tail-wagging "Thank you!") and we were about to start off once more when a highly-agitated official galloped along the platform, uttering loud cries and flourishing an envelope.

He was shouting something that very obviously puzzled but interested the crowd. Suddenly I realised what it was. He was clamouring for "The Prince of White!"

I felt myself blushing as I stopped him, assured him I was the person he sought, and took the telegram from his hand—which immediately saluted me with military smartness.

The wire was from the Foreign Editor. He thanked me for my "tip," urged me to have my story written by the time I arrived at Vienna, and there hand it over to the *Mail's* resident.

correspondent, who would meet me and phone the story to London.

The crowd came loudly to life the instant our train began to pull away from Salzburg. They waved and cheered, and cried "Auf Wiedersehen! . . ."

My mind retains unfading snapshots it recorded at odd moments before, near to midnight on Sunday, December 13, the great iron gates of Schloss Enzersfeld clanged to behind the Duke.

I see him at his luncheon-table on the train, absently crumbling a piece of bread between nervous fingers, his gaze wandering the while over the romantic Austrian countryside; I see again the little blue and white chalets perched on the mountainsides, and men and women in winter-sports dress running down to the railway at Innsbruck and Kitzbühl, waving their skis in salutation; I recall the Duke's abstracted, almost grave acknowledgment of such greetings with a slowly uplifted hand; I hear again the cry—in English—raised by a group of very excited, brown-legged schoolgirls: "We want to see the Prince!"

### Only Journalist

And then the last pictures: the Duke, looking rather forlorn, muffled up in a black, fur-collared overcoat, standing on the station at Vienna, exchanging a word or two with our Minister there, Sir Walford Selby; the little quiet crowd that saw him arrive and watched him climb into a big black car and set off in the pitch-black night for Schloss Enzersfeld, twenty miles away, with a car-load of police leading the way and two more car-loads behind, and myself in a taxi bringing up the rear.

So far as I am aware, I was the only journalist to follow the Duke all the way to the Schloss. It was a wild night, and a wild, rushing drive through open country and sleeping villages.

All other traffic had been ordered off the route, and our headlong pace never slackened for an instant.

My final picture is of my taxi pulled up so violently at the gates of Schloss Enzersfeld that it seems to rear like a frightened horse—for the Duke had just passed through, and Civic Guards, with fixed bayonets levelled, bar the way. . . .

In the village of Enzersfeld, a few days later, I sat in a beer-hall, sipping lager out of a tall

glass and chatting with natives of the place with whom I had already made friends. One of them was a magnificent character—an Old Testament patriarch to the life. Solemnly smoking his long, silver-lidded Tyrolean pipe, he posed to me for his portrait, which I sketched on the white-washed wall.

I often wonder whether, during the war years, some Nazi in his wrath against all things British rubbed it out.

## He Nearly Got The Bird

by T. MARKLAND

LONG before the telephone became the great institution it is to-day, reporters had other means of getting their copy to the office. One of these was by air. And by air it must be understood that it was not the aeroplane.

The Pigeon. Could he fly! I was working at a newspaper office ten miles or so from Manchester, and it was common for particular birds to do the journey in ten minutes—sometimes less—with half a column of copy, written on very thin tissue paper.

There was an art in reporting by pigeon in those far off days. There was a right way and a wrong way, for instance, in adjusting the copy to the tail and seeing it securely fastened with an elastic band.

Moreover, your pigeon had to be firmly handled to prevent escape during the adjustment process, and it has been with many a sigh of relief that I have set my pigeon on its journey in the firm belief that the copy would "get there" all right.

### Not Foolproof

But it occasionally happened that it didn't. There were definite weaknesses in this pigeon carrying business. I have known birds peck at the elastic bands until the "copy" has been released, and to ward against happenings of this description a duplicate copy was always sent with a second bird. But, even so, the pigeon wasn't foolproof.

It was one thing seeing your pigeon home and another enticing it into the loft or trap, and I have seen the time when it has taken over half an hour to take possession, so to speak, and only then when corn and tasty bits had to be used to do the trick.

And now I am coming to the point of my



story, a story which you may think hard to believe, but which is nevertheless very true.

My relay of pigeons, four of them, despatched from an athletic meeting at Fallowfield to a centre ten miles away, never reached the office!

I was dumb-struck. All my explanations of how the birds had been sent were treated as "pure rubbish." Such a thing had never happened before, and I was very politely, but firmly, informed that my story could not be accepted.

Imagine my feelings. Branded as a perverter of the truth. No one would believe me. My career was ruined.

And so it might have been had it not been for a strange freak of good fortune. I forget the exact circumstances, but it is clear in my memory that evidence came to the office to the effect that one of the birds had been shot down on its journey home, and the presumption was that the other three had met with the same fate.

All was forgiven. My character remained unblemished.

But what a nightmare. That was one of my most awful moments. No copy. No pigeons! Then complete rehabilitation.

## He "Wanted To Impress The Inhabitants"

HE placed the monocle in his eye with a trembling hand, murmuring: "I still wish to impress the inhabitants," and, taking the glass of brandy—"Just one for the road"—drank it to the end, and passed on his way to a new country.

That was how one of the most vivid personalities journalism has known for a generation made his exit from the world he had so illuminated with his work.

He was George Leach, of the *Manchester Guardian*, and the first member of his craft to act as Counsel—he had qualified for the Bar—for the National Union of Journalists.

### Sayings Cherished

There was always something dramatic about George, who might have stepped out of a play and forgotten to throw off his make-up when he took his place in the rush and tumble of journalism.

Even to this day his sayings are cherished by those who had the privilege of his friendship, and after more than a quarter of a century he is remembered in Ireland for this work during the "Troubles."

One of his idiosyncracies was to wear a monocle. He was twitted by his friend and newspaper colleague, Paddy Kelly (now Editor of the *Cork Examiner*), that it was simply a pose.

George, in his best Henry Irving style, replied: "When you have knocked about the world as I have, you will find that a monocle always impresses

a  
tribute to the memory of a great  
Manchester journalist  
by R. A. ECCLESTON

the inhabitants, Paddy, and it is an inestimable adjunct to one's armour as a journalist."

He was at the height of his career when he caught a chill after taking a Turkish bath in Dublin, and his end followed within a few days at his hotel.

It was when he knew the end was near that he called for his friend Kelly, who was with him in those last moments.

George was an actor to the end. As he was slipping away he turned to Paddy, whispering: "Pass my monocle, Paddy, I am going to a strange country and am still anxious to impress the inhabitants."

Paddy tried to persuade him that he would soon be about again, but Leach knew that he had but a few minutes to live.

"And now, Paddy, just one for the road," murmured George, and they brought him a glass of brandy.

Wearing his monocle, the glass in his hand, George raised himself for a moment, and drank: "To the next good story."

Then he fell back. He had gone on another assignment to a strange land.



*"I understand this new blockmaker's last job was at the Tower of London."*



# *My Memories of Ireland*

## *25 Years Ago*

**I**T seems, with all that has intervened, a long cast back of the memory to the years of disturbance and bloodshed which, following immediately the close of World War One, preceded and succeeded the signing of the Irish Treaty and the withdrawal of the British garrison.

The story of Ireland during those years, viewed in relation to the convulsions of World War Two, was a small affair, yet for a long period it commanded the headlines more continuously and consistently than any subject until the menace of Hitler became apparent. Moreover, the upshot of it all was the creation of a self-governing State whose neutrality (many people think a somewhat ambiguous neutrality, though that is not the view of the present writer) created a problem of cardinal importance to Great Britain during World War Two.

It was my fortune to step almost straight out of one war into another of a different kind, for shortly after demobilisation from the army in 1919 the Press Association sent me to Dublin, where an attempt had been made to assassinate the late Field Marshal Lord French. On the day I arrived a detective of the Political Division of the Police was shot dead in broad daylight in a Dublin street. But that was a mere triviality in comparison with the months of terror and assassination which followed, culminating in the destruction by fire, after a pitched battle between the Irish themselves, of a considerable proportion of the capital's main shopping street.

The events of those years fell naturally into two phases. The first marked the end of the period of the British occupation—a phase described by Irishmen as “the trouble.” It was the period of the “Black and Tans”—short-service recruits of the Royal Irish Constabulary—and the Auxiliaries—a specially formed and highly mobile force made up principally of ex-officers of the British Army. Phase One ended with the Truce, the signing of the Treaty and the withdrawal of British forces. An uneasy interval of false peace ensued. The politicians were at loggerheads over the broad issue of the Treaty and the particular issue of Partition from Northern Ireland. The Irish

by

**DONALD SPENDLOVE**

*Former Correspondent in Ireland for the Press Association, now News Editor, P.A., London and present chairman Press Club.*

Republican Army, united when it was an underground movement during “the trouble,” came into the open in a state of hopeless division. In a very short time a section of the Army revolted. The country was plunged into Civil War.

### **A “Resistance” War**

Looking back, with the knowledge of the last war in mind, on the last phase of British rule in Ireland, one is struck by the resemblance in some respects between the situation there and that of the German-occupied countries of Europe. It would, of course, be foolish to press the analogy too far. The country was certainly not “occupied” in the ordinary sense of the term. There was no interference with normal civil administration and the life of the people was affected only by the disturbance which was inevitable in trying to stamp out an armed revolt by *force majeure*.

But the parallel of the occupied country was in some respects exact. A large proportion of ordinary folk were passively or actively in the Resistance movement. The militant body of the I.R.A. was a kind of Maquis which could not have carried on as long and successfully as it did without the help of the men and women who were not actively engaged in rebellion. There can be little doubt that some people were terrorised into helping, but the situation created for the British the problem inevitable in an occupied country—that of distinguishing between friend and foe. Hence followed the usual consequences—martial law in some areas, military and police street patrols, night raids on hotels and private houses, street cordons and searches for arms, ambushes, bomb throwing and, of course, the curfew. Dublin

## The PRESS CLUB and its PERSONALITIES

AT the ripe age of 65 the London Press Club has realised the prediction of its first President, George Augustus Sala—"We shall become a power in the land." It is now the social centre of Fleet Street's journalistic life, with a roll of 1,500 town, country, overseas and associate members, and a generous provision of the amenities of first-class club life.

The Club's founders were a group of parliamentary journalists. Leaders were Thompson Cooper, H. H. S. Pearce, James Walker, Edward E. Peacock, George Sumner, George Babington, Charles F. Pardon, Edgar F. Pardon, Sydney Pardon, T. McDonald Rendle, W. Mackenzie Duckworth, Ernest A. Peachey, Charles Williams, Joseph Watson, John Corlett, T. Thurgood Catling and Charles Stewart Caine—a representative group of Fleet Street men of the 80's, all of whom served as Presidents. Later Presidents have been Lord Glenesk, Sir Edward Lawson, Bt. (afterwards Lord Burnham), Lord Burnham (2nd Baron), Lord Riddell, and the present holder of the office, Col. J. J. Astor.

In the succession of Chairmen, an outstanding figure was Edgar Wallace (1923-4). He not only brought Prime Ministers, Ambassadors, and other notabilities into its social life, but founded the famous annual Derby

Lunch which still flourishes on its original lines through the attendance of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and the owners, trainers and jockeys connected with the great race. From those days to the present the Press Club has prospered abundantly.



A. J. Lazenby, Secretary and Manager.



Donald Spendlove, 1947 Chairman of the Press Club (London) and author of the article "My Memories of Ireland 25 years Ago" on page 62.



never had martial law in my time there, but for many weeks on end the curfew kept its streets lifeless after eight o'clock.

Many incidents of this period are vivid in my recollection. I remember particularly the day on which six young rebels, whose ages ranged from 19 to 28, were executed in Mountjoy Prison. They had all been condemned to death by court-martial, two in connection with the shooting of British Intelligence officers on "Bloody Sunday" when in all thirteen people were shot by the I.R.A., and four on charges of high treason by levying war in an ambush of Crown forces near Dublin. A general strike until eleven o'clock was proclaimed by the Irish Labour Party as a protest on the morning of the executions. There were no black-legs in this strike. Until the clocks struck eleven Dublin was an idle city. Post offices were closed, telephone services suspended, every shop shut, public transport at a standstill, and hotel staffs withdrawn.

In the early morning, while the executions were taking place, the roads approaching the prison walls were filled with a vast crowd of people gathered to pray for the men within. I wrote at the time :—

"The morning was very still and clear and except when they were occupied with their religious devotions an immense silence hung over the multitude. It was left to the imagination of the crowd to conjure up a vision of what was passing within the grey walls, but it was known that the men were to be hanged at hourly intervals and the religious devotions of the crowd were based upon this knowledge. A few minutes before the hour the intonation of the Rosary began. It was recited by a priest within the gates of the prison and the whole multitude joined in the responses. The recitation continued until the hour struck and then there fell a great silence, broken a few moments later by the voice of a man or woman commencing the singing of a hymn which swelled into a great volume of sound as the multitude joined their voices. Nearly every woman held a Rosary in her hand. Many carried blessed candles with them and the flames burned steadily almost without movement in the stillness of the morning air."

These scenes went on until eight o'clock and then the great crowds converged towards the centre of the city, where they moved restlessly about waiting for normal life to be taken up again. The roadways between the surging pavements

were slowly patrolled by armoured cars and tenders full of armed troops. The people were used to them and paid little heed, but it was none the less a moving and rather menacing sight.

### A Derailment

It happens to most journalists to run quite accidentally into a first-class story. On a beautiful day in the summer of 1921 I was travelling from Belfast to Dublin after the Parliament of Northern Ireland had been opened by the late King George V. In lonely, hilly country the train stopped and a guard informed the passengers that a train had been derailed ahead and that we would be held up indefinitely.

With no particular purpose in mind a colleague and myself left the train and strolled along the permanent way. Coming round a bend we saw the derailed train. It was a special troop train carrying men and horses of the 10th Hussars who had formed the Guard of Honour for the King in Belfast. Armed rebels had held up railwaymen working on the line, taken their tools and removed a section of the line. They planted a mine which was exploded by the engine and most of the carriages and horseboxes crashed down an embankment. Three troopers and the train guard were killed and thirty horses killed at once or destroyed later. The derailment had occurred only a few minutes before we arrived, and the troops were still tearing away wreckage to shoot mutilated, screaming horses.

Our problem, of course, as newspaper men, was to get the story away. We started to walk to Dundalk ten miles away but were picked up by a lorry-load of very angry "Black and Tans," who, their suspicions allayed by our English accents, gave us a lift. The rebels, as was usually the case in affairs of the kind, got completely away.

Life in Ireland during these days of "the trouble," at any rate in Dublin, was to the journalist in many ways not unpleasant, though at times monotonous. The curfew necessarily disrupted social life but the people adapted themselves amazingly to a rather strange way of living. Military and police patrols, raids, street searches, occasional ambushes and throwing of bombs became part of the ordinary routine, and people talked their way through the troubled days with great cheerfulness. "The Dolphin" restaurant was a favourite rendezvous. It lay but a stone's throw from the closely guarded Castle, the

Headquarters of British rule, but there the more academic Sinn Feiners—and occasionally some who were not so academic—met daily to talk things over.

### Men "On the Run"

Journalists were in most cases *persona grata* with both sides. Military and police were as a rule reasonably polite. Their position in a city where it was so difficult to distinguish friend from foe was not an easy one, and it was perhaps inevitable that one was now and again pushed around by a suspicious auxiliary, or, after curfew, bundled into a caged lorry and driven to headquarters for interrogation. The risks one ran were broadly speaking those of the ordinary citizen except that one's job took one abroad when the entirely free agent stayed at home.

It was in the nature of things that one saw little of those who were doing the fighting. Towards the end of the British occupation a large number were in internment camps and the leaders who had not been captured were very much "on the run." Michael Collins, an almost legendary figure, was very occasionally to be seen. The British were sometimes very closely on his heels and on more than one occasion only his daring and audacity pulled him through.

Arthur Griffith, often described as the creator of the Sinn Fein movement, popped in and out of jail; but when he was out was easily accessible. Erskine Childers, who was afterwards executed for his part in the Civil War, was in charge of the propaganda. He was a singular example of the devoted fanatic of an adopted cause. He was reputed to have had more influence over de Valera than any other man. The last time I saw him was just before the open fighting began in the Civil War when the last efforts were being made to avert it. During the previous night a body of Irregulars had invaded the office of the *Freeman's Journal* and smashed up its machinery with sledge-hammers. The irony of the thing was that the *Freeman* had led the Irish Press in the fight against the British and two of its proprietors were jailed by the British. Its offence lay in publishing a report, issued by the Government, of a "secret" convention of Irregulars—a report of which all special correspondents made free use. Erskine Childers defended the action to me on the grounds that the Irregulars represented the Government of the day *de facto* and *de jure*. A few days later Childers

followed the path imposed on him by his own logic and joined one of the fighting bodies of Irregulars.

The truce, which ended the fighting between British soldiers and police and the Irish Republican Army, was signed in the Mansion House in Dublin on a day of broiling summer heat in 1921. The truce had been tacitly observed for some hours. British patrols and armoured cars had been withdrawn for the first time for many months. The crowd outside the Mansion House was controlled by young men in soft hats and raincoats. One could see their revolvers clearly outlined in their pockets. They were members of the Republican police who were probably for the first time openly carrying out their duties. A few minutes before the hour for signing a car drew up and a general in full field uniform alighted and was passed through the crowd into the Mansion House. Oddly enough the crowd cheered him. There had been a rumour in Dublin that General Smuts was actively intervening to secure peace and many people thought this was he. In fact, it was General Sir Nevil Macready, Commander-in-Chief of the military forces in Ireland. When he left a little later, having obeyed orders and signed the truce, he was jeered by the people, who had in the meantime learned who he was.

So ended the war between the British and the Irish, and an hour or so later Michael Collins was giving a public reception to his friends. There is little doubt that at this time the resistance of the I.R.A. had been worn down very seriously. Richard Mulcahy, the Chief of Staff, was freely quoted as having said that his men could not at this time have captured a single police barracks. Many leaders, and a great many more of the rank and file of the I.R.A., were in internment camps. But "self-determination" was the order of the day. The British could have remained in Southern Ireland only by duress. So in December, 1921, the Treaty was signed and Ireland moved rapidly towards the tragedy of civil war.

### Prelude to Civil War

Looking back one is astonished by the patience shown by the Provisional Government established under the Treaty towards the irreconcilable minority in the Army. One of the earliest signs of the rebellion came from Limerick before the last of the British garrison had been withdrawn. Troops of the Provisional Government had occupied barracks which had been evacuated, when



# Caricatures Of The Cartoonists



**VICKI**  
(News Chronicle)



**GILES**  
(Daily Express)



**GABRIEL**  
(Daily Worker)



**ILLINGWORTH**  
(Daily Mail)

# Loss of "The Star"



GEORGE WHITELOW  
(Daily Herald)



PETT  
(Daily Mirror)



GRIMES  
(The Star)

GABRIEL, ex-office boy, ex-searchlight gunner, proudly admits to being the lowest - paid cartoonist in the Street. Asked to tell his own life story, Illingworth claims, "Born of poor, but honest, parents I grew up to be a lecherous dipsomaniac." Contrary to his friends' belief, Vicky does shave occasionally. An astonishing feat, in view of his output. Giles stays away from Fleet Street offices and pubs. He is far too busy raising splendid Friesian cattle on his East Anglian farm. George Whitelaw's ambition : To be a full-time member of the Savage Club. His finest works, portrait drawings, adorn its walls. Pett was an art master in Birmingham when he first thought of "Jane." Proud foster-father of three debonair dachshunds. Grimes, another East Anglian recluse, has seven children, all endowed with artistic talent. Daughter Barbara is touring Australia as a ballerina.





several hundred Irregulars marched in and occupied most of the hotels and some other buildings.

So one had the odd situation of Limerick being garrisoned by three forces—those of the British, the Provisional Government and the Irregulars. The British, with wise tact, were confined to barracks, but armed patrols of the others paraded the streets glaring at one another. The occupied hotels were sandbagged and encircled with barbed wire, and armed sentries, most of them un-uniformed, guarded the doors. Rather bewildered civilians lived cheek by jowl with the soldiers in the occupied hotels. There was no interference with journalists, though I recollect a young woman at the post office who, having read my dispatch, remonstrated with me warmly because I had used the word “mutineers” in describing the invaders. The dispute was finally referred to the Postmaster who, I thought a little reluctantly, allowed the word to stand.

I remember interviewing the leader of the invading force, a young man named Commandant Barry. He wore civilian clothes with two oversize revolvers belted round him. He was very reticent about the affair but assured me that something would happen if I waited a while. Something certainly did, though not while I was there. An agreement of some sort was patched up, but when open hostilities did break out the rebels were in Limerick in considerable force and were dislodged only after heavy fighting.

### **Tough with the Rebels**

Various incidents which preceded the ultimate flare-up were, not unnaturally, perhaps, treated by the Government with similar patience, but in June, 1922, six months after the signing of the Treaty with the British, open civil war broke out in Dublin.

One of the leaders of the rebels there was Rory O'Connor who, after he had surrendered, and weeks after the fighting had ended, was taken out of gaol and shot as a reprisal for the assassination by somebody else of a Deputy of the Dail Eireann. That, however, was after the Government had learnt to be tough with the rebels. The strong man of the Government which ordered his execution was Kevin O'Higgins, who had not long before been best man at Rory's wedding, or *vice versa*. O'Higgins himself was a little later shot dead in the street near his home.

Rory O'Connor acted quite openly before the actual fighting began. He established himself in an

office in the centre of the city. Newspaper correspondents who wished to interview him were shown into his presence by armed guards. He sent an envoy to my hotel with a written “order” that all my despatches were to be submitted to him for censorship. I returned a written refusal.

The rebels, de Valera amongst them, occupied the Four Courts, Dublin's High Court beside the Liffey. They turned the guests out of the big hotels on one side of O'Connell Street, occupied shops and the temporary post office there—the other was still the shell that had been left by the insurrection of 1916—and tunnelled through the walls of adjoining buildings. They threw up defences of sandbags and barbed wire until they had in O'Connell Street a fortress on a frontage of three or four hundred yards. Government troops established themselves in the buildings on the other side of the wide thoroughfare.

These proceedings occupied days and were conducted with no attempt at concealment, but still the Government did not take the step which it knew must lead to open civil war. It is common knowledge now that they acted finally after strong pressure by the British Government, particularly by Winston Churchill, the Colonial Secretary, who had been a leading figure in the negotiations which led to the Treaty.

When the Government did act it acted vigorously and for some days Dublin lived in a nightmare.

The Four Courts were first attacked and, after some shelling, were captured. Part of the building was blown up by an explosion of ammunition. Many of the garrison escaped, but Rory O'Connor was one of those who surrendered.

The Government troops next turned to the fortress in O'Connell Street. Free State troops and rebels blazed away at one another across the wide roadway, but it was pretty evident from the beginning that the occupied buildings could be reduced only by destroying them, and this was finally done very simply by setting them on fire.

I was myself a witness of this, part of the time lying on the floor and peering through the slats of a venetian blind in a building opposite and part of it standing in the relatively safe shelter of the Nelson pillar.

I watched through the slats of the blind the destruction of the Gresham Hotel—one of the largest in Dublin.

I wrote at the time :—

“Shortly after one o'clock an armoured car

was driven to a position opposite the Gresham and a hurricane of machine-gun fire was poured into its windows. A few minutes later smoke belched from the front of the hotel. There was an explosion and red tongues of flame filled the windows. Within half an hour the whole lower part of the building was like a furnace. Heavy firing continued from the upper windows, but before three o'clock the remnants of the Irregulars, five men with red, weary eyes and faces blackened by smoke, emerged at the back and under the white flag surrendered."

The Gresham was one of two hotels in O'Connell Street which had for a long time had newspaper correspondents as their most regular guests. The other was the Granville and I watched its destruction with peculiar feelings because that had been for many months my home in Dublin. The Granville was in fact one of the last buildings comprising the rebels' fortress to be abandoned. The flames closed in on each side of it, and one of the most vivid memories I retain is that of the last handful of rebels, their faces dimly seen through clouds of smoke, firing their automatics through the window space of the room in which I had so often dined.

One of these men was Cathal Brugha (Charles Burgess). He was one of three who had been "proclaimed" as a kind of outlaw by the British Government during the early days of 1920. The other two were Michael Collins and Richard Mulcahy. Michael Collins was killed by his own countrymen in an ambush after the civil war fighting in Dublin had ended. Richard Mulcahy survived and is still the principal leader in Eire of the opposition against the de Valera Government. Cathal Brugha met his end when the last of the rebels were forced to abandon the Granville Hotel. A handful of men emerged through the smoke into the street. They all had their arms upheld in surrender except Cathal Brugha. He continued to fire his revolver. He was shot down by Government troops and died a little later in hospital.

The collapse of the two main centres of resistance in the Four Courts and O'Connell Street brought hostilities in Dublin rapidly to a close. The fight was continued in the country—in Cork, Limerick, Waterford. Mobile columns of the rebels operated very much in the manner in which the I.R.A. had operated against the British. The difference was that the Free State and not British armoured cars and lorries were blown up on mined

roads and Free State and not British patrols were ambushed in lonely country places.

The revolt in the country gradually petered out. There was no melodramatic surrender. Arms were dumped in "secret" hiding places which were more often than not swiftly found by Free State patrols. De Valera, who after escaping from Dublin was the focal point of resistance in the country, nearly a year later issued a proclamation addressed to all ranks of the "Legion of the Rearguard." It read:—

"The Republic can no longer be defended successfully by your arms. Further sacrifices on your part would now be vain, and the continuance of the struggle in arms unwise in the national interest. Military victory must be allowed to rest for the moment with those who have destroyed the Republic. Let not sorrow overwhelm you. Your efforts and the sacrifices of your dead comrades in this forlorn hope will surely bear fruit. You have saved the nation's honour and kept open the road to independence. Laying aside your arms now is an act of patriotism as exalted and pure as your valour in taking them up."

So ended the civil war in Ireland and the man who issued that document admitting military defeat is now the leader of the party which, by all appearances, will hold power in Eire indefinitely.

### *Now It Can be Told !*

**T**HIS verse (hitherto unpublished) was written in Northcliffe House on the night of the first big raid on London docks. Roof-spotters had sent everyone to shelter. But suddenly the *News of the World* machines were heard to restart. An editorial deputation urgently went to the roof. The spotters said, "It must be decided by the Imperial Father!" On this solemn note the Imperial Father was summoned and he, listening to gunfire (distant) and rotaries (adjacent) said "We'll restart."

*Imperial Father, lend thine aid  
To those embarrassed by the raid.  
With glances shrewd and judgment wise  
Paternally inspect the skies—  
For daring is the challenge hurled  
By News we know as "of the World."  
Sub-editors thy edicts heed,  
As colleagues of the Lesser Breed ;  
Executives for vantage vie  
To study thine appraising eye—  
Oh, hear us, thou who gives the hint  
Which means*

*To Print—or not to print !*

LESTER B. WILSON.



# “It Couldn’t Happen Now”

says

STANLEY BISHOP

who, in the course of a long and distinguished career in Fleet Street, has played most of the roles in newspaperdom. Among the vast number of stories he has covered he selects this remarkable murder of 1909 to retell—especially the story behind the story.

THERE are no stories about which a reporter can be proud. Because, looking back, he sees that each one of those different stories could have been, and should have been, better.

Still, there remain stories which were outstanding and over which in recollection one is pleased.

And the story told below is one of these. It is, I think, interesting, because *it could not happen now*. News services have changed so much; working conditions are so different. It is impossible that a daily newspaper in these days could get such a “beat.”

★ ★ ★ ★

At 11.50 p.m. on the night of July 1st, 1909, there were three junior reporters on duty in the office of the *Daily Mail*—George Ward Price, Joseph Manasse (who I believe was killed in the first World War) and myself.

Senior of the juniors, I was taking the news desk. It was long before night news editors became a trial to reporters.

One of the messengers from the front hall brought me an interview slip—name on it: D.W. Thorburn. I thought “Some — nuisance,” for at midnight all three of us in the reporters’ room were due for home.



Stanley Bishop.

A man in evening dress was brought in, looking white and a bit shaken. He said, straight out: Would we pay anything for news about a murder? If so he wanted £5.

I told him it all depended on the murder. What was it?

Thorburn sat down at one of the tables, apologised for feeling a bit sick; asked for a glass of water, and then gave the details of the shooting of Sir William Curzon-Wyllie, a distinguished Anglo-Indian Civil Servant, and another man—a Parsee doctor—by an Indian student at a reception held that night at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington.

First editions were on the point of going away. The room of the editor of the *Daily Mail*, Tom Marlowe, was just across the corridor at Carmelite House from the reporters’ room.

I remember bursting, full of excitement, into Marlowe, and telling him that a man had brought the news of a double murder “at an at home.”

The editor barked as he always did, saying “What do you mean?” and strode across the corridor to see Thorburn for himself.

After which we got to work. Ward Price and Manasse went off to Kensington to pick up the ends. I telephoned to William Maxwell, foreign correspondent of the *Mail*, who lived at Kensington, and sent him to the police station. He had never been on a murder before in his life, and as a resting foreign correspondent did not like being called out at midnight.

Meanwhile we were furiously busy in the office.

### Shooting Vividly Described

I did an interview with Thorburn—eye-witness story of the shooting, and turning back the files of the *Daily Mail* (although I say it as shouldn't) it was not a bad first-person story. It had everything in: a vivid description of the shooting; how Thorburn tackled the murderer, and held him until the police came on the scene, and how Lady Curzon-Wyllie, walking up from the cloak room to the reception hall, saw her husband dead on the floor and another man dying by his side.

H. W. Wilson, then leader writer on the *Mail*, did a description of the scene of the murder. Maxwell, Ward Price and Manasse telephoned details from the police station, and all the facts about the murderer—a young Indian named Maharhal Dingra.

It was a real and thorough clean up—complete to the last fact, and all done between midnight and two in the morning.

The *Daily Mail* went to bed with three-quarters of the main page given to the story.

Except the *Daily Chronicle* no other paper carried a line. And the *Chronicle* only lifted a stick from our first edition.

### "Enough of Murders"

Just when we had finished with the Curzon-Wyllie shooting, my telephone rang. A taxi-driver was the caller, giving the news of a girl murdered in Spitalfields in an alleyway where a "Jack the Ripper" murder had been committed.

Telling the editor of this further story, he said to me: "Forget it. We have had enough of murders for one night."

Five pounds was the money which Thorburn asked for his Curzon-Wyllie story, but Marlowe gave him a good deal more, and we kept him in the office until the last edition was running.

All of us concerned in that night's work received a personal letter from Northcliffe.

But we did not get any pay envelope bonus. Newspapers did not give such things in the days when six guineas a week was accounted a good salary for a reporter.

\* \* \* \*

Still, we dealt with crime just as well then, and were not quite so frightened as we now are of "contempt of court" possibilities.

One of the headings in the *Daily Mail* on July 2nd, 1909, over the section about the Indian student Maharhal Dingra, and his life in London, was: "The Murderer"!

### PRESS CLUB PERSONALITY



Percy Rudd, Sports Editor, "News Chronicle."



## THE NIGHT NEWS EDITOR . . .

HE was a beloved Fleet Street character. Every afternoon he jauntily walked into the great daily newspaper office where he worked wearing the same fiercely quizzical expression, dressed the same and—a stickler for punctuality by his subordinates—at precisely the same time.

Into the newsroom he would come, the invariable bowler hat, the long grey guns-on-the-moor overcoat, the grey suit with its baggy trousers, the well-cleaned boots, and a bow tie. Always accompanied by an umbrella. Just the same in summer except that the overcoat was discarded.

Seating himself behind the telephone, Alun Jones, the greatest, most feared, most respected night news editor, was on his throne. Even editors went in awe of him; none would argue with this fiery-tongued little Welshman, who was only “bested” once—and that by the Press Lord who employed him.

Alun was wont to brag (somewhat optimistically) that he knew everyone’s voice on the telephone without having to enquire their identity. If he didn’t recognise the voice, he generally snapped into the mouthpiece, “Who the devil are you?” in a manner that boded ill for the caller.

### “Beaver” Calling

One evening, at a busy period, the bell rang and a masculine voice enquired, “Who is that?” Alun promptly and emphatically told him, adding (in something of a rage), “And who the devil are you?”

“This is Lord Beaverbrook speaking,” replied the voice. The Welshman spluttered a bit. Then, to the intense amusement of onlookers, he quickly mollified his manner—and the proprietor.

Alun controlled his reporting staff, local correspondents, news “tipper-offs” and telephonists with skill interwoven with severity. Woe betide bad workmanship. The offender would hear some stinging home truths about himself.

However, a word of praise always got similar publicity; sometimes, in fact, honourable mention in higher circles.

Alun Jones got excited when a piece of hot news “broke” and would send one of his best reporters post-haste to the scene, shouting out, “Take a taxi!” Then, as if to impress the man that it was a really worth-while assignment, he would stamp

★ A fiery little Welshman, tough, resourceful, a singer of hymns, a driver of men—and their champion. This is the picture painted by WILFRED DAVIS in this article which is a tribute to the memory of a beloved Fleet Street character.

up the room excitedly and shout, “Take two taxis, man!”

On his desk he often kept a Wild West novel, stealthily learning of exciting gun duels at sundown in Yellow River Valley while waiting for the world to tell him the latest doings.

Late at night, when the big news room was silent, and sub-editors sat idly chatting or doodling, the sound of a hymn being sung would steal softly from the night news desk. Hardened newspapermen would pause a while to smile quietly as the Welsh accents sweetly, if a little gruffly, brought those timeless words of praise like a cool spring breeze into the reeking atmosphere of tobacco smoke, alcoholic fumes, printer’s ink and hard words.

It was an event when Alun went out to dine, the news permeating the whole building as though history was being made. Heads popped over banisters and small boys watched with awed respect. Practically every night he dined inside, not far from his desk, enjoying a good meat meal and a bottle of beer. “I don’t go out, so I’m entitled to a glass of beer inside,” he would say. Then he would wink and give his bow tie a jerk.

His summer vacation was another notable occasion. He always appeared on the Friday afternoon carrying a gun under one arm and a large suitcase in the other hand. This was the only time he left a little earlier so as to catch the late night train to Wales, home, and sport amid the hills.

Every Yuletide his desk was laden with mysterious packages. His telephonists (and one or two other specially-favoured recipients) would line up and each receive a flask of port, box of cigarettes, tin of biscuits and a box of toffees.

He retired in 1934 to live beside the Welsh hills . . . and that was where he died before a certain paperhanger became such big news that more than two taxis were needed!

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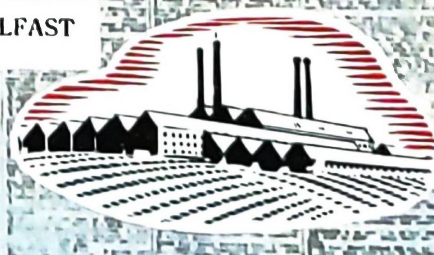
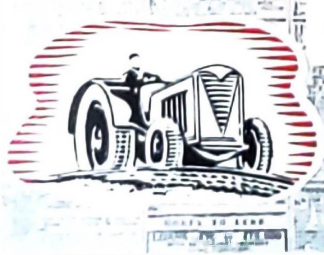
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Advertising space is also stringently rationed again. It has been necessary to reduce the quota from a daily average of 26 columns to 18 columns.

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Let us hope that these days of paper restrictions are numbered and that the British Press may advance from success to success not only on behalf of those who use its advertisement columns, but for the safeguard and the benefit of free speech throughout the Empire.

*Edward Benson.*

DOUGLAS STUART LTD., TURF ACCOUNTANTS, "STUART HOUSE," LONDON, W.C.2



HE'S FROM ONE OF THOSE AUSTRALIAN PRESS AGENCIES, SIR.  
— SAYS IT HELPS HIM TO GET AN AUSTRALIAN ANGLE ON THINGS./



The Press photographer is a queer mixture of character—artist and technician, cool-headed and reckless, an honest plodder yet a brilliant opportunist.

★ This article on ★

## HOW A PHOTOGRAPHER GETS HIS PICTURES

I HAVE always admired Press photographers as practical photographers. They go out, day or night, in all kinds of weather, operate under every adverse condition, work against time, yet turn up with a sharp, clear picture. Only a man with immense flair for picture taking and a solid practical knowledge of photography could possibly achieve such results. Your arty-crafty photographer, who must have all the appurtenances of a well-equipped studio as well as immeasurable time in which to pose his subject, is a hopeless duffer as a Press photographer. But I know dozens of workaday Press photographers who turn out pictures—portraits, character studies, landscapes, seascapes or any other 'scapes—comparable with the best that come from the studios.

### Experienced Pressmen

Perhaps it is as unfair to compare the studio type of photographer with the Press picture-taker as it would be to compare any professional photographer with the ordinary amateur—the snap-taker. The range and experience of the good Pressman exceeds that of the most ordinary professional photographers. For example, besides handling quick-fire news photography work the Pressman often has to—or desires to—do picture stories of the kind published by such papers as *Picture Post* and *Illustrated*, or society photographs such as are used in the illustrated “glossies” (*Tatler*, and others), or a whole range of special photographs (such as unusual scientific pictures) or character studies or atmosphere pictures—or, in short, any kind of picture that is likely to be published in newspapers, periodicals, magazines or books.

It is certainly not true, I admit, that every Press photographer has had a range of experience which encompasses all the work mentioned above; but many, to my personal knowledge, have. It is also not true that all Press photographers are temperamentally capable of taking certain kinds of pictures, but, in my experience, they are few. I am convinced that most experienced Press photographers who are first-rate on news pictures are

★ is ★  
an attempt by a reporter and feature writer, CEDRIC DAY, to tell you what it is like to work with a Press cameraman. As Mr. Day has worked for 18 years with Press cameramen on newspaper and magazine stories home and overseas he should know something about the men who “shoot with lenses.”

also good on the more leisurely and posed types of photography.

If you pause for a moment to reflect on the qualities of character demanded of a news picture man you will agree he is likely to be fairly successful in other photographic work; and you will also understand how, invariably, he gets his picture. Whether his equipment is a reflex camera—maybe a very old and battered one—or a modern miniature, he must possess these qualities: he must recognise a news picture the moment he sees it (not always so easy as you may think it to be); he must instantly select the best angle, the best and the most interesting composition; he must be an instantaneous judge of distance, of light, etc.; he must be resourceful, patient, tireless and determined in face of difficulties; he must be systematic and accurate so that he has the pictures numbered and captioned for facts; he must have his lines of communication organised back to the office.

A photographer with these qualities must start with great talent—a natural eye—for pictures, and that talent must be developed by years of hard, practical work during the course of which his knowledge of the theory and mechanics of photography is widened and deepened. The practical knowledge must become so much a part of his life's work that his judgment of, say, light values and distances seems instinctive.

If I or any experienced newspaperman went out on a story with an unknown cameraman we would know before he took a picture whether or not he was a first-class news picture man. We could tell, for instance, by the equipment he carried, how he prepared for his job and how he went about it.

One day I went out on a feature story with a photographer I had not met before. I knew nothing of his experience or his work, yet long before we got to the scene of our story I was convinced I had little chance of getting the pictures I wanted. I was right. He had far too many gadgets—the sort of things not seen outside fussy studios; he had to pose every picture in which there was a human being or dither around finding the right “composition” for others; and he had, to crown it all, a “look for the dicky bird” drape to dodge under.

Now I do not say that this photographer could not, in the studio world to which he belonged, take very effective pictures; but I do know he failed to take usable pictures for my feature. The work called for no snap decisions or breakneck speed as is so often needed in news photography, but he had no talent even for the relatively easy pace and pleasant conditions of feature photography.

### Workmanlike

On the other hand, I know an experienced Fleet Street photographer who was called in at the last minute on a story I was writing. It was quite a difficult feature pictorially—a sea story. But I knew the moment I met the photographer that he was a man who really knew his job. He had one small bag with him; it contained a change of linen as well as his camera, plates and films. He went about his work without fuss or bother, quietly and competently taking pictures. He took all the pictures we had discussed and many others that he saw. The result was that we had a well-illustrated story. The prints were sharp, they told a story or had character or atmosphere and they were well composed.

It may be thought that I have exaggerated the difference between these two photographers, but I assure you I have not; indeed, I have not stressed it enough. For instance, the first man had to carry a meter to measure the light and then got inconsistent prints; the second man knew at once, through long experience and a talent for the job, exactly what the light value was.

I and friends of mine have been out on many and varied kinds of stories with the good photographer and he has never yet failed to turn in pictures of professional standard either for news or feature stories. But, to emphasise again the point I made earlier that a first-rate news photographer is frequently excellent in other kinds of photographic work, let me state here that the photographer concerned has produced some of the finest studies of babies and children and also some English landscapes that have been published throughout the world.

There are scores of competent Press photographers like him and of course they get their stories. They never expect to do otherwise, no matter what difficulties they have to cope with. On the other hand, they are always on the lookout for the exclusive picture—which often comes through a combination of hard work, experience, flair and luck.

As everybody knows, it sometimes happens that a boy with a cheap box camera will take a perfect picture—an occurrence that tends to make some people think it is fairly easy to become a professional Press photographer. Personally, I have yet to meet a good Press cameraman who has not given many years of his life to his work; as often as not you will find the top-line photographers started on their careers when they left school—if not before. It is hard and long work and years of experience that ensure that the pictures they take are certain to be of a professional standard.

### Talent is Essential

In these pages you can read stories by Press photographers about their work. You will there see how they gained by experience and climbed to success the hard way, both as staff photographers and as freelances. You will also see an essential to success is talent; sheer hard work will never make anyone into a good Press photographer unless he has talent.

### OPINIONS

Though an angel should write, still 'tis devils must print!—Moore.

Ink is the blood of the printing-press.—Milton.

The Press is the exclusive literature of the million; to them it is literature, church, and college.—Wendell Phillips.





## QUICK FIRE INCIDENTS IN WAR

THE pictures shown here cover a period of ten years—the earliest was taken about 1937, when I was a beginner, and the last was taken this year.

During the ten years I have experienced far more than I have learned, which, I suppose, is the way with Press photographers. Some of the things I've experienced on the job are in these pictures. But in so many cases the photographs are lost. And, in other cases, luckily for me, no record was ever made.

The kind of pictures I like best are pictures which give you some idea of how people live.

The kind of pictures I like least are arty subjects cluttered up with trick lighting and Composition with a capital C.

The kind of cameras I prefer are miniatures that allow you to pick up those fleeting expressions by which, for a moment, quite ordinary people betray themselves as heroes and hoodlums, mugs, misfits or miracles of decency.

★ A. W. HARDY in this article reveals ★  
*that a photographer with a point of view about life is always likely to take memorable pictures.*

As a beginner, in my spare time, I used to hang around the Zoo, waiting to see what could be picked up. The picture here of the monkey took me hours to get. But when I had it, I liked it. It seemed to have all the crazy pattern of a monkey's movements, and much of their humour and lightness, and something of their desperate wildness, too. You often see monkeys being the artist or the clown or the wild beast; but you don't so often catch all those in the one picture.

One of my earliest jobs as a "regular" for *Picture Post* was to photograph the East End in the first days of the blitz. Later we were to get used to the whole thing; but when I look at those pictures I took in September, 1940, it brings back to me the stark madness of the whole affair.

Just by going round the streets for an hour or two you could pick up enough pictures of crazy tragedy, comedy, and downright incongruity to paper a lunatic asylum.

On one street corner a man was clambering over a heap of rubble, trying in vain to catch



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On one street corner a man was clambering over a heap of rubble, trying in vain to catch





*This tells the full poignancy of the blitz nights : Bombed out !*

half a dozen hens. Every time he caught one another got away. Somewhere under the rubble his wife lay.

A bit further up the street a relative was consoling the little boy whose mother had just been dug out dead.



*Firefighters in the blitz.*

Further on, the curious stunned old couple were sitting, giving vague answers to the crowd of considerate neighbours. The old lady had two china vases wrapped up in newspaper (p. 77).

At the far end of the street I saw something I hesitated to photograph because it looked so much as if it were staged—a little old fellow sitting by the window in his ruined shell of a house, pushing the rubble off the kitchen table, and settling down in the debris to fill in his income tax!

Hours later, in the afternoon, I came back that way. The dazed old couple were still there, side by side. They looked the embodiment of Darby and Joan devotion in the cruellest adversity. The old boy seemed too shaken to give a clear answer to any question I put to him. When I asked the old lady if he was her husband, she said: "Who? 'Im? I never seen 'im before this morning."

#### **"Pretty Frightened"**

In January, 1941, *Picture Post* decided they wanted to do a special feature on the fire blitzes. It meant me spending the nights in the busiest fire stations, waiting for calls and tagging on when the engine was run out. I was pretty frightened, especially when the Germans began using the fires as targets.

Just after I had taken some pictures I set up my camera on a tripod in a burning building. Then the roof fell in. I managed to skip out in time. I was so upset over losing the camera that it wasn't for some time that I discovered my trousers were on fire.

By morning I had begun to feel the job wasn't worth it. But the firm bought me a new Leica and a new suit, and patted me on the back for the pictures (fire-blitz pictures were rare in those days), and so another crisis in my life was passed.

The sea picture on p. 79, taken early in 1942, has been used time and time again over the last five years. No picture of mine has ever been published so often.

Journalist A. L. Lloyd and myself went on a ten-day trip out of Fleetwood, round the Hebrides and half-way across to Iceland. By that time the Luftwaffe and the submarines had ceased to worry the fishermen, who were more concerned with the weather. So were we. Sometimes we would almost have welcomed an attack as a deliverance. Half the time it looked as if the sea was coming right in on us, just as it does in the picture.





*Realistic "shot" which reveals better than words the perils of dirty weather at sea.*



With the rest of the crew, we slept in sort of coffins, with the rats rustling past our heads all night and every night. We got to appreciate the trawler boys as hard workers and fine company.

We were interested to learn they had nothing but praise for the German Navy, though they hated the Luftwaffe. They said the Navy usually gave them a square deal, whereas the Luftwaffe gave them no quarter at all. It must have been some kind of professional solidarity. They told us of a U-boat commander who stopped their trawler and ordered them to take to the boats, as he intended to sink the vessel. They started lowering what they had into the sea, and the German said: "Is this all the boats you have?"

They said it was.

He asked, "Who owns this trawler?"

They told him.

"Well," he said, "You'd better take her straight back to Fleetwood, and tell Mr. X to fit her with some proper lifeboats. And tell him I said so."

In 1946, while I was in SEAC, I managed to wangle a trip to Bali. I found other attractions besides the well-known ones. There were, for instance, the cockfights, and the intensity of feeling that went on around them. The Balinese really would bet their shirts on the roosters, and for studies of hope, excitement and despair the mains were unbeatable.

The actual fights were pretty hard to photograph: everything happens so terribly fast. But



*Moment Before Victory.*

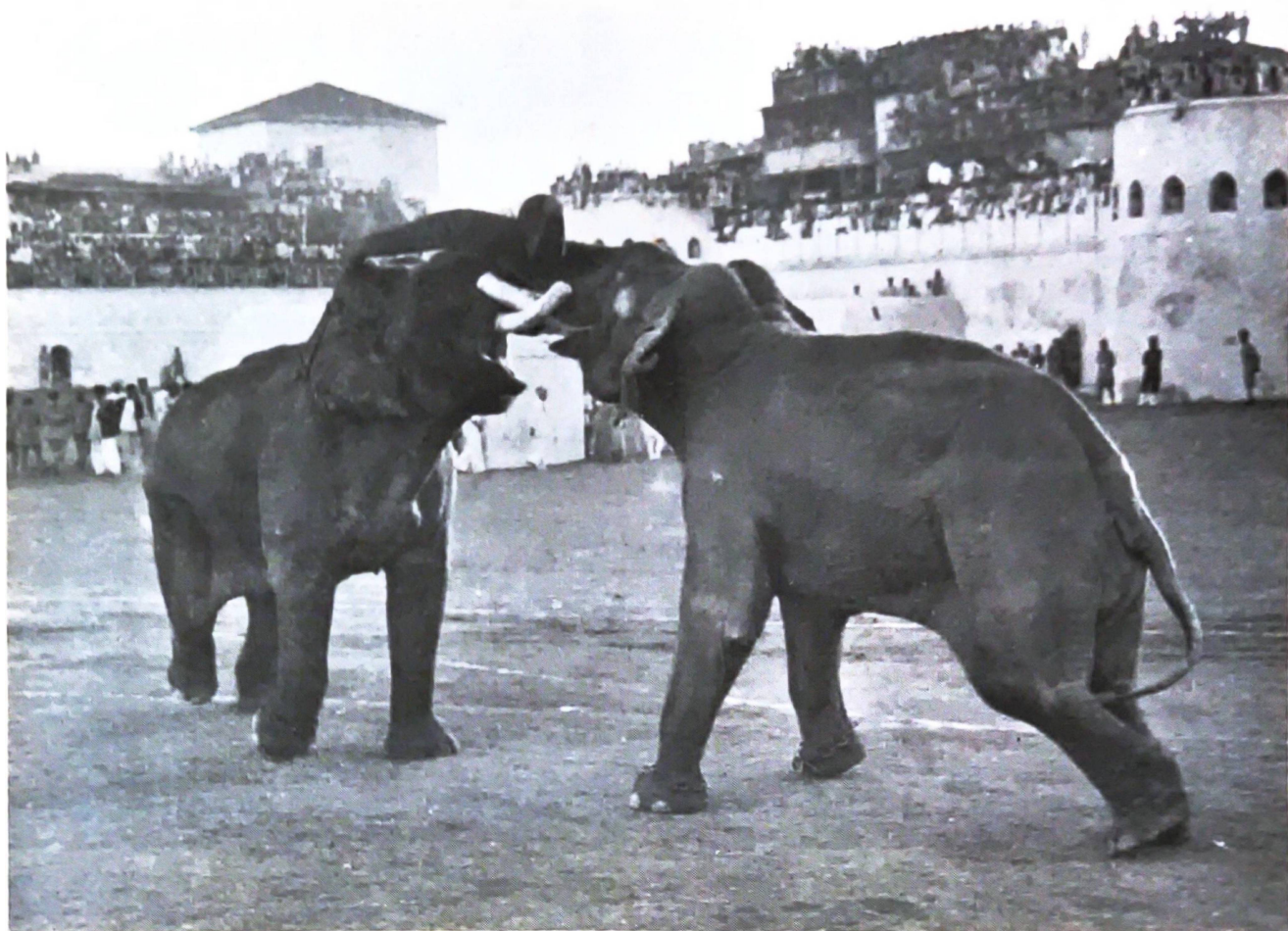


*Cockfight Spectators.*

I got a picture which I think gives a good idea of the moment between Victory and Defeat, the split second before the winner's steel spurs come down, and the loser falls bleeding and twitching, and his backers go home to explain to the missus what's become of the wages.

The traveller's dream of Bali is what, in fact, you don't often see. One day I found a pool with lilies; all that was lacking was a Balinese belle.





*One treat in the birthday party of the Maharajah of Baroda was this—an elephant fight.*

Fortunately the island has everything, even photographic models. I remembered there was a Belgian painter up the street who had married his model. I went and saw her, explained what was missing about the pool, and got her to supply the lack.

Later we found out it was a sacred pool, and nobody was supposed to swim in it. We had committed what they called sacrilege, but it didn't look like sacrilege to me.

### **Birthday Party**

Early in 1947 journalist Sydney Jacobson and I went to a birthday party—the birthday of the Maharajah of Baroda. Part of the celebration was an elephant fight. In the arena was a sort of concrete platform, on which Jacobson and I stood. We felt fine till the elephants came out. One of them, they told us, had killed a fellow at his last fight—a fellow who had been a bit reckless, it seemed. We weren't. While the elephants

sweated and panted and wrestled around us I felt like giving them the miniature cameraman's formula: "Take no notice of me, please. Just go right ahead with whatever it is you're doing."

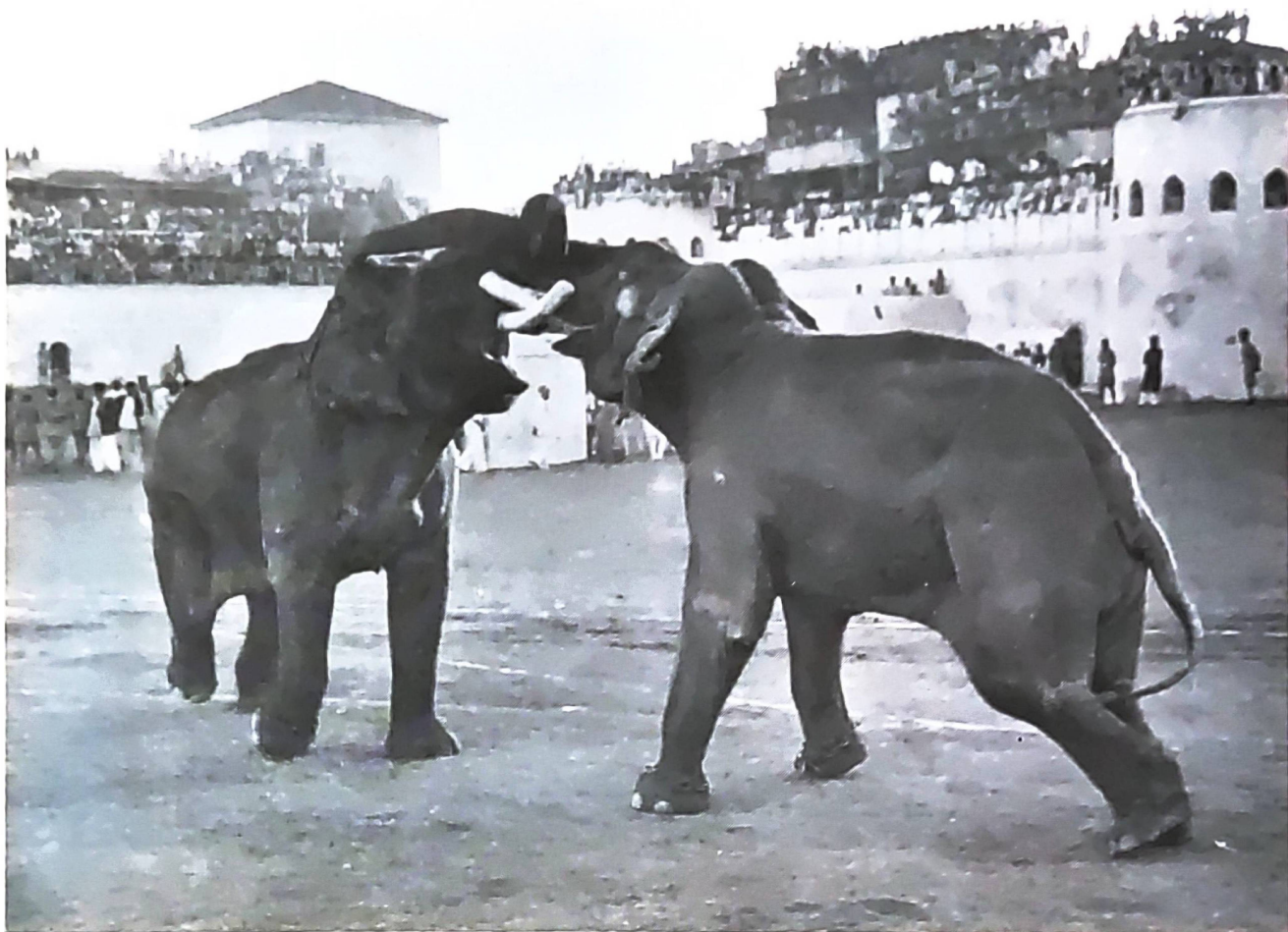
### **Pinched—and Paid For**

"PLAGIARISM doesn't pay" makes a nice copybook maxim, but there is at least one journalist who will never believe it.

Captain John C. Wilkinson, of the American Army, ran a humorous column in the *Stars and Stripes*, U.S. Forces newspaper, during the war.

Being short of copy one day, he cut a joke out of *Reader's Digest*, carefully re-jigged it and slipped it in his column.

Some months later he received a payment of 25 dollars from a magazine for reproducing the same story in their last issue. The magazine? *Reader's Digest*.—PATRICK O'LEARY.



*One treat in the birthday party of the Maharajah of Baroda was this—an elephant fight.*

Fortunately the island has everything, even photographic models. I remembered there was a Belgian painter up the street who had married his model. I went and saw her, explained what was missing about the pool, and got her to supply the lack.

Later we found out it was a sacred pool, and nobody was supposed to swim in it. We had committed what they called sacrilege, but it didn't look like sacrilege to me.

### **Birthday Party**

Early in 1947 journalist Sydney Jacobson and I went to a birthday party—the birthday of the Maharajah of Baroda. Part of the celebration was an elephant fight. In the arena was a sort of concrete platform, on which Jacobson and I stood. We felt fine till the elephants came out. One of them, they told us, had killed a fellow at his last fight—a fellow who had been a bit reckless, it seemed. We weren't. While the elephants

sweated and panted and wrestled around us I felt like giving them the miniature cameraman's formula: "Take no notice of me, please. Just go right ahead with whatever it is you're doing."

### **Pinched—and Paid For**

"**P**LAGIARISM doesn't pay" makes a nice copybook maxim, but there is at least one journalist who will never believe it.

Captain John C. Wilkinson, of the American Army, ran a humorous column in the *Stars and Stripes*, U.S. Forces newspaper, during the war.

Being short of copy one day, he cut a joke out of *Reader's Digest*, carefully re-jigged it and slipped it in his column.

Some months later he received a payment of 25 dollars from a magazine for reproducing the same story in their last issue. The magazine? *Reader's Digest*.—PATRICK O'LEARY.



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# HYDE PARK BOYS

*The Story of JAMES JARCHÉ, "Illustrated's" famous cameraman,  
as told by a Reporter who has worked on stories with him*

GOING on a story with James Jarché is a story in itself, usually an entertaining one because Jarché, besides being an outstanding photographer, is a man of considerable character, an amateur conjuror and an interesting and amusing talker.

I have been on many stories here, in North America, and on the Continent with many excellent Press photographers, but I can recollect none who had Jimmy Jarché's knack of making every hour stimulating. Perhaps it is this zest for life which has led to Jarché's adventures as a cameraman, and it may also have contributed to his excellence as a photographer in fields outside the usual routine of a Press cameraman. I know, from experience of working with him, that he is a tip-top Press photographer—quick, accurate, certain to get his picture even though he has only a split second in which to work. I also know by working with him that he will take infinite pains to get the one and only angle to make the best picture, whether black and white or in colour, and whether for character or atmosphere, drama or comedy.

This mastery of photography—from the selection of a picture down to the mechanical details of exposure and so on—which is to be observed in Jarché at work is so natural that one would imagine he had been born with it. In part, he had: he had been gifted with talent—the eye of an artist, the ability to see a picture. (All great photographers must have such talent.)

But Jarché was not born with knowledge and mastery of the intricacies of photography; like everyone else, he had to learn through hard work and experience. He started young—at the age of nine, when he carried his father's tripod on a job of photographing a dead woman in a seaman's lodgings. (Jarché senior was a professional photographer in London's dockland, which provided young Jimmy with a tough and rough background.)

Jimmy was still a schoolboy when his father died and it was then that he had to turn to and earn his own living. Not unnaturally he reached for his

camera and took his first picture for the Press—urchins playing leapfrog in a London park. He sold the picture to the *Daily Mirror*. Prompted by his success, he asked for and got a job with a Press Picture agency.

This incident at the start of Jarché's career is important because it shows something of the immense talent he has for spotting a picture. People daily walk by their thousands in London parks and never notice a picture; but not Jarché. He once said to me: "Whenever I was hard up for ideas I just went to Hyde Park. There are always pictures for the asking in Hyde Park—pictures of children, pictures of lovers, backgrounds of trees or birds or water. Hyde Park is teeming with life—and life means pictures."

## Jarché Philosophy

There is a whole philosophy in that last sentence and it is typical of Jarché; he is brimming over with life and he feels as well as sees that "life means pictures." And what better illustration of what I have just written than the Jarché picture—taken in Hyde Park—of the policeman chasing the little naked boys. It is a picture that has been published all over the world thousands of times.

Jarché has found numerous pictures in Hyde Park—pictures of humour, of tragedy, of winter, of summer, of spring, pictures of every kind, including news scoops. And always he has had people in these pictures because people are "life" and, in any case, he has a deep interest in people no matter who or where they are.

To a man like Jarché with a zest for life the struggle to get the exclusive news picture that would be splashed on the front pages of the world's newspapers was a natural and enjoyable thing. He had the qualities needed—resourcefulness, determination, patience. He would spend hours—even days—waiting to get a scoop or exercise every ingenuity and daring to get that coveted picture of, say, a king in hiding, an arrested murderer or an elusive politician. It was he who got a picture of the first falling Zeppelin.



**"Limbs of the Law."**

*Another Jarché concept is that wherever the people are gathered together, there is a picture. Lacking any other inspiration, he says he can always go into Hyde Park and get a shot that will repay him. On a summer's day years ago he secured this shot of a group of youngsters illegally bathing, being chased by a policeman. That picture tickled the world. It was reproduced not only in England, but very extensively abroad.*

Like the artist he is, Jarché is always out to get the best picture, the right picture. That determination has often led him into hazardous undertakings—he climbed to the crow's-nest, to a swung-out jib and to other dizzy heights on board the Swedish windjammer, "Abraham Rydberg," to get an unusual picture of this many-times-photographed ship. He got a splendid picture. Similarly, he climbed to the top point of Tower Bridge to get a downward shot of strong contrasts, and he sat on the Ball of Fire at the Monument to get an interesting picture of the London sprawling beneath. Again, to find a new picture of Trafalgar Square he climbed to the Gold Cross over St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

### **Ballast Bucket Thrill**

It is not everyone, of course, who has a head for heights or, if they had, would think it worth while to climb such heights to get a picture even though it is the right picture. But to Jimmy Jarché it is all part of the game—exacting but good fun. Even he, though, has met his Waterloo—in the Strand, to be exact. He went up in a ballast bucket when Australia House was being built. The bucket shot up crazily; Jimmy found the sides of it were only up to his waist and, far from being able to use

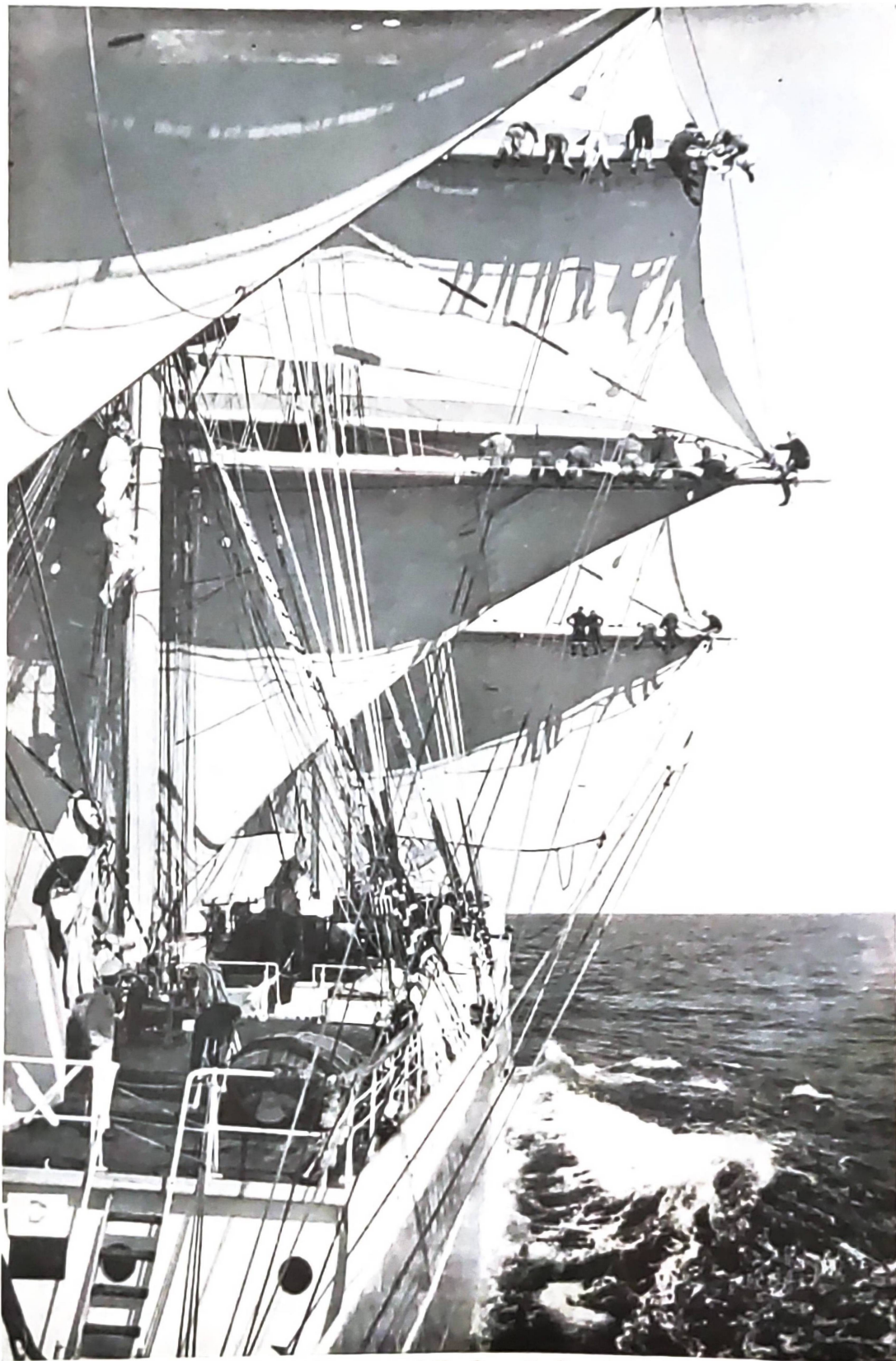
a camera, he had to hold on with both hands to save himself being tossed out.

His photograph of the Glenfinnan Viaduct, with its sharp curve, was obtained by standing on the roof of the fire-box of the engine as the train steamed along at 30 miles an hour. His picture of "Tornado" Smith, the man who roared round the "Wall of Death" on a motor-cycle, was obtained by lying flat on his stomach inside the "well." "If I fall," Smith told him, "we both die."

Jarché could tell scores of such anecdotes. They serve to illustrate a point about him: he has never lost the thrill of getting not just a good picture but the best picture. He can never be satisfied with the shot which is a cliché; he is always on the lookout for a new angle on an old subject, and he has a sense of the dramatic, therefore he finds the new angle.

I mentioned at the start of this article that Jarché is an amusing fellow and a stimulating companion with an immense zest for life. His sense of humour is irresistible. One day, for instance, he borrowed a turtle from a Bond Street shop and set it down to wander along the road. He found a good deal of fun and a lot of excellent studies of human beings in photographing the people who stopped and stared and discussed the turtle.





*The Swedish Windjammer "Abraham Rydberg" under full sail.*

Jarché takes infinite pains to get the picture he wants. To photograph this vessel at sea he had himself swung from the crow's-nest on a jib. He got what he wanted—the ship alive and the crew in action.



#### A Stolen Kiss.

*Of this picture, cameraman J. S. MacAndrew, of Leeds, says : "I got the shot at a baby show at Roundhay Park, Leeds. I never expected it as I was intent on getting a baby on the right having a good cry when I noticed these two."*

*The print has been published throughout the world.*

Whatever work Jarché does it is stamped with his mark—life, movement, something happening. And nine times out of ten the life factor in his pictures deals with humans. He has kept up that dynamic quality in his work from those distant days when, with a camera hidden by a bowler hat and a perfectly timed cough to hide the noise of the "click," he photographed judges, juries and murderers in court or got the unexpected picture of a notability. Even in his posed pictures—portraits or any others—he manages to catch that feeling of life. And there is always excellent composition—although you will never get Jarché to start talking about masses and lines and balances. The pictures he takes regularly are good enough for any salon of international repute—and he takes them with a

Leica or a Rolleiflex. But the qualities which mark the pictures come from Jimmy Jarché, not the cameras.

Like all top-class photographers—certainly Press photographers—Jarché knows his cameras ; he is an expert in practical photography. (In any case, being born into the work, the mechanics of it were thrust on him from the start.) He has always kept himself abreast of developments and he was one of the first to experiment with infra-red. He is now, of course, a leader in colour photography. But, as I pointed out early in this article, mechanical knowledge and proficiency do not make a great photographer ; he must have talent, be an artist. The briefest glance at Jarché's photographs shows him to be an artist.



# The Story of Stanley "Glorious" Devon

EVERY Fleet Street photographer has a story to tell about the pictures he has taken, pictures that have recorded the passing history of a day, caught the fleeting interest of the public and earned him (perhaps) the commendation of his editor and his colleagues.

The story of one of Fleet Street's best known photographers, Stanley Devon (called "Glorious" Devon by his friends), was told recently in a small book entitled "These Clicks Made History." The book was written by a journalist colleague, R. F. Delderfield, and dealt with 20 pictures selected from hundreds taken by Devon during his career as a Press photographer. (He is now back at his job with the *Daily Sketch* after war service with the R.A.F.)

## Front Page Pictures

Like all first-class Press photographers, Devon invariably gets his picture—and a tip-top one at that. But his way is not always smooth; it never is for a news cameraman. As Delderfield writes: "Wherever he went, in war or peace, he left a train of spluttering officials, their hands full of rubber stamps, harbour passes, special facility cards and letters of introduction." "Glorious" cut through this paraphernalia with a contempt that was all his own. He always set down his camera at a different viewpoint from that assigned to him by officials. But his pictures were always "front page."

"Of medium height, slow-moving, with brown eyes and maddening deliberation, he rode, walked and flew into the odd corners of three continents. He took frightful risks to get what he called 'a new angle,' but he had a morbid fear of all animals, including milking cows. When I asked him why he went out of his way to avoid cows he said: 'Cruel treatment makes 'em savage. They're all right in England!' That remark does more to explain 'Glorious' than anything I can remember.

"Perhaps his greatest qualification for his job was tenacity. He never let go. When other Press photographers had despaired of the rescue of Lighthouse Keeper Jourdain, from the Eddystone, in the great gale of December, 1938, 'Glorious' hung on in Plymouth, following the relief boat on

*The story behind the picture scoops of an ace cameraman in Fleet Street is told here, mostly by his journalist and*

*R.A.F. colleague*

**R. F. DELDERFIELD**



*"Then followed a breathlessly exciting fifteen minutes . . ."*

every abortive trip. Ten days later he was rewarded with a world scoop. . . ."

When the rescue took place on December 17th the wind was blowing hard and flying was dangerous. Devon was circling the lighthouse, watching from about 100 ft.

"The only thing we could do was to stall round and round the Eddystone in the hope of catching Jourdain 'in flight,'" Devon explained. "When we were on the blind side we couldn't see a thing. I was terrified lest we should find him in the boat when we got round. Altogether we made four circuits. As we came round for the fourth time I shouted with joy. Jourdain was half-way down and we got the picture."

Another story of patience to get a world exclusive picture was Devon's trip to Greece to photograph the return of King George of the Hellenes from exile. For days he tried to get an official





*This magnificent picture by Stanley Devon of the Greek Ship on the Needles recalls one of the dramatic sea stories of early 1947.*



pass to the harbour area of Pyreus where the King was to land; all he got was a smiling portrait of Gen. Kondylis presented to him.

Later, arrangements were made for all Pressmen to get to the harbour and a special Press boat was laid on to go out and meet the destroyer bringing the King. Devon distrusted Greek organising ability; he felt sure the boat would miss the ship and he decided to stay on shore. He was right; the boat went to the wrong ship.

Meanwhile Devon took up his stand 50 yards from the landing stage, but he was in for trouble. A Greek officer tried to shift him out, ignoring the harbour pass. Determined not to be thwarted, Devon dashed away down the quay towards the Royal gangway with the officer pounding after him and striking at him with a sabre. Everyone, including the Guard of Honour, took great interest in the race, which ended when Devon burst through the ranks of petal-strewers who, like good sportsmen, closed to prevent the officer from following. Devon was then free to take pictures as the King set foot on Greek soil, and thus obtain a world scoop.

### Held by Mussolini

He sent the plates off by an aircraft the *Daily Sketch* had waiting. Unfortunately, the plane had to come down in Italy to refuel, where Mussolini confiscated the plates for 24 hours. But they were flown to Britain in time for the Monday morning papers and were (as Delderfield wrote) "nice, sedate, newsy pictures, which gave no clue of the pilgrimage they had entailed."

Do you remember the Frieburg disaster when five English schoolboys of a party of more than 20 were caught in a sudden blizzard in the rugged mountains? They were on holiday with their schoolmaster. It was April, 1936. When the storm blew up the five got separated from the others and died of exposure before they could be rescued.

Devon flew to the scene and was shocked to find that the Hitler Youth Leader expected him to photograph the dead boys in open coffins. When the Youth Leader realised what the Englishman wanted he asked for half an hour to make preparations.

When Devon returned to the chapel he found a huge wreath, bearing the swastika, in front of the coffins, the flags of Britain and Germany behind



*Death of the English boys provided the Nazi shotmen with just another gala day.*

and Hitler Youth on guard. It was, as Delderfield writes, a superb piece of Fascist window-dressing. And to cap it the Youth Leader asked Devon if he would use his influence to get permission for a State burial of the English boys in Berlin.

Sometimes chance plays the chief part in a news cameraman's success, as, for example, when Devon flew to Cologne in March, 1936, to cover Hitler's entry of the Rhineland. The pilot lost his way and Devon arrived late at the city; the tumult was all over. But a German told him that if he hurried to Dusseldorf he would be in time to see Hitler's show all over again. Devon got a taxi and went.

He found himself the only photographer on the spot and got exclusive pictures—pictures which show with what delirious delight the Rhinelanders greeted Hitler's forces. Anyone who had the slightest illusion about the support accorded Hitler by the ordinary Germans needed only to look at Devon's pictures.

"I learnt a lot about Germany that day," commented Devon.

Another example of chance taking a hand in getting a scoop was the funeral of Queen Astrid, wife of King Leopold of the Belgians. The Queen was killed in a motor accident in Switzerland in August, 1935.

Photographers of the world's Press gathered for the funeral and were put into a raised pen to prevent any scramble to get pictures. But the officials forgot that the morning sun would shine right into the lenses of the cameras in this position. So before the cortège came into sight Devon and

several other photographers left the pen and dashed across the road. Devon turned obliquely in his dash and while the other cameramen were being rounded up by the gendarmes he got to the other side and climbed to a structure about 20 feet above the crowd. By the time the police were ready to drag him down the carriage came into sight and they had to leave him for fear of creating an unseemly disturbance.

Devon's luck was double. Not only did he get the best pictures of the procession but he got a splendid picture of the bandaged King. From the opposite side of the road the bandages could not be seen.

### **Made a Scoop**

There are times when a newspaperman "makes" a scoop. Devon has made many, and one of the most notable was the story of Oscar Dimpfel, the air acrobat, who arrived in Britain in mid-summer, 1936.

Devon stepped out of a plane at Croydon one July morning after a routine air picture job and noticed a small aircraft with a peculiar contraption underneath the fuselage. He asked the hefty young man beside the aircraft what it was all about—and so met Dimpfel, who was just off to keep an appointment with Scott of the Scott-Black air circus. Dimpfel said the showpiece of his act was to hang by his teeth from the ladder which Devon saw under the fuselage.

Devon immediately telephoned his Art Editor.

"Would you like a picture of a man hanging from an aeroplane by his teeth?" he enquired.

"By God, I would!" exclaimed the Editor.

But it was not as simple as it seemed. The Air Ministry would not grant permission for the dangerous trick to be done. That finished the story—or should have. Devon, however, had set his heart on the picture and hit on the idea of taking it over the sea.

Delderfield writes: "Then followed a breathlessly exciting fifteen minutes for cameraman and shore spectators.

"Dimpfel climbed out of the aircraft and sat on the trapeze. From this perch he leaned forward to take the aircraft's landing wheels from the axle and wave them at the spectators. He then

replaced them, worked himself into an easy sitting position, fell forward and, gripping by his legs, hung head downwards and produced two Union Jacks from his tunic and waved them at the empty sea hundreds of feet below.

"He then put away the flags and, climbing back into a sitting position, swung round and dropped again, this time holding on by his arms. A moment later he released his grip but his body still swung from the trapeze. He was holding on by his teeth, which were clenched on the specially designed bit, just below the seat. He held his arms outstretched for a moment, then swung in and climbed aboard again."

Devon got excellent pictures from 50 feet distance and they made a great stir, but Dimpfel went back to America without a contract to perform in this country.

The stories that Stanley Devon—or any other experienced Fleet Street photographer—could tell are legion and there is space for only one more. Devon covered the visit of the Royal Family to the annual boys' camp at Abergeldie Castle, Ballater, Balmoral. The picture Devon took of the Royal Family singing "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" (with actions) is certainly one of the happiest ever taken of a Monarch with his people.

His Majesty said he wanted to take a picture himself, to show his family in the centre of the campers.

"I have colour on my film," he told Devon. "What exposure shall I use?"

### **"Smart Guesswork"**

Devon said 5.6 lens stop and another photographer then demonstrated to the King an exposure meter which, when used, showed that Devon was exactly right.

"Smart guesswork," commented the King, smiling at Devon.

"I've been at it a long time, your Majesty," Devon replied.

And there you have the mark of a tip-top Press photographer. He has his job at his fingertips; he is a master of the mechanics of photography. But he is also an artist, with a natural eye for the selection and composition of pictures. That is essential to his success.



# Inside Stories Of Picture Scoops

by

JACK ESTEN

WHEN Shakespeare wrote of "exultation, agonies, and love, and man's unconquerable mind," he might have been referring to the gamut of emotions experienced during the career of a modern Press photographer, except that the word "luck" would have been better than "love."

To illustrate my point let me tell a few stories gleaned from the thousand and one assignments I have covered that have gone to record twenty-five years of history.

I began to freelance at the age of nineteen, and I was full of ideas and youthful assurance. So on New Year's Day I decided to cover that "hardy annual," that "chestnut"—abandoned dogs whose owners were unable to afford a licence. For years it had taken the form of a policeman leading a string of dogs (all borrowed from a nearby dogs' home). I meant to be original. In the slum streets I found my ideal model, a young urchin in rags, playing truant. He had a cockney face that at once evoked sympathy.

"Want to earn a bob?" I asked.

"Yus, guv'nor," he replied, and I led the way to the dogs' home.

## A Lick—A Click

There I knelt him down in front of the kennel bars, his shirt tail showing through the back of his torn trousers. A terrier leaped up and a long tongue shot out and licked the urchin's face. . . . I snapped.

The most pathetic picture that had been recorded in years was published in every London evening and all but one of the dailies, and in the majority of the provincial Press.

Two days later the art editor of a national evening telephoned me.

"Do you know the boy's name and address?" he enquired.

"No," I said, and confessed that it was a stunt.

"I understand," he replied. "I think I can manage to deal with it."

The next day there was an announcement that the lad's dog licence had been paid and "would readers like their money returned or forwarded to the dogs' home?" Hundreds of pounds had been sent to the paper.

★ *WHO, during 25 years as a Press photographer, has covered important stories all over the world. For many years a freelance, he is now on the staff of "Illustrated," having joined the paper from the "Daily Herald" on which he was war correspondent in 1944. (He was in the R.A.F. from 1939 to 1942 on photo reconnaissance.)* ★

*In this article of interesting reminiscences Mr. Esten tells some remarkable stories behind the stories.*

I had a similar 'phone call, with one exception, from every other London newspaper that published the picture. They all dealt with the matter in a similar manner, but the one exception adopted an attitude of righteous indignation. I found myself threatened with a lawsuit. The boy's father, sponsored by the newspaper, was suing for libel and misrepresentation.

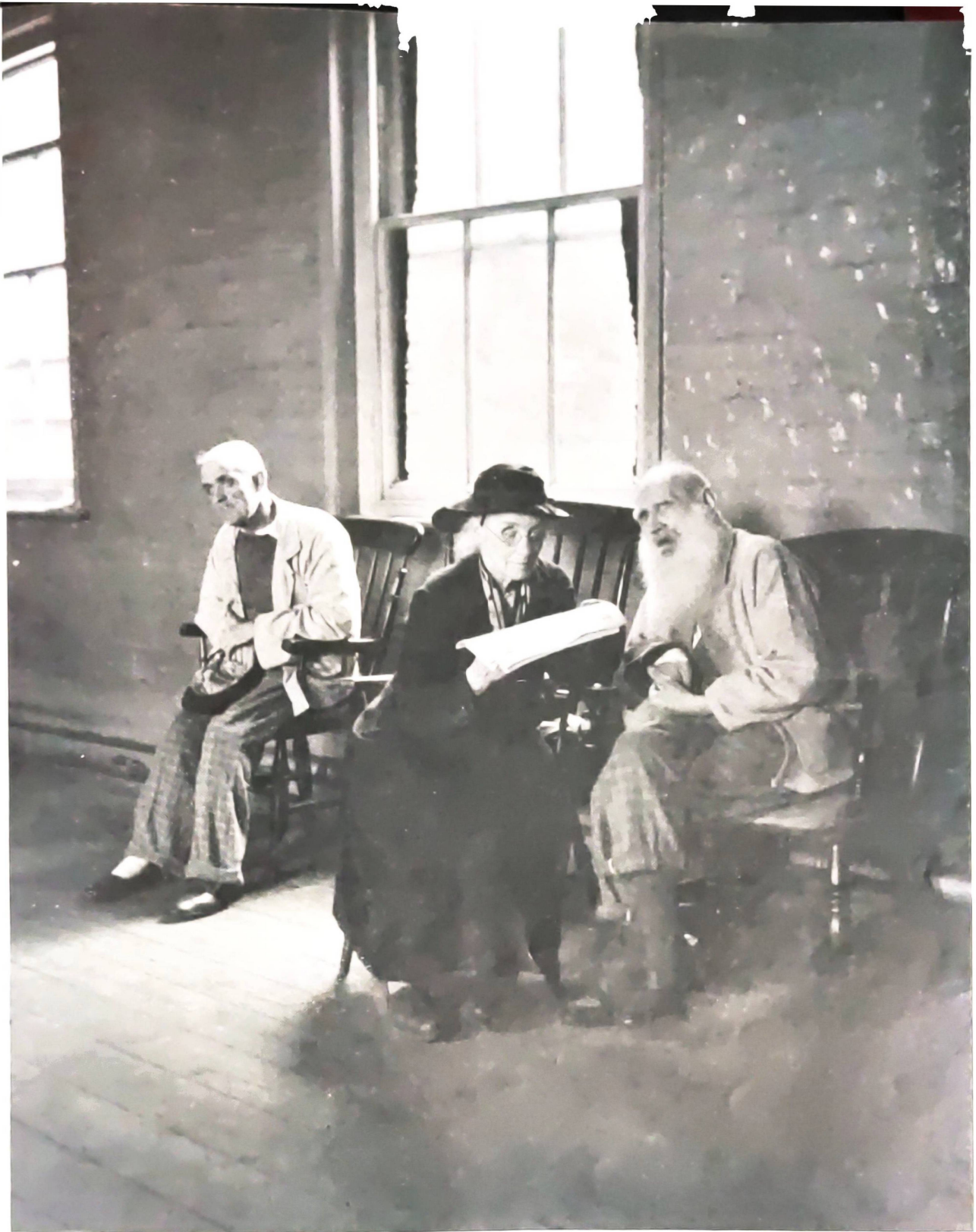
A half column of confession, apology, and remorse, signed by myself, was published in the main news page and consoled the parent and placated the newspaper.

The incident nearly finished my professional career before it had really begun. The dogs' home benefited from readers' subscriptions by an amount that reached four figures, and Fleet Street photographers for the next decade avoided like the plague the old "dog licence chestnut" on January 1st.

Hyde Park as an assignment, in spite of the contempt with which it is held by many experienced members of the profession, was always one that paid excellent dividends to the enterprising freelance.

On a beautiful summer's morning during the "silly season" I walked alongside the railings enclosing the gardens behind Apsley House. Hearing shrieks of childish excitement I stopped, and there behind the Byron statue, almost screened from public gaze by the close shrubbery, was Princess Elizabeth learning to walk. It was the worst moment in my life because, with the standard camera I had with me, the scene was much too far away. I stood and watched full of disappointment.

The next day I returned, this time with a



Twilight at Richmond.

BARNET SAIDMAN, of the *News Chronicle*, who took this excellent photograph, sent it to the *Inky Way* as an example of the work of a newspaper photographer outside the usual news coverage. Here, as you can see, he has captured the atmosphere of the old people's home and the beauty, the dignity and the pathos of the aged.

It is another example of the creative ability of Press photographers.



borrowed long-focus lens, not long enough but better than nothing. But there was no Princess. I went back the third time and was rewarded with pictures of the Princess showing off, under the anxious eyes of her nurses, her walking to her two young cousins, the Lascelles children.

A national evening paid a good price (in those days) for first exclusive run of three pictures, and every other national and provincial used two or three the next day. It was my first big money scoop, and (as I was newly married) it went a long way to providing a house. The national newspaper that had so scathingly attacked my "dog licence" picture made ample amends, and we forgave and forgot. It published a leader on "this momentous event in British history," which is, as far as I am aware, the first and only occasion a leader has been based on a submitted picture.

One assignment that submerged every other news item was when King George V was gravely ill. Day after day at Buckingham Palace subdued crowds waited to read each bulletin posted on the railings.

The Prince of Wales was sent for and hurried home from his safari holiday in South Africa. The efforts of the scores of British and foreign photographers, who had been ordered to "get him," were frustrated by officials. He reached London as the gravest of the bulletins was issued from the Palace and still there was no picture of the Heir to the Throne.

### **Camera Under Armpit**

I set out to succeed where others had failed. With a camera secreted tightly under my armpit beneath my overcoat I entered the precincts of St. James's Palace, where photography was banned. To the policeman on duty I was an ordinary sightseer.

After an hour's wait a freelance colleague came along and we decided to join forces. Soon afterwards a car drove up and the Prince stepped out of the Palace. His legs showed bare below his heavy overcoat. On his feet were white shoes and socks.

Hurrying out into St. James's Street we hired a cab and tailed on to the Royal car. As we raced up St. James's Street I turned to my colleague and exclaimed "Squash!" It was in the days before traffic lights and as we reached the top of the hill a policeman stepped in between us and the Royal

car to give it the right of way. By the time we were allowed to proceed we had lost it.

So began a long weary tour of all the clubs we knew to have squash courts at which the Prince was likely to play. The only clue picked up was that the Prince had called at the Bath Club to collect a racquet. Disconsolately we decided to call it a day and began to saunter down Pall Mall towards Fleet Street.

About half-way down the Mall I glanced across the road to the Royal Automobile Club. Outside was a car with a familiar emblem on its bonnet, the Bowes "Lion" mascot of the Duke of York, and behind it stood the car we had tried to track for the past two hours! But sitting alongside the driver was Inspector Burt, the loyal guardian of the Prince of Wales, and his method of dealing with photographers was to wait until the shutter clicked and then demand: "I want that plate!"

### **Strategy Beats Inspector Burt**

My colleague and I went on walking; to be seen was to fail. A plan of action was arranged. I set my camera and approached from the east behind the waiting cars and sought the shelter of a tradesmen's entrance. My colleague took up a position across the road where he was screened by the waiting cabs on a rank. At the first sign of the appearance of the Prince we were both to move forward and "shoot"; Burt would be too preoccupied to notice us before we snapped; that was our theory.

After an hour's wait there was a scurry at the car doors. I ran out of my hiding place to move level with Burt, who was holding a door open. I let the shutter go as the Prince approached. He was nearly knocked over by a passing pedestrian who, oblivious of the identity of the muffled figure hurrying across the pavement, elbowed his way past. Burt's supersensitive ears heard my shutter go and with his free left hand he let fly at me to send me sprawling across the pavement almost at the feet of the Prince.

The one thought uppermost in my mind was: save the plate from confiscation. I was up like lightning and I dashed frantically to a cab rank. My colleague scrambled in a taxi behind me and in this calmer atmosphere I dusted my clothes; we had outmanœuvred Burt.

We had only one picture to circulate, my colleague, having been covered by a passing pedestrian, had failed to get one. An evening paper was

glad to take the opportunity of buying a world scoop and all the dailies played the picture, full front page in some and a "big 'un" on the back in others.

On January 1st many newspapers used to publish a pictorial recapitulation of the year's events.

### Seven World Beats

One year an evening paper gave seven reproductions of "the world's picture scoops" it had secured during the year. Three of them were mine.

I was full of pride and decided to ask the art editor of the paper for a job.

"We haven't room for any but the very experienced," the art editor said.

"But doesn't my name mean anything to you?" I queried.

"I've never heard of you," he retorted. "Where do you come from—the provinces?"

I was deflated but I went on to tell of the work I had done.

"But they were all agency pictures!" exclaimed the art editor.

I was full of humility, stammered my apologies, left to return to my freelancing. I ceased to worry about my identity being hidden behind a rubber stamp. It was the money that mattered. . . . Credits for photographers are a little better now but they have been a long time coming.

The King got better and went to recuperate at Bognor. The journey was to be made in an ambulance by road, and the route and time were published so "that a thankful public could demonstrate their joy." I chose the Ace of Spades corner at the junction of the Kingston by-pass and the Leatherhead road as the spot where I might get a rural picture and journeyed there on my motor-cycle.

From the top of a ladder I composed the picture in my view-finder. Slowly the ambulance came into the picture, the crowds cheered, handkerchiefs and hats were waved, I let the shutter go . . . a perfect picture. But I stood rooted with astonishment as the ambulance drew away because the whole of the back of the ambulance was of glass, and there was the King waving back to the crowd. It was too late; there was not time to change the plate and the one picture that mattered passed on its way.

I had an idea, and I got to the centre of Leatherhead a full five minutes before the King was due

to pass. I borrowed a pair of steps and set them up behind the waiting crowds who crammed the narrow streets. My picture came into view. . . . And then half-a-dozen women started fighting each other to get a foothold on my steps. I pleaded, I shouted, I used ungentlemanly language, I began to fall. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the King as I went crashing—steps, I, and everything—into a struggling heap of women. I pulled a woman's shoe from my face. It was over. The women were laughingly apologetic; it was a huge joke—for them.

Once again I jumped on my motor-cycle and reached Burford Bridge before the ambulance. There, a lone spectator, an old friend and colleague and a specialist in photographing cattle, stood waiting. I climbed on the wall of the bridge.

"That's not much good there," said my colleague. "This is the prettiest view."

He took up a position that would certainly give him a picturesque photograph.

"Maybe," I grunted, glad to close the conversation for fear of blurting out the information I had suffered so much to learn.

The ambulance was approaching at a much higher speed this time; there were no spectators. Coming in, broadside, away—click! There was the King lying asleep, tired after the brave efforts and endeavours to wave back to the cheering crowds.

It was late afternoon when I returned to the office. The evening papers were full of pictures but none had one showing the King. I had finished developing.

### £100 for Exclusive

"Seen anything like this?" I asked the chief salesman. "What about trying it exclusive?"

His reply was:

"Someone else may have it."

The boys rushed the prints round the Sunday papers. Within five minutes the telephone rang. "Sunday . . . here. Have you circulated the King's picture to the other papers?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"H'm, pity. We would have been prepared to offer a hundred guineas for an exclusive."

They confirmed their valuation by giving it the whole of the front page, while most other newspapers "splashed" it, but all paid a flat rate fee!

Here is one exploit which has puzzled many of



my colleagues. The King was well on the road to recovery, and the Prince of Wales decided to resume his interrupted South African holiday. He was to leave from Waterloo.

The Southern Railway were not issuing photography permits for the occasion but all Fleet Street turned up. I was a little late in arriving and saw my colleagues being herded into a corner by the policemen. It was obvious that the authorities were determined to shepherd all photographers out of the station.

I retraced my steps. The safest way in was obviously by the Waterloo Road subway. The carriage-way of No. 10 platform was lined with a close formation of police and the platform was unapproachable.

#### **Id. for a Scoop**

I bought a penny platform ticket and went to a platform where a train was waiting to depart. I walked casually down the centre to the stairs of the subway that connected all platforms.

Once below, I went in search of the staircase to the departure platform of the Prince. I prepared my camera for action and slowly mounted the stairs. There, just in front of the railings enclosing the subway entrance, was the Royal coach together with officials who were to receive the Prince. I had a grandstand view, completely free from molestation as the gates of the subway entrance were securely locked.

At the top of the stairway I stood quietly taking pictures. Our old friend, Inspector Burt, looked straight at the camera but, thank goodness, was completely oblivious of its presence.

A railway police inspector came up and through the railings informed me that photographs for the newspapers were forbidden. He advised me to "hop it." I pleaded for "just a couple of snaps, please," and while he tried to speed me on my way I went on with my job.

It was as simple as that and I apologise to the many of my colleagues who have so many times asked: "How was it done?" I had hoped to repeat the performance on some future occasion. The penny proved an excellent investment.

One beautiful spring morning I was cruising along the roads of Windsor Great Park. It was the birthday of a Princess. My hopes were set on a picture of Princess Elizabeth taking a birthday ride.

At the lodge gates that straddle the Ascot road a group of soberly dressed gentlemen waited. I enquired as to what it was all about.

"We are here to meet the King," came the reply.

I joined them. It was a deputation from The Royal Agricultural Society, who were to hold their annual show in the grounds of the Royal Park. The gentlemen had come to discuss with the King the arrangements.

Away in the distance I saw a group of four riders. As they approached I recognised the King, accompanied by the two young Princesses and an equerry.

I kept my camera in its case. I decided to make a request for a special birthday picture.

The King was busily discussing his business with the deputation. I approached the equerry, who was standing alongside Princess Elizabeth. I made my request, but he demurred and suggested it was unorthodox. But not so the Princess. She at once turned her pony and rode over to the King. She interrupted the discussions and I heard her convey my request to "Papa."

The King beckoned the equerry, who returned with a message from His Majesty. Would I go to the clump of trees where he would meet me in approximately ten minutes.

In the shade of some of the famous Windsor oaks, about half a mile from the Royal party, I waited. When they arrived the King asked: "Where would you like us?"

I began to pose them.

#### **Twelfth Birthday**

"Now you *must not* cut Margaret out of any of these pictures," said the King, and he saw to it that the grouping was fair to both Princesses. Meanwhile, Princess Elizabeth prompted her sister as to how she should sit and hold her pony correctly.

I finished.

"Now don't forget what I've told you," the King admonished me, as I conveyed my thanks.

I assured him that I would do as he requested.

"A happy birthday, your Royal Highness," I wished the Princess as I prepared to leave.

"Thank you," came the reply. "Please, will you send us the photographs?"

It was her twelfth birthday, the memory of which I shall always cherish.



★ **“Inside Broadmoor” by R. Saidman, *Illustrated* Staff Photographer.** ★

*Press history was made when the Home Office gave permission to ILLUSTRATED magazine to record for the first time the inside story of Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum.*

*ILLUSTRATED staff photographer R. Saidman writes: “In 25 years of news and feature photography no assignment, apart from the recent conflict, presented more possibilities on the ‘human angle’ than this close-up of the tragic tenants of Broadmoor.*

*“Here, among many murderers, I saw and spoke to Ronald True, who entered Broadmoor over 20 years ago. In those two decades the outside world, of which he may not remember much, has seen another major war and the advent of the atom bomb. To stroll, as I did, across a well-laid cricket pitch and watch the teams play was unforgettable—22 men, some guilty of crimes so foul that here in the bright sunshine I stood and wondered if these things were possible . . . they were . . . my camera recorded them.”*

## CHASING PHOTOGRAPHS

*By FRANK MILLS*

**W**ITHIN ten minutes of the first “flash” reaching Fleet Street of the sinking of the ill-fated White Star liner, “Titanic,” on her maiden Atlantic voyage, I was racing for Southampton, with £50 advance expenses in my pocket and instruction from Big Bill Armitt, then *Daily Sketch* art editor, to secure a picture of the engineers aboard.

At the Southampton shipping offices one of the clerks, with whom I quickly established friendly contact, confided that there was a picture available of most of the engineers—men usually doomed to die in such tragic circumstances—but it was in the possession of another newsman. He had not decided whether to take it or not.

The question of hard cash was obviously the issue involved; but I concealed my eagerness and

held my tongue for the moment, even though I could not help my eye straying anxiously to the clock.

Suddenly, with only ten minutes left to catch the London express, the picture was returned. Out of the office in a flash with the precious photograph I hailed a passing hansom and promised the driver five shillings extra if he deposited me at the station in time for my train.

As we rattled through the streets, rocking around corners almost on two wheels, I crouched on the swaying seat, scribbling two telegrams on scraps of paper. One was addressed to the office; the other was to the hotel where I had proposed to stay, cancelling my room.



As we reached the station I handed the two slips, with a ten shilling note, to the driver and shouted to him over my shoulder to send the wires. I thrust my way past passengers and porters, and, panting and exhausted, I flung myself into the guard's van as the train glided out.

The picture was too late to make that night's edition; but next day it was carried exclusively by the *Sketch*.

### Pictures of Victims

For several weeks afterwards I was assigned to the ghoulish job of securing photographs of other victims. For a week I hired a hansom to drive me from house to house. Street after street showed little homes with blinds drawn, mute proof of the widespread nature of the tragedy. It was a heart-breaking business, collecting something like 64 pictures. Often I delivered these personally to the paper, returning to Southampton by the next train in search of more.

A similar assignment, which involved exercising considerable tact, concerned a couple who had lost their son under pathetic circumstances. The *Daily Sketch* wanted to print a picture of the dead boy.

On arriving at the parents' home I found them just finishing their breakfast. After I had named the paper and offered my sympathy, they asked me inside and gave me some tea.

While we were talking generalities, and I was debating inwardly how best to approach the subject of my visit without offending their feelings, other reporters started knocking at the door.

My hosts would not have anything to do with them.

"The idea of it," the wife remarked to me. "One of them actually actually asked for my son's photograph!"

I remained silent.

Like myself, the husband was a keen cyclist. We were soon so absorbed in a discussion on the subject that we did not realise how time was passing. My host and hostess invited me to stay to lunch and, later, to tea.

All the time other Press people were calling, but got no satisfaction.

At last, I decided to take the plunge . . .

"Do you think it would be a good idea if you were to let me have a picture of your boy—just a small one, to be returned, of course?" I asked.

"Then you could refer everyone to the *Daily Sketch*."

They conferred and consented.

When I reached the office with that exclusive picture, round about 6.30 p.m., all I was asked was: "Why the h—— didn't you 'phone?"

With the late "Billy" Gore, a photographer with a magnificent record of outstanding work, particularly in the Balkans, I was sent to Le Havre one October morning in 1913 to cover developments in connection with the burning of the "Volturno" in mid-Atlantic, and to purchase any plates and snapshots taken at sea by the crew or survivors.

Scarcely had we reached the French port than I lost Gore in the crowds thronging the beach. This was awkward because "Billy" spoke French fluently while I could only make myself understood but was unable to understand most of the answers.

Snatches of conversation going on around me concerned a small child who had been thrown into the sea. This kiddy, I managed to gather, was now apparently safe in Havre. This set me on the trail of what proved to be a first-class scoop.

### Child in Hospital

A cabby drove me up to a photographer who, luckily, spoke English. He told me that the child concerned was in a local hospital. Two minutes later we were on our way. As the hansom swung round a nearby corner we almost ran down Billy Gore, who jumped aboard.

At the hospital we found the child, sitting up happily in bed, surrounded by toys and a doll.

While Billy got his pictures I cabled the office from the Post Office opposite.

Back in the ward I found a small party of disgruntled newsmen, who had reached the hospital just too late. But they all wished me "good luck."

Three or four "negs" I'd purchased on the off-chance from one of the crew on the beach all proved to be "duds." When I apologised to Hannen Swaffer, then *Daily Sketch* art editor, and pointed out that I had no receipt for the money expended, Swaff's answer was typical.

"Not your fault, old boy! What do I want a receipt for?"

What looked like being one of my toughest picture collecting jobs in 1918 concerned a Middlesex Regiment soldier who had been bound

over after shooting dead his "unfaithful" wife. We wanted pictures of both him and the dead woman.

When, round about midnight, I reached the North London tenement where he lived, my knock on the door was greeted by lurid language from the occupant. He seemed angry at being disturbed at that late hour. It looked as if I was booked for a rough house when suddenly I remembered two badges in my pocket, one of the Middlesex Regiment and one of the "Bufs," with which unit I had served during the first World War.

### Emblem of Friends

A split second before the door opened I managed to affix the Middlesex emblem in my buttonhole. Then I was face to face with the man I wanted to interview.

"What the h——?" he began, angrily. Then, as he spotted the badge, he stopped in his stride, his face cleared as if by magic, and his attitude changed to one of utmost friendliness.

"The 'ole 'die-hards'!" he shouted. "Have a go, pal!"—and handed me a huge jug of beer.

Within ten minutes I was on my way back to the office with pictures of himself and his dead wife.

If there is one golden rule in journalism, it's never to quit the office until you are officially "off duty." The value of that maxim was proved one evening in April, 1918, when I was "holding the

fort" on my own on night reporting in the *Daily Sketch* newsroom.

Ten minutes to midnight and all quiet seemed two good reasons to be on my homeward way, but as I was about to "pack up" for the night the telephone rang. A Colonel Sandeman was on the line.

"My nephew, Brigadier-General Sandeman Carey," he said, "has written me an account of the 'stopping of the gap' incident in France." With a note of pride creeping into his voice, the Colonel added: "You've heard of my nephew, of course? Would you care to see his account?"

Would we? How that "scratch" Army Corps was formed, how it held the gap of many miles between General Byng's right flank and the 5th Army, was one of the biggest stories of the day.

"We'll send a man down in the morning," I told Colonel Sandeman, and went myself even though it should have been my day off duty.

The Colonel, a typical old Army officer who had fought at Balaclava, lived at Hayling Island. He met me at the station. After a pleasant chat over a generous goblet of the famous Sandeman port, I left with invaluable letters from the nephew, plus a small collection of photographs of various members of my host's fighting family—a splendid scoop.

Suppose, though, I had "cut off" five minutes before that telephone rang?

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## My Lucky Break With King George and Queen Mary

By H. W. DOUGHTY

**M**Y picture of King George and Queen Mary arriving at Ramsey, I.O.M., July 14th, 1920, brings back to memory a sheer stroke of good luck.

The morning Their Majesties should have landed at Douglas, I.O.M., a sudden gale sprang up making a landing at Douglas impossible. With J. Perkin (*Daily News*) I got out early.

A Naval officer who stood on the quay said: "Are you Press men? If so I'll let you into a secret. I've just had a message from the Royal Yacht that it is too rough to land here, so she is going round to Ramsey, which is more sheltered."

All the other Press people were in their hotels having breakfast. We got a car to Ramsey. On the way we picked up Hallas, the *Daily Mail* photographer. We warned the civic heads, who

donned all their best clothes and got to the pier in time for the arrival of the Royal Party.

After formalities we got back to Douglas before the Royal Party arrived.

I discovered the night boat back to Liverpool was to start an hour earlier than scheduled, so I smuggled myself aboard with the precious plates. I was the only one arriving at Liverpool early next morning with photographs of the Royal visit. The *Manchester Evening News* was the only paper that day with pictures of the Royal visit.

I learned afterwards that the *Daily Mail* had chartered a special plane to fly the pictures back, but the pilot, getting into the old-fashioned machine of that time, put his foot on Hallas's precious plates and smashed them to pieces—which proves there is nothing like good luck.

# When Fortune Smiled On Us . . .

CAMERAMAN Norman Midgley dropped breathlessly into the seat of the airplane which was taking us from Ringway, Manchester, to Baldonnell, Eire's airport.

"Lucky to have made it," he panted.

I just nodded agreement because I had no breath to spare either. But Midgley's words were prophetic.

Business had been slack, so the newsroom told us to fly to Eire, cover a number of routine jobs and find a few feature stories. We had nearly missed that plane through delays at the air service booking office and a traffic jam. We had just managed to scramble aboard after the plane had been held back a minute. That was on July 18th, 1938.

When the plane bounced on Baldonnell's tarmac we had recovered our wind sufficiently to plan a pleasant evening in Dublin—you can imagine what we had in mind.

But the best laid schemes of two newspapermen—anyway, you know the rest.

## Irish Humour

At the airport Customs shed a Dublin photographer was talking to a short, slim young man wearing a leather jacket and shabby tweed trousers.

"Who's that?" we asked.

"He says he's just flown the Atlantic by mistake," an official replied, casually.

We thought that might be an Irishman's idea of humour, but we were taking no chances.

The airport bus conductor was becoming impatient. "Hurry up," he said. "We're late. Jump in if you're going."

"Just a moment, old man," we pleaded. "We want to know who that chap is."

We missed the bus. And found a story which led the front pages of the world's newspapers.

By a lucky chance we had landed at Baldonnell an hour after Douglas (Wrong Way) Corrigan, 31-year-old American airman, had made one of the most remarkable Atlantic crossings in aviation history. He flew from New York to Eire in a nine-year-old, £180 plane, in 28 hours 13 minutes—four hours' better time than Lindbergh. His food on the trip was two bars of chocolate and some toffee; drink—a gallon of water.

And he insisted that he had flown the Atlantic by mistake.

by RONALD PEARSON

*"The best laid plans . . ." And sometimes for the best, as happened when this reporter and cameraman NORMAN MIDGLEY, of the "Daily Express," did a routine trip to Ireland and found a world story.*



*" . . . a short, slim young man wearing a leather jacket and shabby tweed trousers"—Douglas Corrigan.*

"I wanted to get from New York to Los Angeles," he said.

Corrigan was modest about his achievement.



He seemed mildly amused at the excitement he had caused. When he landed he simply said to the officials: "Hullo, I'm Corrigan, I've just flown the Atlantic. It was a mistake."

Corrigan couldn't be shaken off his story that his flight was a glorious mistake. Nobody believed him, but we were glad for his quiet insistence. It made a better story—and all the "routine and feature" stories we wanted. Our news editor in Manchester at the time was Ronald Hyde, now of the *Evening Standard*. He had a flash of Corrigan's arrival in Eire and was praying that we would not miss him at Baldonnel. He chartered a plane to bring back any pictures, and within two hours of Corrigan landing the plates were on their way to London.

We caught all editions and had a good beat over all the other papers.

#### The Picture on Right.

This is a photograph of the wreck of the Hull trawler "Skegness," which took place in September, 1935, at the foot of the 420-ft. Speeton Cliffs, near Flamborough, Yorkshire.

The crew of ten of this ill-fated trawler were all drowned. Midgley flew to the wreck to get a close-up picture, an exciting adventure not without its hazards. It was, indeed, such a good story that the "Daily Express" ran a full account of it the next day, together with the pictures Midgley took.

The photograph shown here, however, is one taken by a local photographer just as Midgley's plane flew in close to the wreck, skimming a few feet above the water. The photographer was standing on the cliffs above the trawler and the plane when he secured this striking picture.



## PIONEER CORRESPONDENTS OF THE 1870 WAR

IN 1868 a company was formed to take over the almost defunct *Daily News*. Mr. (later Sir) John Robinson decided to pep up matters. When the Franco-German War broke out two years later he had his opportunity. At that time the custom of War Correspondents had been to send only the very sketchiest of telegrams from the scene of action, supplementing these by voluminous letters sent later by post. Such dispatches were often finely written but they arrived when the first public interest in events was cooling off.

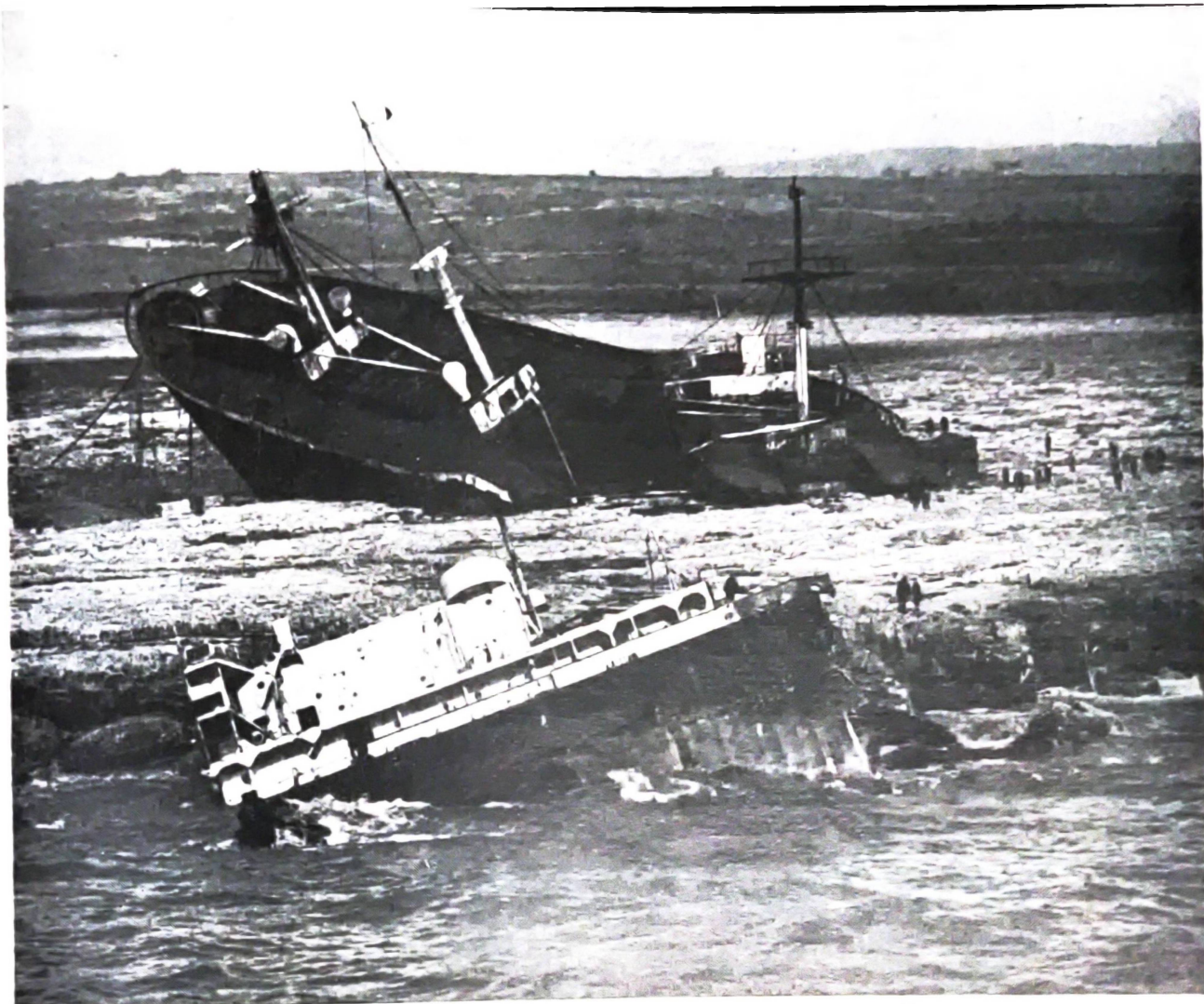
Robinson instructed his seventeen correspondents at the front to *telegraph everything* and ignore the cost. This "latest intelligence" so increased the prestige of the paper that its circulation shot up threefold within a single week.

### W. A. BAGLEY recalls the enterprise of the old *Daily News*.

It was in this campaign that Archibald Forbes made a name for himself as a pioneer War Correspondent. He was on the spot when the French emperor surrendered his sword to the Germans, and was the first foreign newspaperman in Paris after the capitulation. He sent home a memorable dispatch, "Paris in Flames."

In the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone, questioned on the subject, said that his Government were without any news and that he hoped the *Daily News* dispatch might prove exaggerated. Unfortunately, it proved only too true.





## Wreck of the "Samtampa"

**T**HIS is a picture taken from an aircraft by Norman Midgley, and shows the wreck of the "Samtampa" lying off Porthcawl where, in April this year (1947), she was driven ashore, a total loss. But the grim tragedy did not end with the death of her crew of 40 who perished in the storm; the Mumbles lifeboat put out to rescue the "Samtampa" men, and every man in the lifeboat crew lost his life.

Wherever there is drama and tragedy of great pictorial quality—and a shipwreck invariably makes a stirring picture—the Press cameraman is sped on his way to "shoot" the scene. Sometimes it is a dangerous assignment; sometimes easy; but always urgent, to be done at top speed.

In the case of the "Samtampa," Mr. Midgley chartered a 'plane from Barton, Manchester, to fly to the scene, get his pictures, and fly to Cardiff in time to catch the editions.

Here is the time-table as recorded by Mr. Midgley.

2.30 : Left Barton.

3.40 : Arrived at Cardiff and dropped off the portable picture transmitter and operator. The operator went to the Post Office to fix up ready for my return.

4.00 : Took off again for Porthcawl, where I took pictures of the wreck.

4.45 : Arrived back at Cardiff and rushed to the Post Office. There I developed the negatives and made the prints. I wired the pictures to London, Manchester and Glasgow.

7.00 : Left Cardiff.

8.00 : Arrived back at Barton, Manchester.

The time taken for the whole operation was about five and a half hours, during which 450 miles were travelled, the negatives developed and printed, and the pictures wired.

And that is just another day's work in a Press cameraman's life.



This spicy and amusing piece of writing by cartoonist J. C. WALKER is aptly entitled the

## Private Life of a Cartoonist

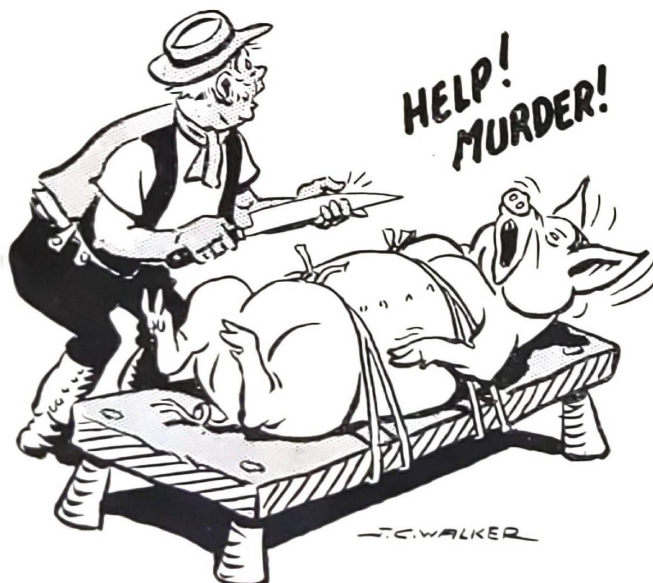
AT a time when I was turning out eight cartoons a week, six "dailies" and two "Sundays," and for three months turned out twelve a week, six for the *South Wales Echo* and six for the *Western Mail* (I am not a trade unionist), people used to say: "Surely you have no time for sleep or to indulge in recreation?"

Yet during those days (as now, with just six cartoons, five for the *South Wales Echo* and one for the *Sunday Empire News*) I enjoyed horse riding, fly-fishing, visiting farmers and rifle-shooting.

This last is a most interesting hobby. Diddling the wind at ranges from 200 to 1,000 yards can be quite a problem, and I have achieved far more success in this direction than in diddling the Income Tax Collector, having competed in the "King's" final 100 at Bisley, 1935-38, been sixteen times in the Welsh International Team at Bisley, won the Welsh small-bore championship twice and the full-bore championship once (this year).

At fly-fishing I'm more often caught than the fish, and fox-hunting I've found painful yet

And anyone who thinks a cartoonist spends all his time drawing will change his mind after reading of Mr. Walker's activities in the 'restful' countryside.



instructive. Busting my collar-bone in 1945 proved to me that I was ambidextrous within certain limits. A few dozen cartoons I did left-handed passed the Editors, but the first cheque I signed left-handed was returned by the bank manager with a slip: "Regret I am unable to use the enclosed."

Having spent most of my youth in the country my nostrils became attuned to the scents of meadowsweet, bracken and the damp leaf-mould of plantations, so I guess it's only natural that I should want to spend my remaining days in such environment.

The country offers abundant humour in the way of incidents that can often be applied to a political situation. In farm sales, for example, there is far more humour to be discovered than in a car sales-room. In a farm sale it is the custom of the vendor to oil the bidders in preference to the machinery.



*"Well, John Strachey! And where is the bacon you promised to fetch home?"*



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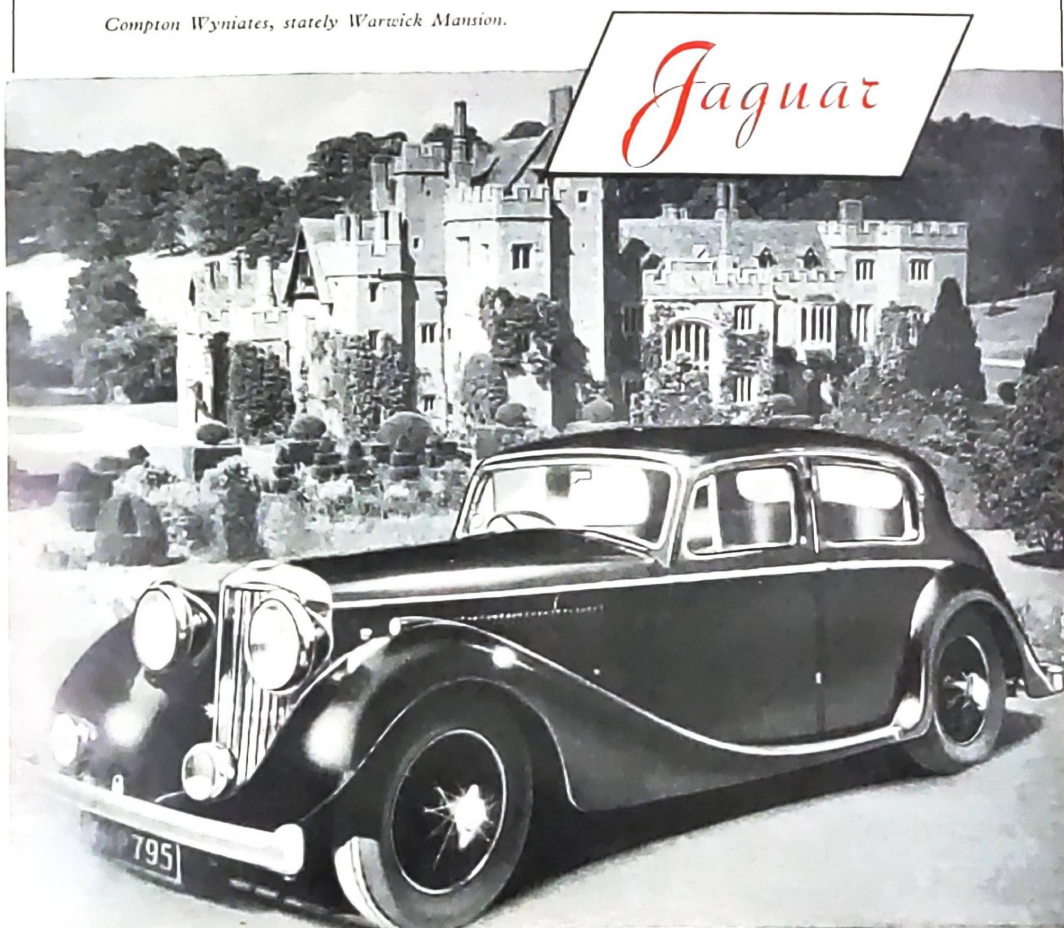
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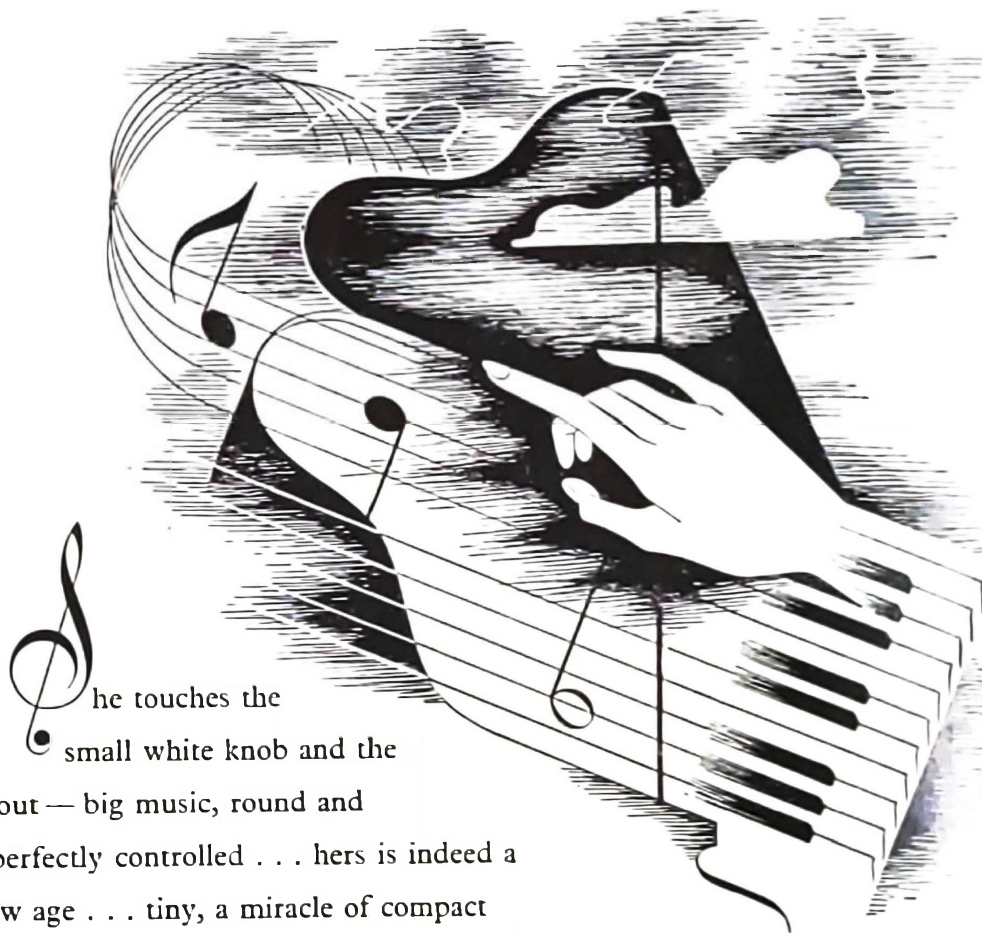
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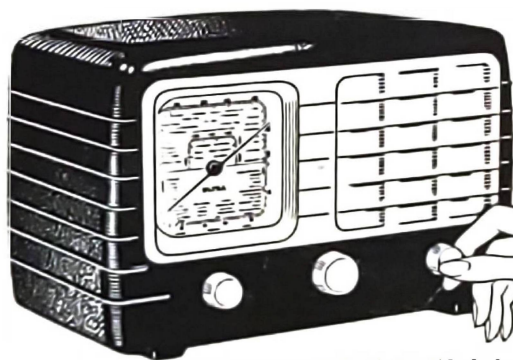


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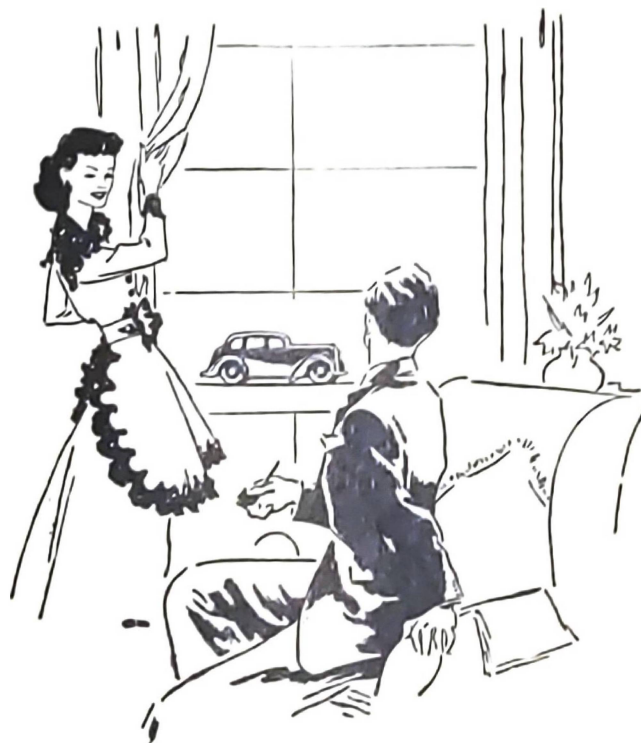
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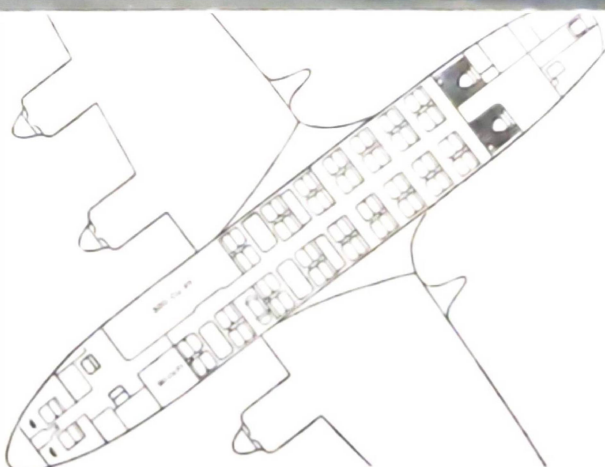


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"He's sent me to hell," the would-be biographer said to his wife after 'phoning Ernest Bevin.

"Fine. You can now write a detached book," she replied. And he did — 85,000 words in less than seven weeks, but says

—TREVOR EVANS—

## *It's Not Easy Being a Boswell*

ONE of the penalties of eminence suffered by a man like Ernest Bevin is that sooner or later someone like me comes along and tries to write his biography. For that he deserves sympathy.

The greatest burden placed on embryonic Boswells to Bevin is that while Bevin cannot help being Bevin he wants no Boswell. I know.

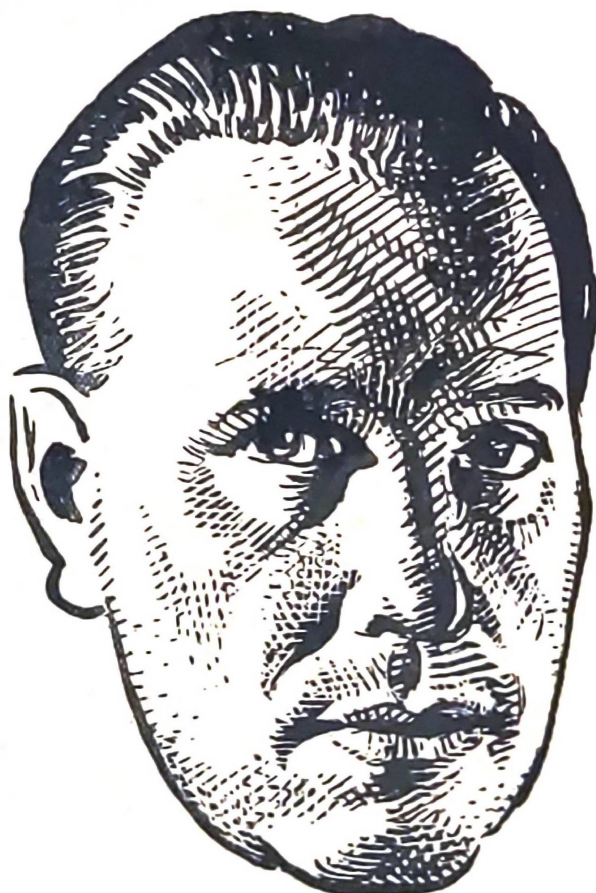
It all started so simply. It was a drowsy summer evening soon after the General Election of 1945. Late evenings, whatever the season of year, are harassing times in the offices of morning newspapers. There were forty minutes to first edition deadline and two trunk calls into the country. Then the telephone bell rang. I grabbed the receiver. It was not Newcastle. It was Mallory Brown, of the London bureau of the *New York Times*. Would I do a 3,000 word profile of the new Foreign Secretary within 48 hours? As Brown waited for my reply the operator butted in to say Newcastle was waiting, so I said "Yes" to Brown and talked to Newcastle.

### **Flattering Popularity**

An hour later I popped my head around my editor's door to ask his formal permission for the New York assignment. He was busy, too. So he said yes.

Few newspapermen are good critics of their own stuff. It was so flattering to have digests and magazines all over the world reproducing that *New York Times* article. I murmured to that candid philosopher, Paul Holt, "It wasn't all that good," and Paul blandly replied, "They'll lap up anything about Ernie," so I hastily assured Paul that my article wasn't all that bad, either.

Among those who felt that way was Storer Lunt, head of the New York publishing house of Nortons. It is remarkable how persistent an American publisher can be when he gets a notion into his head. He used Sir Stanley Unwin as



*As an artist sees TREVOR EVANS.*

his emissary, and Unwin can be pretty persuasive too. Or maybe he noticed that each of the six times I said "No," the successive negatives were increasingly less positive.

Early in October I came away from Unwin's office promising to deliver an 85,000 word manuscript in seven weeks — by December 1. It did not take long, even in a jolting taxi back to my own office, to work out that this means *only* 12,143 words a week, and 1,730 every night. Obliging things, figures. Of course, they cannot be expected to take into account such incidental considerations



as research, doing one's own job in the daytime, checking and cross-checking the memories of old men, working in the fabric of one man's life against the proud background of a whole movement. In fact, figures can be hateful. In the next six weeks I became their slave. Sometimes they elated me, oftener they cast me down.

Men can give you rebuffs, too, on a job like this. The first came quickly. Although I vowed that for seven weeks I would cut out all my private social life and become a hermit in my spare time, I couldn't let Mary down. My wife and I went to her wedding near Hampton Court on Saturday afternoon, October 13. So did two Ministers of the Crown and their wives and Bill, Bevin's most intimate pal. They were very excited about my new project, and one of the Ministers very conspiratorially gave me the telephone number of the South Coast hotel where Bevin was resting for a week. And his private extension. He added, "You'll be able to get through to Ernie straight away. Try him about 6.30 this evening."

I did. Oh, dear. Whatever you may think of Ernest Bevin, of his career, of his policy, allow me to let you in on one of his most pronounced characteristics. He says what he thinks. And how! In three well-chosen, well-packed sentences he told me what he thought of my *New York Times* article. He told me what he thought of me, but here there was the teeny-weeniest qualification which sounded as good as a formal laudatory address, and he told me what he thought of this biographical project. With remarkable economy in words, he managed to imply what he thought of my employers. It was a masterpiece of brevity. And when I hung up my receiver with still some time left of my first three minutes, I whispered from a constricted throat to my wife, "He's sent me to hell."

#### "I'll Show Him"

She is a philosophical woman. She replied, "That's fine. You can now write a really detached book." But that evening one of my precious 49 nights was wasted in brooding despair.

I ought to have hated Bevin. I probably would have done if I had called the whole thing off, there and then, although I had known him with intermittent degrees of intimacy as trade union leader and tremendous wartime Minister of Labour and controller of the nation's manpower



*"He told me what he thought . . . It was a masterpiece of brevity."*

over a span of twenty years. But my wife's advice led me to decide something like "all right, I'll show him."

But he showed me. The more I delved into the past of Bevin the more I found myself becoming a Bevin fan. And many other things to marvel at came my way — such as the clear memories of country folk. That stout playmate and distinctive Fleet Street character, Vivian Brodzky, and I spent a week-end together in the West Country from whence Bevin came. We met old folks who had been his boyhood companions. One had been his Sunday school teacher in the little Somerset township of Winsford. And the details they remembered of sixty years ago! Marvel at the memory of Mrs. Veysey, the dear old postmistress of Winsford, that the way to placate a recalcitrant dominating little five-year old Ernest Bevin was to let him hand out the hymnbooks at Sunday school and collect them at the end of the service. And rugged old Dan Hillman, who laboured with Bevin for nearly forty years, recalled with painfully clear detail the very feelings and thoughts of two poor young men as they indulged from time to time in the extravagance of rum and milk at twopence a time in a Bristol bar before starting work in the mornings. Carby Milton, now a leading townsman and magistrate of Copplestone, in Devon, remembers the schoolboy Bevin doing

such breakfast time chores as peeling and washing potatoes in a hillside stream. There was such a wealth of ores to extract from the veins of men's recollections.

There were other experiences. There was the inevitable refusal of co-operation because Bevin's approval had not been secured.

In the year of 1945 the deadline date of December 1 fell on a Saturday. In the early hours of the preceding Monday, November 26, the job was finished. As I crawled upstairs about 3 o'clock in the morning I did not care whether the job had been well or ill done. It was over. And five days had been lopped off the contract time, thus causing a readjustment of how many words had been worked out on average every evening. It was while working out how 85,000 words can be divided by 42 that I fell asleep.

#### Call from F.O.

Later that same morning I experienced in the office a really remarkable coincidence. I have no reason to suppose that in the weeks between October 13 and November 26 Bevin had given a second thought to our telephone talk of the earlier date. He was the most harassed man in Britain, partly because the world problems he had to tackle were becoming daily more complicated, partly because he makes work harder for himself by insisting on giving his personal attention to every detail.

Yet, at 11 a.m.—exactly 8 hours after I had finished the job, here was my office telephone ringing, and the voice of Bill, Bevin's pal, saying, "Ernie figures that if you are writing that book about him you must be getting near the end of it now. He wants to see the manuscript before you hand it in."

It might have been my turn to go all temperamental. But I couldn't. Bevin's life and deeds had won me over to admiration. I agreed with an alacrity which I could not even pretend to myself was inspired entirely by magnanimity. The truth is that I was suffering at that moment from the "morning after" feeling of repugnance to the nectar which had been so desirable the night before.

The emissary was Hector McNeil, then Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and an old newspaper man. He realised the sanctity of the deadline. So I urged Hector, "Please convince E.B. of the importance of reading this

quickly. I've got to hand it in by Saturday." Hector promised that, but was dubious of the result. The silence of foreboding descended on the Foreign Office. On Friday I telephoned Sir Stanley Unwin to explain the delay, but with shattering cheerfulness he replied, "That's splendid. Perhaps Bevin will hand you a lot of early pictures to illustrate the book." There are times when the mantle of eternal optimism is transferred from news-editors to publishers.

Ten days later, the deadline truly dead, I was summoned to the Foreign Office and ushered into the room and the presence of the great man.

I offered to make any amendment requested by him. He nodded non-committally. Then for half an hour he talked quietly and absorbingly of early high-spots in his life, confirming some of the things I had written, correcting others. So effortlessly he indicated what a wonderful book could be written by Bevin himself or by someone given the matchless advantage of his co-operation. You see, Bevin happens to be fascinated by his own experiences and awed by his own progress.

We stood up and shook hands when the audience ended. I expressed my gratitude for his reception, and started to say how I would amend my copy. Then, very quietly and in the same tone of voice which might have been used to comment on the weather, he observed, "Then you won't publish the book?"

I stammered and explained that I was completing a professional commission and now it was for the publishers to decide the fate of the work. Bevin's voice hardened as he ordered, "You must not do this." And, blow me, I was about to throw it all away! It was on the tip of my tongue to say, "O.K. brother," and then go out and rip the whole thing up. My copy. Not the one I had sent him. He kept that. But I did not yield. For months I dodged meeting Bevin. We exchanged letters with mounting coldness. Many, many letters.

#### Beamed Benignly

Down in Bournemouth during the Whitsun Conference of the Labour Party — half-way in time between that Foreign Office interview and the date of publication of the book — I was hurtling around the corner of a corridor in the Highcliffe Hotel when I collided with Ernest Bevin. We were both startled. I was confused



as well — and I could feel myself blushing. He said, in his kindest voice, "Hello, Trevor — how are you getting on? I don't see much of you these days, but I see from your paper that you are kept fairly busy." And he passed on, beaming benignly.

"You've got a nerve," I said to myself, "writing a book about a man who goes on baffling you as much as anyone in the world."

Well, it came out eventually, first in New York and about a week later in London. It created little stir. It got the reception it deserved.

But throughout the American reviews one critical note kept recurring. The critics complained that the author was a "yes man" to Bevin. They disapproved of "Evans's dreamy-eyed adoration of the Foreign Secretary."

### Repeated Mistake

Towards the end of the year Bevin went to New York to the United Nations conference. There was a great deal of anti-British feeling starting up at that time over the Palestine business.

Bevin went to a private dinner in New York one evening, and two or three of the guests talked about his early days and trade union difficulties. They were particularly interested in the famous Shaw Inquiry into dockers' wages and conditions. And they recalled Bevin's shattering cross-examination of a Cambridge University economist on what a docker ate for breakfast. That was the time Bevin earned his most cherished title of the "dockers' K.C." Bevin was surprised by the intimacy and fluency with which one of the guests recalled the details of that old fight.

When he returned to his own hotel he muttered to one of his advisers, with that sardonic drawl of his, "I knew they had been reading Trevor Evans's book because they repeated one of his mistakes." He then went on to explain that he had talked 26 years earlier about 4 ozs. of bacon a month — not a week. What a prodigious memory for details.

But the next time we met he was really affable.

And from that I concluded that my job of work had been worthwhile. One of the things it taught me was that Bevin is worth writing about. But I developed a fellow-feeling and deep affection for that much misunderstood man, Mr. Boswell.

There is a moral to all this. Never say "Yes" in a hurry to a man on the telephone.

## GILES DISPLACES JACK

By BASIL C. de GUERIN

AN agricultural correspondent's life is more interesting than that of any staff writer.

This does not mean that he is being constantly chased by mad bulls. Neither does it mean, as some seem to think, that he spends his days leaning over a stile watching the turnips rushing up out of the ground.

A writer on farming who really gets round to the farms in his district and watches—and sometimes helps—their owners at work learns more about life and the things in it that really matter than any colleague who spends his days investigating the latest murder sensation or covering a spate of Society weddings and their subsequent divorces.

If the unfortunate staff man set on such assignments survives without being certified and put away, he is still only a specialist at his gruesome trade. The agricultural writer in the meantime has acquired a working knowledge of many things besides that which he set out to seek.

Jack used to be the handyman about the house when on leave, but to-day Giles has to fill that bill all day and every day. He has to know every trade as well as his own and be able to practise them all.

To build a pig-sty he must be a bricklayer; he must have a working knowledge at least of well-sinking and how to work and mend the pumps; the tools of the plasterer's, carpenter's and builder's trades must be familiar to his hands; he must be able to stop leaks and mend burst pipes with the best plumber or tinker; and it goes without saying that the modern farmer must be a motor mechanic equal to any found in an ordinary garage. In the evening he becomes his own book-keeper and, when necessary, he can turn-to and act as housewife and cook.

All these occupations, and many more, are distinct and separate from his own job of farming, but he takes them in his stride as part of the day's work. Even Jack, the handyman of legendary fame, never showed such versatility.

The correspondent seeking news of such men as these cannot help but assimilate a certain amount of the knowledge he sees displayed in practice on every hand. No technical college will teach anyone to do a job of work as effectually as if his living

## *Pett Relies on the Old, Old Story*



SOMETHING NEW  
FOR "INKY WAY"?

WHAT ABOUT  
THE STORY  
OF MY LIFE?



NO? —  
WELL, HOW  
ABOUT —



A FEW  
HAND-SPRINGS?



NO GOOD? — WELL,  
I SUPPOSE IT WILL  
HAVE TO BE —



THE SAME  
OLD STRIP-  
TEASE!



PETT.



depends on it, as it often does. The onlooker who has been called in to help wield a monkey-wrench, or to assist in making a "mix" of mortar before an oncoming storm breaks, knows more than he did when he set out to enquire the local progress of crops or stock.

Indirectly the mantle of the farmer descends on the writer on farming. To know his job the latter must have free entry to the homes of his "constituents." He must be prepared to mind the baby while Mrs. Farmer gives an eye to the girls in the dairy—not conversely—or perhaps help to load the churns on the lorry that is late for the depot.

If he is willing to do these things, then to him comes the thick slice of home-made bread, with

butter, honey and sometimes even cream. The cup of strong brewed tea that accompanies the feast tastes better than any cocktail dished up by some gory-fingernailed ghoul at a Mayfair necking-party.

The farming correspondent who gathers his materials as he flashes through the country in the firm's car or, worse still, in a railway carriage knows no more of his subject than he can see. The writer who can enter the hearts and homes of those who follow the trade he loves knows that here lies the real life of this troubled land. He feels the heart of England beating beneath the stricken surface, and he knows that here, amongst the men of many jobs, lies the greatness of the country's future as it has always laid in the past.

## My "Soup And Fish" Copper

HANNEN SWAFFER, a dinner-jacket and I have something in common—and it accounts for the extremely good view I take of policemen.

Before the war I was the local correspondent of a trade journal which didn't pay much, but did at least pay regularly. Any freelance will understand that I wanted to keep "in." One morning I had a panic call. Could I cover an important conference in a seaside town? I accepted by return: I wanted the money—badly.

I arrived on the job with a spare pair of shoes and cleaning kit, reported to the editor (having a weakness for fun and games, he was on the job in person), found lodgings, and went to work. And I mean work. Delegates to conferences, and even editors, may be able to parcel out the jobs: the freelance lucky enough to report them takes the bundle, whole.

### Police Ball Suit

Among the festivities was a Banquet. Yes, a real one with a big B, with titles, decorations, big-wigs, socialites and ballyhoo. It was hot and I was told that I *must* have a dinner-jacket. I tried every second-hand shop in that darned town; I 'phoned friends near enough to help; I trudged to tailor after tailor. When my feet felt as if they'd worn off I went to the police station.

A sergeant strolled in, listened to my yarn, and looked me over. He said: "Chum, I've got a suit I bought for the Police Ball. I'll lend it to you."

The suit nearly fitted; I bought a shilling's

by WALLACE ARTER

worth of studs and links, gave my shoes an extra rub and reported to my editor. He remarked about donkeys having long ears, sighed, and led me to the banquet. I sat opposite the Chief Constable!

I was luckier than "Swaff," who once had—and probably enjoyed—the distinction of being the only man not in dinner clothes at an important function.

One swallow doesn't make a summer and one kindly police sergeant doesn't make all our policemen "wonderful," as visiting film stars say. But I've received so much help from the police—and seen the kindnesses they've done—that I admire them. There was, for instance, the policeman who answered the telephone in a call-box late one night when I badly wanted a word with a local councillor. He said: "I was passing and heard the bell. You ring back in ten minutes. I'll have him here." And he did.

There was the sergeant who took the trouble to go out to get me a late election result one winter night. And there was the inspector who handed me the story of one of the best "good turns" I've ever heard of: the whip-round among the police of a certain city to buy a second-hand push-bike for a poor devil they'd found *walking* seven miles to work at a coal-mine.

I could go on and many a journalist could match yarn for yarn. But I'll never forget that sergeant whose dinner-jacket nearly fitted me.

# Murder Genius at the 'Yard'— and What He Forgot

**E**VEN at this stretch of Time I cannot recall The Case of The Beautiful Woman Stabbed In a Luxury Yacht without raising my hat to an unknown genius of Scotland Yard whose instinct for the dramatic might have brought him a fortune as a plotter of sensational films.

It was in my *Daily Mail* days. One night I had gone home late, tired after a heavy day, leaving the News Room in charge of my assistant, "Mac." It looked as if the news of the night had all come in. The pages had been made up, not to be altered unless something really big broke for the late morning edition.

"Hope you'll have a quiet night," I said to "Mac" as I handed over.

With "Mac" on the night watch I went home confident. As a hunter of late hard news he was unsurpassed, but he also had the gift of caution to temper his enthusiasm. You need men like that for the late turn in newspaper offices—men who won't neglect the news that comes after newspaper bedtime, but men who also won't muck things up by altering the paper over a triviality—or, even more important, men who won't be caught off their guard by practical jokers or by other people who . . . well, read on.

Scotland Yard in those days neither understood nor appreciated the Press as they do in these more enlightened times of closer co-operation with newspaper men in the fight against crime. If only its "higher-ups" had realised that newspapers don't publish cock-and-bull yarns without first checking up, this tale would never have been told.

I got to bed soon after one o'clock that morning. I had just slipped into that delightful half-conscious state of drowsiness that usually precedes sleep when the telephone at my bedside rang.

At the other end was "Mac."

"Sorry to bother you, T.C., but I'm puzzled about a story we are on. Looks like a first rate murder mystery and yet . . . I dunno . . ."

"Tell me, 'Mac,'" I said, as I lay rubbing my sleepy eyes.

★ *By TOM CLARKE* ★

*who from an immense wealth of experience as a newspaperman has selected this bizarre incident and tells how he dealt with it when he was Editor of the "Daily Mail."*

"Well," he proceeded, "someone rang us up not long ago . . ."

"Who?"

"He wouldn't say, but he said that he knew that Scotland Yard were making inquiries about a mysterious tragedy down the river."

I may be a little out in my details, for I am relating events of years ago, but the story Scotland Yard were said to be investigating ran something like this:—

*POLICE, BECOMING SUSPICIOUS OF A LUXURIOUS YACHT LYING IN THE RIVER OFF GRAVESEND, WENT ABOARD. IN THE SUMPTUOUSLY FURNISHED CABIN THEY FOUND A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN STABBED DEAD IN A POOL OF BLOOD. NEAR HER WAS A MAN IN EVENING DRESS, ALSO DEAD. IN HIS VEST POCKET WAS A VISITING CARD WITH AN ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER IN THE LONDON DISTRICT.*



" . . . drowsiness, when the telephone at my bedside rang."





*" They found a young woman, stabbed dead . . . in a pool of blood ;  
near her a man . . . also dead."*

" Yes, go on, ' Mac,' " I said, startled out of my dreams, " what have you done about it ? "

He had first telephoned the local police. The officer on duty had laughed at him.

" 'Ow you papers do get 'old of cock an' bull yarns," he said, " why don't you go home to bed ? "

And then (said " Mac ") a strange thing happened. There was a scuffling sound as if someone had snatched the telephone receiver from the duty officer, and a quite different voice asked, " What do you want to know ? "

" It's about a report of a woman found dead in a yacht off Gravesend. Have you any information ? "

" Well—er—that's right, but we can't tell you anything more about it yet."

" Have you the name—and what about the man ? "

But the telephone had gone " dead."

" Mac " thought that was rather fishy—especially after the first chap he had talked to had thrown the story down.

Still more fishy. When "Mac" tried to telephone the Golders Green number said to be on the visiting card of the dead man in the yacht he found there was no such number. Checking further he also found there was no such address as the one given.

"I'm puzzled," said "Mac" to me. "It may be a hoax, and yet you never know. . . . And we are going to Press in a minute or two; but I don't think the story stands up."

By now I was wideawake.

"No, 'Mac,' don't write a single line about that story yet," I said. "Not even as a rumour. But do two things right away. Send two reporters by car to dig out the local coroner's officer down river. If dead bodies are lying about in yachts he's sure to know. He'd be the first to be called in. He's got to be. Get the reporters to 'phone you when they have seen him. The other thing. 'Phone the Coroner himself direct. He's on the 'phone anyhow and will be easier to find. He ought to have been told by the police by now. He'll be annoyed at being disturbed at this time o' night but we've got to risk that—and if you explain the dilemma we are in he might forgive you . . . But don't use a word of that story without ringing me up again."

It was not much later that McKenzie telephoned me that he had raised the Coroner on the telephone, and that he had been quite nice about it and assured us that *he knew nothing of any dead bodies in a yacht or anywhere else*. He added that if the story were true he would most certainly have heard about it—or there would be a row.

The same complete throw-down had come from the coroner's officer when our two reporters located him.

So the thrilling drama was still-born.

I turned into bed again. I lay awake for quite a while wondering who had invented such a yarn, and why. I thought of the tricks of practical jokers; but this was different because of *that mysterious second voice at the police station which had butted in to contradict the first policeman*.

I had not long to wait for the solution.

Next afternoon two cards were brought up to my office. One was that of a Scotland Yard detective; the other that of a Post Office investigator. I saw them in the waiting room.

The Scotland Yard man greeted me thus:

"You are the News Editor of this paper?"

"I am," I replied.

"I take it," he continued, "that you keep a record of all incoming telephone calls."

"May I ask what is the purpose of your inquiry?" I said.

"Oh, come now," said the detective, politely impatient, "you know very well that last night you received a telephone message concerning a man and woman dead in a yacht . . ."

I saw the whole thing in a flash. It was a "plant." There had been no yacht, no stabbed woman, no man with a visiting card in his pocket. It was Scotland Yard trying to catch someone suspected of passing information to the Press.

### The Yard Knew

Newspapers receive information from all sorts of sources. Much of it—as in this case—is unsought; but whatever source it comes from no newspaper can afford to neglect investigation.

No one in our office knew the identity of the person who had telephoned the tale of the yacht mystery—but Scotland Yard knew it.

There had been leakage to the Press of messages which passed through a certain telephone exchange. A clever plot—too clever—had been laid to get to the bottom of the matter. The lurid story of the Beautiful Woman, the Luxury Yacht and the Midnight Tragedy had been invented by an ingenious detective. It had then been arranged to telephone this Edgar Wallace effort from the local Police to Scotland Yard, and that the call should be passed through the suspected person at a certain exchange.

If anything of the story appeared in the Press—well, the chain of evidence would be complete.

The first hitch was obviously at the local police station where the man who first answered the telephoned enquiry from "Mac" was obviously not in the plot.

The second hitch was caused by overloading the story with false clues so easy to investigate and throw down—the non-existent address and telephone number.

But the major thing that Scotland Yard forgot was to put the Coroner and his officer wise to their scheme.

And so the story of the Beautiful Woman Stabbed in the Yacht did *not* appear in print; and Scotland Yard had to don its considering cap again in order to remedy this broken link in their chain of evidence.



Where a newspaper is published you will find one especially busy man—the Editor. This is as true of the Provincial as of the National newspaper, and in this article you are given a true picture of

# *The Life of a Provincial Editor*

By

JOHN F. GOULDEN

Editor, "Evening Chronicle,"  
Newcastle-on-Tyne

who, in the highest tradition of the editorial chair, holds: "... only the best paper will sell."

AS I walked along the corridor the door of my room was open. Sunlight streamed on to the Turkey carpet and strayed on to the pile of papers on my desk.

And beyond the desk—the smiling face and broad bulk of my Chief Sub-editor.

A good chief-sub is an Editor's most priceless asset (next to a sense of proportion and a sense of humour), for he is his right-hand man.

Percy looked up as I entered.

"Just wondered if you were in yet," he said in explanation of his presence.

"Why, anything doing?" I queried.

"No, just the usual, but we've got some men on holiday and one off sick. It's going to be a tight day."

In the offices of the National newspapers they have all kinds of editors; almost as many, it seems, as readers, but here in the Provinces—well, I've just got Percy, 6 feet, 12 stone or more, unhurried and loyal.

## **Editorial Executives**

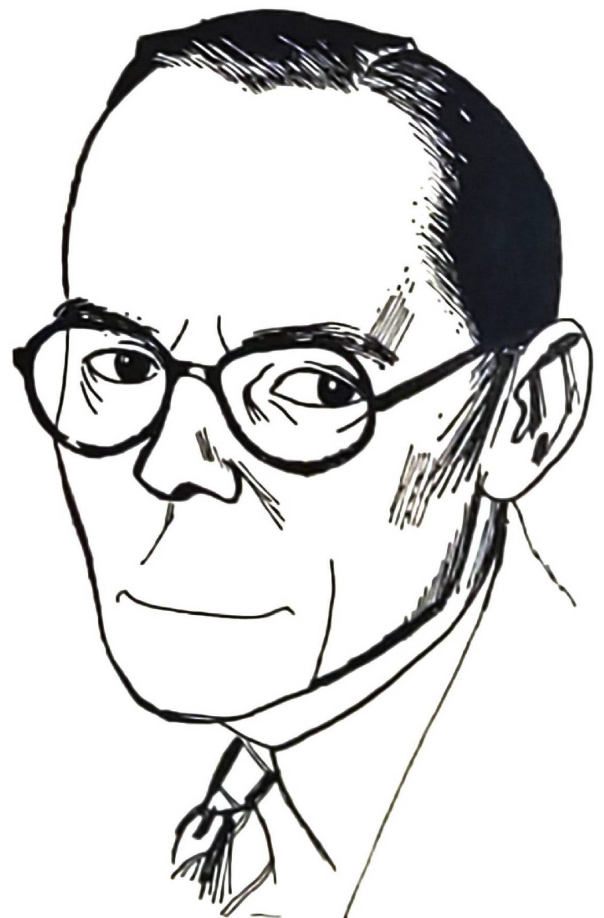
Yes, I have a News Editor, a Sports Editor and a Women's Page Editor. They all do their not inconsiderable share in the production of the day's paper. They all come into my working day, sometimes quietly, sometimes boisterously, but always they are there, and always the major problem is the same.

Time and space.

So little of either and so much to do with both. Every day one has to balance claims of many competing interests.

Politics. Do we publish sufficient or too much? In the world of newspapers we realise only too well how much the future depends on a politically-educated nation, but how much politics will the public read, and still buy your paper?

News. Should we play up the grave events of the day or make more of the lighter and seamier side? There's always a public for that. How much local material should we publish



against the flood of national and international news?

Sport. A great outlet for British feelings, and an important part of modern life. Do we give sufficient or too much? Would it be better if people read less sport and more politics?

Cartoons, Pictures, Special Features, Crime Stories. Always the same question. How much shall each have?

Every task is timed to the minute. Every minute of everybody's life has to be fitted into the paper's production schedule. We have our misfortunes and we have our setbacks.

It is the Editor's job to see that his paper suffers as few as possible of either. He must get the right man on the right job at the right time.

Gone are the leisurely days of visiting the Club, hobnobbing with a few prominent local citizens, and writing the day's leading article.

Only 100 per cent. first-class work from every member of the staff will produce the best paper. And only the best paper will sell.

Sometimes, in our weaker moments, we say to ourselves "Oh, what's the use? The public doesn't care anyway."

I wrote in our weaker moments, and I mean that, because the public do care and they do matter. They want their newspapers up to the minute; they want them to stimulate and to amuse, to flatter and to instruct. A difficult and often contradictory aim, but is that not like life itself?

### Every Activity Concerned

Were an Editor's work confined to the office life would be much easier, but if a Provincial newspaper is to reflect the life and activities of the area it serves—and that should be its chief task—the Editor's interest must penetrate into every activity.

Therefore, I play golf, bridge and bowls. I go to the theatre and the cinema, attend discussions, take part in brains trusts, go to church, the races and the speedway. To which you might justifiably remark, "Not a bad life either."

But have you *had* to go to the speedway with a splitting headache and had to be charming—or at least as pleasant as possible—to all kinds of people?

Have you *had* to go to the theatre or somebody's dance when you would much rather have



*"It starts with letters—the daily pile may run to as many as one hundred."*

subsided quietly into a chair by the fireside and dozed through the evening radio programme?

Have you *had* to sit through a film watching a star you dislike intensely while her Publicity Agent sits in the next seat watching your every reaction?

Obviously, unless you are also an Editor, the answer is "no."

### Average Day's Work

But let us get back to the office and my average day there.

It starts with letters. The daily pile may run to as many as 100. Certainly they are all opened and sorted, but they have to be dealt with.

Then there are articles to read, suggestions to consider, complaints to investigate and a few personal problems of readers thrown in for good measure.

There are Leaders to discuss with the Leader Writer, conferences with the News Editor and Chief Sub-editor, pages of the day's paper to approve as they become ready for press, and managerial and executive problems to settle.

From all of which you might gather that I am fed-up with the whole bag of tricks, but you are wrong. Hopelessly wrong. It is grand, stimulating and satisfying, and the feeling when each day is over that you have done your share in keeping this old world going.



Thirty-two years ago Kapitan Schweiger fired two torpedoes, sank the *Lusitania* and killed 1,198 people. Here A. CLARKE STOREY reveals how he beat the world on that story. He says —

## “IT WAS THE PLANNING THAT PAID”

THE sun struck warmly on an almost calm sea off the Old Head of Kinsale that afternoon of May 7, 1915. Kapitan Schweiger, his eyes glued to the periscope, barked an order. U.19 swung into position. Another order and two torpedoes sped on their mission of death. A few seconds and two dull booms told that they had reached their mark in the starboard side of the 40,000 tons R.M.S. *Lusitania*, the pride of the Cunard line. The *Lusitania* carried 1,255 passengers and a crew of 651. The attack was without warning and 1,198 lives were lost. At a Kinsale inquest later a verdict of “wilful and wholesale murder against the officers of the submarine and the Emperor and government of Germany under whose orders they acted” was recorded. As all the world knows, this act brought the United States into World War I.

That in brief is the story, but it is rather of the story behind the story that I would write—how through my efforts the *Daily Mail* alone among English morning newspapers the following day carried one and a half columns of interviews with survivors. All other newspapers, with the exception of the *Daily Express*, Dublin, now defunct, and the *Belfast Newsletter*, carried only the bare announcement of the sinking.

In those days I was Chief Sub-editor and acting editor of the Dublin *Daily Express* and I landed in the office that afternoon to find that the Chief Sub of our evening paper, the *Evening Mail*, the late John Murphy, who was Dublin correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, had already left by road for Queenstown on the orders of the *Daily Mail*'s news-editor. A quick check up on time and approximate place of the disaster showed me that survivors would probably be landed long before anyone travelling either by road or rail could reach Queenstown.

How to get interviews and have them passed by censor was the problem. We had two phones. On one, I rang up the night supervisor and inquired how many lines he had to Queenstown. He had only two, and laughed at my suggestion that I could collar one line for several hours. He agreed, however, that there was no reason

why I should not book calls to everyone in Queenstown if I wished. He also arranged that the phone on which I was speaking should be kept clear of local incoming calls in favour of calls from England.

Then the *Daily Mail* came through from London. The line was very bad and I told the news-editor that he had better let the Manchester office handle all traffic with Dublin. I arranged that Manchester should come through to me at fixed times.

From the Queenstown directory I picked out about a dozen centres, such as police, coastguard and especially hotels, and from about 9 p.m. onwards a series of calls was put through; as one finished another was booked. I found the hotel manageresses most willing to help and each was instructed to pick out the most intelligent of any survivors brought to the hotel and to anchor him or her alongside the telephone.

Meantime I rang the office of the Irish Press Censor, Lord Decies, and with the kind co-operation of Captain Reggie Shaw, his deputy, arranged that his assistant, Captain Williamson, should be available in the *Express* office to censor matter as it came in.

### Eye Witness

The arrangements panned out perfectly. About 11 p.m. I went through to one hotel and found survivors were just coming in. I hung on and my manageress friend brought to the phone a Canadian major of artillery who actually saw one of the torpedoes on its way. He gave me a most graphic story which, as written and censored, was passed to the other phone for transmission to Manchester. Other Queenstown contacts were equally successful and several useful stories were garnered. Copy was also phoned to the *Belfast Newsletter*, whose correspondent I was.

My calculations were correct in practically every respect. None of the Dublin correspondents got to Queenstown before the survivors had been put to bed, and what stories the local men got had to be passed by censor. Yes, I am rather proud of this “story behind the story.”

# MY MEMORIES

by

MONTAGUE SMITH

THE job of which I am proudest? Yes, I can easily remember that, though it is getting on for forty years gone by. It was the first job I ever had to do in London journalism.

From a local weekly, where so many of the best journalists are still trained (in my case *The Folkestone Herald*), I had joined the old London News Agency. There was to be an official inquiry into a rail smash on the G.W.R. I was sent to cover it.

When, with my new colleagues and rivals of the other Agencies, Press Association, Central News and Exchange Telegraph Company, as they then were, we arrived at Paddington we were informed that the inquiry was to be held in private. My colleagues departed.

But not I. Was not I, rising 21, representing the whole Press and people for the first time? I demanded to see the highest possible official of the G.W.R., and at once.

Him found, he politely pointed out that it was not the decision of the G.W.R. but of H.M. Inspector to hold the inquiry in private. I replied that, however that might be, the inevitable impression left on the mind of the public—to be gathered, it was to be inferred, from my report—would be that the G.W.R. had something to hide.

## "I Was The Press"

It worked. He came back in a short time to say that my view having been represented to the Inspector he had decided to admit the Press. I was The Press.

And when, after lunch, my Agency rivals, having read the running columns of my story in the early editions of the evenings, returned I tasted, as never since so fully, the glorious personal pride of a "scoop."

Pride in my Profession? The late Lord Northcliffe stimulated me more than anyone else in that he had his own peculiar methods of doing it, too.

Soon after I had been appointed Lobby Correspondent of the *Daily Mail* (I was still



★ At 22, Montague Smith, Lobby Correspondent, *Daily Mail*, exclusively interviewed a Minister—a heady achievement for a youngster, until Northcliffe told him a hard truth about "politicians." ★

*That was a first lesson in Mr. Smith's distinguished career. He is rich in memories and has dipped into them generously in these pages.*

only 22, and the youngest man, I believe, ever to hold such a post) I got an exclusive interview with the then Secretary of State for War on an important topic of the time.

It ran to more than a column of the old



*Mail*. I was as pleased as a dog with two tails. But not for long.

I had a summons to see "The Chief." "Did you, my boy," he said, "write this article in my paper this morning?"

"I did, indeed, Chief," I said proudly.

"Well," he went on, "if you ever write anything like that in my paper again I'll sack you without notice."

Behold me fallen. "Why, Chief?" I humbly asked.

"Read the opening paragraph to me," he said fiercely. And I did—something like this: "The Secretary of State for War gave an interview to a representative of the *Daily Mail* yesterday in which. . ."

"That's enough," thundered the Chief. "No one ever gives interviews to representatives of my paper. We always give interviews to them. Just you remember as long as you are a good journalist you'll be of far more use to politicians and the like than they'll ever be to you."

And added, to soften the blow: "My Rolls-Royce is downstairs. I'll tell the chauffeur it is at your disposal for the rest of the day. Go back to the House of Commons in it, and get used to your own importance."

*Unhappy postscript*. I never succeeded in getting the cashiers to take a similar view.

Pride and Prejudice? Both were mine on a memorable occasion of the Paris Peace Conference after the last war but one. Some of you may remember it, cynically.

Billy Hughes, the Australian delegate, came to me—I was in Paris reporting it for the *Mail*—and said, in effect: "The British Empire delegation are very upset at being asked to accept some new arrangements with regard to the ex-German colonies which are to be called the Mandatory Principle."

### First-Class Row

"The reason for it is," he went on, "that President Wilson does not like the idea of the German Pacific Islands going outright to Japan. He says United States opinion would not stand for the Japs having full ownership of them."

"But Japan, it seems, must get something. So they are to have a 'mandate,' and in order to make this look right we have got to accept this mandatory principle throughout the Empire

for taking over Germany's other colonies. There is a first-class row behind the scenes about it, and people generally ought to know what is going on."

I wrote the story. It was, of course, dynamite. I left a copy at Lloyd George's house in Paris with a note asking for comment and saying it would not be published without his approval.

I called again in the evening, was told the Prime Minister had no comment to make.

So the *Mail* published the story. And then, what an explosion! A political atom bomb could hardly have produced more effect. President Wilson announced that, so much was he insulted, he had given orders for a warship to be ready to take him back at once to the United States.

### "Everlastingly Rebuked"

Appeasement was only possible at my expense. Both Lloyd George and Wilson addressed Press Conferences at which the article and myself were both scathingly, utterly and everlastingly rebuked.

Raymond Gram Swing, the great American journalist (later broadcaster), said to me: "Gee! This is something unique for you. I guess you're the only man ever to be hated by a President and a Prime Minister personally at the same time."

But I am still sure my story was right. And I *might* have changed the course of history since. It seems a pity, reviewing it now, that I did not.

As some recompense I did once save the entire credit of the British Government in the United States. Yes, I, I, alone, all by myself.

The occasion was the Naval Conference there in 1929. Ramsay MacDonald, as Premier, was representing Great Britain. With him as principal advisers were Robert Vansittart, now Lord Vansittart, and Robert Craigie (now "Sir"), later to become more famous as our pre-war Ambassador to Japan.

The three, the Conference over, went on to Canada. I remained in New York, at the Hotel Weylin, where we had all been staying. The manager came to me, and said:

"Say, you were staying with Premier MacDonald's party, weren't you? Well, I ask you, they've left without paying their washing bill."

If that's the way your Socialist Government go on, we don't think much of it in America.

"Have I got to pay for your Premier's pants, and Mr. Vansittart's collars and Mr. Craigie's socks?"

It was then that I made my noblest gesture. "Hand me the bill," I said, "I will pay it."

And I did—a matter, I recollect, of nineteen dollars and sixty-five cents. The credit of the British Government was undoubtedly worth it. But I have never been repaid. Probably now, what with the dollar loan running out and one thing and another, I can never hope to be.

An egotistical contribution, this, I am afraid. Far too many "I's." Let me make amends to my fellow craftsmen with some verses of mine, parts of which were published long years ago in the *World's Press News*, but can be taken still as a pretty fair criterion of our lot.

*Who is the weary journalist? This is he  
Who sees a column scoop, and writes that "We  
Are able to reveal." Then wakes to see  
That after taking pains ad infinitum  
Some wretched "sub" has cut it to an item.*

*Who is the weary journalist? This is he  
Who on the barest pittance has to dre  
His thirsty wierd, because the banks of Dee  
Have bred cashiers devoid of kindly senses  
Who want receipts attached to his expenses.*

*Who is the weary journalist? This is he  
For whom no hour from duty's ever free,  
Who's lucky if he gets to bed by three,  
Cursed by the comps to uttermost perdition  
Because he's missed the Hebrides edition.*

*Who is the weary journalist? This is he  
Who'd like to start a comprehensive spree  
By taking some Delilah out to tea.  
Then hears the mother warn her amorous*

*daughter:*

*"Be careful, dear, he's only a reporter."*

*Who is the weary journalist? This is he  
Who while he writes the truth, if such there be,  
Hears himself named by some unfamed M.P.  
As an intrusive, soul-less, hireling Yes-man,  
When others say: "How nice to be a Press-  
man!"*



"Oi! Hounslow East! Hounslow East!"

## Column By Weight

FOR many years I worked on a newspaper in Belfast with one of the "old school," who surprised his colleagues with the amount of copy paper he used. He would only put a few lines on each "slip" so that even a small paragraph required an enormous amount of paper.

Questioned one day about this, he explained that whilst employed on a South of Ireland weekly his editor-cum-proprietor always insisted on *weighing* each man's copy and in this way he judged whether a satisfactory day's work had been done. The habit of spreading his story had become second nature to my colleague, so that he continued to turn in stories "by weight" to the busy daily on which he and I worked.—F. O'NEIL.

### Points of View

The Press, watchful with more than the hundred eyes of Argus, strong with more than the hundred arms of Briareus, not only guards all the conquests of civilisation, but leads the way to future triumphs.—Charles Sumner.

I'll print it, and shame the fools.—Pope.



# ★ *THE ROMANCE OF PEOPLE*

by

R. R. GLEAVE

People who are news are among the strange and exciting cargoes ships bring to port—so it is not astonishing for Mr. Gleave to claim he has interviewed more famous or notorious people than any other living reporter. Here he recalls some of his most interesting stories.

**D**AY and night for eighteen years I “covered” the shipping news at Southampton, the passenger gateway to the United Kingdom. I can recall many thrills and scoops that inspired me to keep going, however long a day might be.

I think I may honestly claim to have interviewed more famous people than any other living newspaper man—there were six thousand names in my records, which, alas, were all lost when the office of the *Southern Daily Echo* went up in flames in the big blitz of November 30th, 1940—and recollections crowd to mind in a never-ending torrent.

Pathos and humour blend strangely as one thinks back through the years. There are the sad memories of shipwrecks and other stark tragedies, foremost amongst which must be included the heart-throbbing stories extracted from the thousands of homeless refugees from the Low Countries who escaped in every conceivable craft as Hitler's hordes swept towards the Channel Ports.

## **Brave in Adversity**

From Ostend, Dunkirk and Boulogne came fugitives of almost every nationality—weeping women who did not know the fate of their husbands or maybe who had lost children in the mad rush of those agonising hours. Old and young, all had dramatic, moving stories to relate; stories which for stark tragedy must forever find a place in the history of ship news gathering. These people, left with only the clothes they wore, and carrying an old suit-case or bundle containing the fragmentary worldly possessions they had managed to save in flight, were brave in adversity, and only the limitation of space—their stories were but incidental to the happenings of those momentous days—prevented the complete fulfilment of a newspaper man's dream to relate authentic drama without the ultimate intervention of the editorial “blue pencil.”

In contrast, there is the amusing, yet embarrassing, position with which I was confronted on an outward Cape mail liner, when half a dozen or more theatrical “lovelies” mistook me for William Mollison, the Shakesperean actor, and swamped me with embraces before I could tell them of their



R. R. Gleave.

# IN SHIPS . . .

error; and of the two well-wishers who thought it their duty to inform me that a much muffled elderly gentleman, whom I was interviewing on deck, was a notorious crook—in actual fact, the individual in question was no other than the illustrious Lord Chief Justice Darling.

## Waterfront Variety

A lucky scoop, associated with an earl and a girl romance, in the early twenties, set me on my feet as a shipping reporter, and some of my earliest interviews were with such celebrities as Mary Pickford, "the world's sweetheart," then on her first visit to England, Norma and Constance Talmadge, the famous Gish Sisters, and David Wark Griffiths (who produced the earliest motion pictures), Charlie Chaplin, Pearl White and Rudolph Valentino. Kings and princes, native chiefs, ambassadors and statesmen, financiers, merchants, sportsmen, stowaways, card-sharpers and other ne'er-do-wells of every class and description, all engaged my attention at some time or other; indeed, there is no limit to the variety of waterfront news coverage.

Cut and dried hours of work cannot be considered, for ships come and go to suit their convenience, not that of the news gatherer. The job can, therefore, span a full twenty-four hours, and it is largely a question of resting or taking time off as and when the opportunity presents itself. Many a time a resident shipping representative is called upon to "cover" as many as sixteen liners in a single twenty-four hours, and whether it be day or night it pays to be there on the quay when a vessel docks and likewise to be thereabouts after a vessel has sailed. On arrival, mystery personalities, for whom secret disembarkation is desired, are frequently hustled ashore from any other but the main gangway, while after a ship has left there is often a story of a dramatic tug dash with a belated passenger to complete the normal run of stories.

The friendship of various government officials concerned with ship handling, likewise with dock and harbour and shipping companies' staffs, is a great help in news gathering. And if reporters more frequently sought expert advice on technical

or semi-technical matters there would be far fewer howlers to enrage nautical readers.

Many a good story is to be nosed out in the Customs Shed, and a keen eye and enquiring mind will often yield a scoop. Most newspaper men, having secured the one or two interviews required by their News Editor, dash to the telephone. Admittedly that is very necessary as edition time approaches but, having put over their story, a return to the ship will, nine times out of ten, lead to the discovery of some previously unheard of crumb of information. Pursers, chief stewards and other ratings are usually quite human and responsive to intelligent questioning, and a surprising number of them possess a quite well developed news sense.

The personal perusal of the passenger list or lists is also desirable, for a well informed reporter will frequently discover a passenger of interest whose name is missing from the celebrity hand-out. Masters-at-Arms are also useful people to cultivate. Towing Superintendents and Tug Masters can prove invaluable when collisions and salvage are the subject matter of the story being handled. In ship and dock coverage it is impossible to have too many friends, and the wider field they cover, the better.

## Hunt for Survivor

The element of chance is an important factor in success or failure in securing interviews, a fact which was strikingly exemplified when the four-masted barque "Tovarisch," owned by the Soviet Government, arrived at Southampton many years ago with her bows battered and torn. Manned by cadets, she had just previously been involved in a collision with the Italian steamer "Alcantara" off Dungeness, and the latter vessel had sunk like a stone, with the loss of all but one of her crew. The sole survivor, Giovanni Paeon, a young engineer, clung desperately to a broken chain on the bows of the Russian vessel, and after shouting for a lengthy period was hoisted on board in an exhausted condition.

When the "Tovarisch" berthed late at night there were about twenty London and local journalists awaiting her. After an informal conference on the quayside, they agreed to depute one of their local brethren to go on board to secure the story, and, although he found the Captain quite amenable in this regard, the interview had no sooner started than it was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the intervention of an Arcos official who had travelled down from London. He addressed a few words to



the Master in Russian, whereupon the Captain clamped down entirely, and refused to say another word. All efforts to induce him to change his mind failed, and the journalists, having been acquainted with the fact, left the Docks very disappointed after their long wait, but determined to have another shot at securing the story on the following morning.

Headed by two Southampton journalists in a private car, they returned to the Docks immediately after breakfast. Good fortune was this time to smile upon them.

### **A Dramatic Story**

As they approached the quay at which the "Tovarisch" was moored, the local man, who had been deputed overnight to interview the Russian captain, espied just ahead a figure unmistakably Italian. Could this, by some queer twist of fate, be the much-sought-after Italian survivor? Anyway, it was well worth enquiring. As the leading car drew level with him it stopped, and the half-scared Italian was bundled inside as a preliminary to a dash back into town with the journalistic cavalcade in hot pursuit.

The local newspaper men knew an Italian cafe in the main street where there was an obvious likelihood of finding an interpreter, and it thus happened that within five minutes of finding Giovanni Paeon on the dockside all the reporters were recording at full length the dramatic story of the collision, the fate of the Italian crew and the amazing experiences of the only survivor.

This scoop was splashed in all the "nationals," as well as in the local paper, and made anything from two to three columns. After a whip round for the little Italian, he was driven back into the Docks and deposited on the very spot from which he had been picked up half an hour earlier.

Another instance of a lucky break occurred when a notorious South American President, who had flouted British authority, and damaged British interests in his country, was eventually banished and disappeared—no one knew where. Both the British and United States Governments were anxious to trace him, but several months went by without a word being heard as to his whereabouts. Then, one day, I received a telegram from an American Agency saying they had reason to believe that the missing President, under an assumed name, was on board a liner due to arrive at Southampton, and requesting that the ship should be met.

When the vessel arrived, and the passengers had disembarked, I was walking through the shed when I was accosted by a male passenger who asked to be directed to the telegraph office. There was, of course, one such office on the spot, but, my suspicions being aroused, I directed the passenger to the main telegraph office at the Dock Gates, about a quarter of a mile away, and then, glancing over the baggage, discovered that the person in question was the individual whose assumed name had been given me.

By methods which it is better should not be divulged, I was then able to ascertain that this particular traveller was en route to Spain, and was no other than the person for whom I was searching. From that moment his movements were watched, not only by representatives of the American News Agency concerned but also by the British Police, and he was eventually tracked down.

Yet another scoop was secured when the German liners regularly called off the Isle of Wight to embark and disembark passengers. On this occasion I was assigned the task of interviewing a notorious American gambler, for whose arrest a warrant had been issued in New York for filching considerable sums of money from gullible victims.

When I boarded the liner, found this man's cabin and tried by all means to gain admittance, I was unsuccessful. A steward said that the gentleman had given orders that he was in no circumstances to be disturbed before mid-day, by which time the liner would have been well on her way to Bremen.

### **Scoop By Luck**

There was seemingly nothing which could be done about this and, very crestfallen, I returned to the tender to mingle with disembarking passengers. Whilst strolling around the deck I heard, quite by chance, fragments of a conversation from a group of men discussing sums of money which had been won by a certain individual from other passengers at cards, at which practice he was an adept. A word to one of the group soon produced a first-class story, which was featured both in London and New York.

As evidence of the value of contacts, there is a stowaway story which comes to mind. A fellow journalist was crestfallen at his failure to get a line on the individual concerned, in view of the very explicit instructions he had received from his News Editor. He had hunted everywhere, he said, for this stowaway, but the great vessel was just a mere

of corridors and rooms and, after searching for hours, he had failed to find any trace of the man.

It all sounded very difficult, but in actual fact the production of the stowaway was not as hard as it seemed. Popping into a cabin, I asked the telephonist to put me through to the Master-at-Arms—an ex-policeman who had served for years in the local Force—and he, quickly recognising my name and voice, revealed that the much-sought-after stowaway was in his custody. I asked him if he could manage to bring the stowaway up to the cabin for a chat, and within five minutes my colleague from the North was getting his interview at will, and without doubt it contained many facts which had not previously hit the headlines. Once again personal contact had worked the oracle.

#### **Mr. Thaw's Wishes**

One of the most ticklish stories I had to tackle was that concerning the late Harry K. Thaw, who shot dead Mr. S. White, the wealthy architect, alleging that he had betrayed Mrs. Thaw, formerly Miss Evelyn Nesbitt, an actress, when she was seventeen years old. Mr. Thaw, who had spent eighteen years in gaols and lunatic asylums before

his release in 1924, arrived at Southampton on the "Aquitania" about that time, on his first holiday outside the United States for twenty-three years. His visit was news—big news—and the usual crowd of Pressmen, mainly from London's "mornings" and "evenings," were on the quayside to cover the story.

Any doubts as to the fortune which might attend their efforts were soon dispelled, for Harry K. Thaw was not wanted in England. Home Office instructions flashed to the local Inspector of Immigration were to the effect that in no circumstances was he to be permitted to land, and the order, as one might expect, was carried out. That in itself was the basis of the arrival story, apart from one or two fragmentary observations from Mr. Thaw, who had stated that he wanted to visit Westminster Abbey, as it was the only place of its sort worth seeing in London, and also that he desired to restock his wardrobe with the latest fashions in men's clothes.

#### **Wrote to King**

That was a satisfactory preliminary and was splashed, but subsequently Jack Frost, then shipping

## **THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND**



**T**HE Newspaper Press Fund, of which His Majesty The King is Patron, is the oldest organisation of journalists. It exists to relieve distress among journalists and their dependants throughout the United Kingdom. It makes grants to its members; gives pensions to members and widows of members in need; assists widows left with young children, making provision, if required, for continued education. The total amount disbursed to members and their dependants last year was £22,295. Since the establishment of the Fund in 1864 considerably more than half a million pounds has been expended in grants and pensions, and the claims upon its resources are steadily increasing. Non-members are also assisted to a limited extent.

The Fund derives its income from investments, donations and members' subscriptions, and a minimum annual donation income of £17,000 is needed if assistance is to be continued on its present scale.



reporter for the *Daily Express* and now of the *Daily Telegraph*, and myself spent many amusing hours with this unwanted traveller. Indeed, he often asked for us as he had an obsession that we had contact with the "high ups" who could grant the permission to land which had been withheld him.

We used to call once or twice a day, and on each and every occasion found him busy writing. In fact, he produced sheaves of letters which he handed to us, asking that they might be posted. First there were letters to the Home Secretary, head of the Home Office, then there were letters to the Prime Minister and also to the King, and in each and all of them he rambled on concerning the injustice which he felt he had suffered.

These letters were, in fact, a veritable Godsend on a story which was front page news, and which, in normal circumstances, would have yielded little. Jack and I will certainly never forget Harry K. Thaw. Incidentally, it may be worth stressing again the value of personal contacts, for in this case had we not known the Master-at-Arms we should have been "out."

If you were to ask me who were the most difficult

people I have ever interviewed, I would give a straight answer—George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Montagu Norman (former Governor of the Bank of England), and J. Pierpoint Morgan, the famous American financier. All of these were "tough." I knew they desired to say nothing, and only the most persistent questioning could elicit news from any of them.

I did have one mighty chase and a mighty break from G.B.S., when he shot upwards of a column in the first person on the black and white problem in Africa upon arrival from the Cape one morning—a story which was quoted everywhere—but at other times all requests for a story were met with blank refusal.

### Battle of Wits

Dealing with personalities of this type, I invariably found it advantageous to stage an offensive on the basis of questions which would interest them, but would probably bring negative replies. That may sound weak, but it was a means of getting "quotes," and, sometimes, more than that. In other words, it was a battle of wits.



*The bar of Ye Olde Cock Tavern.*



# TROUBLES OF A DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

By

**SYLVAIN MANGEOT**

Reuter's Diplomatic Correspondent.

WHEN M. Molotov finally agreed in Paris to disagree with the Western Powers, diplomatic correspondents who were covering the Foreign Ministers' conversations felt that a new phase in the peace-making—or rather in the handling of the

post-war situation by the great victorious powers—had been reached.

The uneasy cycle of patched-up compromises, which stretches from the first meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers at Lancaster House in the autumn of 1945 to the meeting which broke up in Paris, appears to be at an end. For better or for worse, Europe, under the impact of America on one side and Russia on the other, has decided to divide itself into two economic—and who can doubt that this also means political?—camps.

This, then, is an obvious moment for diplomatic or special correspondents to pause and recall the conditions under which we have worked in a purely professional sense.

The first thing we all felt is that we have been dealing with something hitherto unknown in the history of modern diplomacy. The entry of Soviet Russia into the circle of victorious powers, with her own rigid ideas on the conduct of discussion and the methods of arriving at a common conclusion, has revolutionised the whole approach to inter-allied negotiations. The fact that the framework of traditional peace-making has been preserved has misled the public to expect conventional results and has confused the task of the newsgatherers and commentators who have attempted to record what was happening in London, Paris, New York or Moscow.

## Official Secrecy

Appropriately, the first and the last of the Foreign Ministers' meetings were the most representative, from the journalist's point of view, of what was really in the air. At Lancaster House, as in Paris, the Foreign Ministers met and discussed behind a blanket of official secrecy which forced us back upon our own interpretation of the issues and the chances of success or failure. For us, and for the public, this was unquestionably preferable to the technique evolved for our convenience during the intervening year in Paris (at the two meetings of the Council of Foreign Ministers in June and July,



SYLVAIN MANGEOT.



1946, and at the Peace Conference of Twenty-one) and subsequently in New York and Moscow. During these meetings the day-to-day proceedings, retailed with scrupulous accuracy by the Press officers of the British, French and American delegations, were passed on by the conference journalists to their papers, agencies or broadcasting companies with comment according to taste and space. The illusion of "open diplomacy," openly reported, was technically complete. Yet we felt frustrated because the daily proceedings of the

improving minor details in communications from lobbies to hotels, or from Press conference to cable offices, was played with its endless variations at the Luxemburg Palace, at the Waldorf Hotel and in the Moskva Hotel by agency teams whose ingenuity was only limited by their staying power and physical energy.

Each capital set its own problems and each new conference called for a routine which had little in common with its predecessor. In Paris, during the first two meetings of the Foreign Ministers, the skill

*In the eyes of many people the life of a Diplomatic Correspondent is an interesting—even exciting and romantic—round of conferences of great leaders at which the world's problems are threshed out. But SYLVAIN MANGEOT, Reuter's Diplomatic Correspondent, now reveals here some of the frustration and boredom that must be endured in the endless repetitive arguments of statesmen. He sighs—and makes a case—for a return to the days of "hotel bedroom" diplomacy.*

conference often bore little relation to the real problems of the peace.

What was continually missing was the sense of getting down to the business of peacemaking. Whether the subject under discussion was the future of the Ruhr or the inclusion of motor torpedo boats in the permissible categories of Bulgarian post-war naval construction, there persisted the impression that the question under debate was only a pretext in a deeper game of power politics. What was really at stake throughout was whether it would be possible to establish enough confidence between Russia and the Western Powers to enable them to work together on a single pattern of world peace.

Faced with such a situation, the job of the diplomatic correspondent has been more than usually responsible and constantly baffling.

### Gaining Minutes

As Reuter's correspondent, my own job, compared with the general run of newspaper correspondents, had its advantages. The competition with rival agencies, the technical problem of gaining minutes in landing news in London, went far to relieve the monotony of successive conferences when newspaper men wondered whether to send a story or simply service their editors that they were "leaving it to the agencies." The artificial game of speeding up contacts, of

lay in rapid co-ordination of and selection from three separate Press conferences in three separate places. At the Conference of Twenty-one the ubiquitous French office boys who slid in and out of the committee rooms proved themselves the real heroes of the battle of agency communications.

In New York, where the whole activity of the conference was centralised in the anthill of the Waldorf, the use of the diplomatic correspondent's bedroom - office - teleprinter room for what amounted to direct transmission to London was the key to cut-throat timing.

From Moscow, where the even more centralised facilities of the Moskva put a premium on communications as opposed to individual inventiveness, I shall always carry the memory of apoplectic struggles with the International Telephone, upon whose vagaries the day's success or failure almost entirely depended. My stalwart companion in this daily attempt to get a radio line to London at a prearranged hour was Reuter's Moscow correspondent Dave Brown. When told at the end of a 90-minute delay by a tearful Russian operator, upon whom he had exhausted all his eloquence, "Please, do not be angry," Brown adequately summed up the sense of frustration we both felt when he replied: "Why shouldn't I be? It's the only pleasure in life left to me."

But the game of agency beats, absorbing as it is in itself, has its attendant disadvantages for the

diplomatic correspondent. The business of seeing the wood for the trees, complicated enough for the statesman, becomes an acid test of lucidity and endurance when it has to be combined with the speed of a news agency service. The conflicting demands of supplying the essential news to clients of varying interests all over the world with giving a quick, balanced interpretation of what that news means is something of a Jekyll and Hyde performance.

Again and again, hurrying from a long Press conference to telephone or typewriter, I have felt that ten lines of lapidary comment were more important for a proper understanding of the day's work than the most faithful transcript of the arguments and counter-arguments of the Ministers. But that is just when, knowing the correspondents of newspapers are feeling the same, I remind myself that to give a basic agency coverage is as urgent and necessary as it is tedious. The editorial writers in Fleet Street will need the humdrum account of the day's proceedings upon which to sharpen their editorial quills.

The International Conference is a marathon endurance test. As a lifelong player of violent ball-games, I should like to record my considered opinion that, for an agency man, the international conference should be entered into as comprising the demands of a six weeks' football season with a match every day and the final exams. of an honours school at Oxford.

Ideally, it would be preferable for correspondents to be relieved at regular intervals to avoid staleness. This is especially true of recent negotiations, where the same arguments have been repeated *ad nauseam* and freshness of presentation has been the bugbear of all correspondents.

Actually, the need for continuity in background makes a change of writers virtually impossible. The best remedy for the diplomatic commentator is to try to keep his contacts wide and varied—not always easy when many hours are earmarked for routine coverage of set Press conferences.

### Excellent Officials

Throughout the conference the members of the British delegations must be congratulated on holding fairly the balance between official discretion and accessibility to correspondents. I have seldom found them—or, for that matter, their French and American opposite numbers—unhelpful when it came to securing essential back-

ground on specific subjects. In Paris the British delegation was, by common admission, the best briefed and organised, and William Ridsdale, the indefatigable Head of the Foreign Office News Department who acted as Press Officer to the delegations, long ago earned our gratitude for his habit of co-opting experts on topical questions to provide background information at the right moment.

The reversion to secrecy in the recent meeting in Paris, made at the suggestion of Mr. Bevin, represented a genuine attempt to enable the Ministers to set aside past differences and talk without reserve or embarrassment round the table. Those correspondents who had covered previous conferences welcomed the step as a final attempt to substitute real negotiation for propaganda by conference.

### Inside Stories Lost

The post-war trend of conducting diplomacy by propaganda rather than by diplomacy has faced diplomatic correspondents with a basic dilemma. By eliminating the technique of "hotel bedroom" diplomacy it has robbed the international conference of its liveliest source of inside stories and spectacular scoops. By confronting the Press and the world with a daily succession of arguments designed to uphold rival viewpoints rather than to lead to positive results, it has shaken the confidence of the public in the existing machinery of peace-making. For the correspondent there is also the growing ethical problem of how far it is right and proper for the Press to lend itself to the game of propaganda by recording the succession of speeches aimed at securing converts throughout the world.

Till further notice the only safe guide appears to be the time-honoured function of world news agencies: to record the news, objectively and fully, using all trustworthy news sources and slanting the news as little as possible by commission or omission.

Until methods of peace-making and international statesmanship change, this seems the only way of ensuring that editors all over the world are provided with fair raw material from which to make their selection.

The controlled Press of totalitarian countries has its own technique, but the free Press is still faced with the conflicting demands of space, readability, honest reporting and balanced interpretation.



# How I "Scooped" The World

*Always Establish Your Lines of Communication!*

WHEN one has spent over a quarter of a century in Fleet Street, covering every conceivable kind of assignment, it is difficult to decide which of thousands of stories is the one of which one is most proud.

But looking back I can still feel the thrill which came to me when I succeeded in "scooping" the world over the dramatic division in Dail Eireann, which ended in the acceptance of the Irish Treaty, bringing to an end the age-long strife between that country and Great Britain, and the setting up of the Irish Free State.

The present generation cannot imagine the tension which prevailed throughout those critical years in which the Republicans fought so desperately for Irish freedom.

By the introduction of the "Black and Tans" our relations with America were seriously strained . . . British officers were murdered in their hotels . . . great Irish leaders such as de Valera . . . the romantic Michael Collins . . . Erskine Childers . . . Arthur Griffith, First President of the Irish Free State . . . were "on the run." There was a price on the heads of many of them.

The illegal Government set up by de Valera met in secret places and, defying the British Government, established their own means of controlling the country.

It looked as if this Irish rising could only be quelled by total war.

## Granted Armistice

Lloyd George determined to make one great effort to satisfy the aspirations of the Republicans and bring order out of chaos. He granted an armistice to the members of the illegal Government, who had been rightfully elected, so that they could discuss any measure acceptable to their leaders.

De Valera and other Irish leaders went to London but returned empty-handed. Then Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins and other plenipotentiaries visited Downing Street and after a dramatic meeting one night appended their signatures to the Treaty, which was to make

By RICHARD A. ECCLESTON



*An impression by Trog.*

Ireland a Free State giving Ulster the option of contracting out.

A still more bitter struggle began when the leaders returned to Dublin to place the Treaty before the Dail for acceptance.

## Fate in Balance

The world watched that protracted debate with bated breath. There were rumours that the British Government had told the Irish leaders that if the Dail rejected the Treaty the only alternative was the overthrow of the Republicans by the armed strength of the British forces.

The fate of Ireland was in the balance.

Something like 400 journalists gathered in Dublin from all parts of the world. Millions of words were being cabled across the globe.

It was evident from the first that the men who had been comrades in their fight for freedom were rent in twain by this Treaty. De Valera was able to gather around him those who were prepared to sell their lives dearly rather than accept "association with the British Commonwealth of Nations" acknowledging the King as their head.

the reporter to establish his Lines of Communication as it is for a General in battle.

Many a famous journalist has fallen down through failure to realise this vital truth.

It is little use having in one's possession a "scoop" which may shatter the world if it is impossible to get it to one's paper at the right time.

And so I began to make my plans and schemes to compete against some of the most powerful and richest agencies and newspapers in Great

*Every newspaperman has at least one story that excites him still when he recalls it. Sometimes it is a mere paragraph story, sometimes a front page despatch of world importance.*

*In this account of the division in Dail Eireann which brought the acceptance of the Irish Treaty, Mr. Eccleston picks out a story for which the world once waited breathlessly and in which he, by careful planning, scooped the 400 correspondents gathered to spread the news around the earth. It was a great triumph.*

Others, equally sincere, ranged themselves behind Griffith and Collins, believing that the Treaty offered Ireland the opportunity of achieving final independence.

Week after week the debate raged with increasing fury, and no one could foretell what would be the outcome.

There were times when deputies who had been brothers in battle flung taunts at each other which made it evident that, whatever the result, the struggle could only end in Civil War.

At last, driven to desperation, Michael Collins, most beloved of Irish leaders, and the most powerful of all the supporters of the Treaty, gave notice that he would move the closure on the Saturday night.

### **Spare No Expense**

This was the signal for correspondents to begin making their arrangements for flashing the result, which meant peace or war, to their newspapers and agencies in every quarter of the globe.

They had been given instructions to spare no expense to be first with the news.

From my earliest days in journalism it has been one of my axioms that it is as necessary for

Britain and America.

The three Dublin daily newspapers had private lines running into their London offices, but they either had correspondents who were acting for my opponents or had been bought up at high figures.

No one knew what time the Division was likely to take place. To try to rely upon the telephone or telegraph meant certain failure.

Day after day I pondered over the situation. At times I was in the depths of despair. But as I strolled down Grafton Street one morning on my way to Dublin Castle to see my friend Basil (now Sir Basil) Clarke, who was acting for the Irish Office as liaison officer with the Press, I had a brainwave.

Surely I had heard conversations between the Castle and the Irish Office in London opened as easily as stepping into the next room.

"I've got it," I cried to myself. "The P.M. and Irish Secretary will be waiting for this decision more anxiously than anyone. Why not arrange to telephone it from the Dail direct to Dublin Castle and arrange for one of our men to be at the Irish Office ready to flash it across to Fleet Street."

My heart leapt with joy, and I finished my walk to the Castle on air.



When I put the idea to Basil Clarke he looked glum and feared they could hardly consent to the use of their private wire for a newspaper message.

"But it is a message for the P.M. and the Irish Secretary," I stressed.

"It is certainly a great idea," said Basil. "Let us have a chat with Sir Arthur Cope, the Under-Secretary."

It all ended happily and I arranged with a former Fleet Street man who was in Clarke's Department to remain on duty throughout the night if necessary.

My next step was to ensure the use of a telephone from the Dail, and this too fell like a ripe plum into my hand.

All was set for the great moment, whenever it should come.

### Impending Drama

It was nearing nine o'clock at night when Collins demanded that there should be an end to talking. The time for action had come.

Tellers were appointed and the deputies moved out to the Division lobbies to give their votes which were to decide the future of their beloved island for centuries to come.

In that moment bitterness was forgotten. Men who had been united in their fight against Britain were now to divide their allegiance. But each acted according to his conscience.

Never have I known such a sense of impending drama. It was like the feeling one has when a jury in a murder trial retire to consider their verdict. But to-night it was the fate of a nation at stake.

The Division might take ten minutes; it might take half an hour.

This was the moment I had waited for. Would my arrangements break down at this crucial time?

I walked out of the chamber casually, but with my heart bumping, as if after a struggle.

To call Dublin Castle took but a few seconds. My friend answered the call. It had been arranged that we should speak of nothing but pleasantries until I could say "Treaty accepted" or "rejected."

### "I Listened Intently"

Outside thousands of people were massed in the streets and the thought came to me of how it would have been impossible to get away whatever fine plans I had made without the means of giving it over from inside.

Up in the chamber I had a colleague waiting for the figures. I listened intently and with throbbing heart for his footsteps coming down the marble staircase. Minutes seemed like hours.

"Have ye not finished on this line?" came the caressing voice of the Irish girl at the telephone exchange.

### "One Second"

"Ah, now just give me time to talk about all me troubles," I pleaded.

"Sure, ye men are worse than any women; ye just can't stop talkin'," she replied playfully.

And we talked on. Never did I have so much difficulty in finding things to talk about, but we played at least thirty-six holes at golf!

Would my colleague never come . . .

Surely fate wouldn't be so cruel as to cut me off now, was the thought which came to me.

At last I heard him leaping down the stairs two at a time. . . .

He gasped out the result.

At that very second the voice of the Irish telephonist chimed in "Ye'll have to finish with this line."

"One second," I panted.

She gave it me. "Treaty accepted," I was able to stammer.

A few seconds later it was over to the Irish Office and my colleague there flashed it on another telephone to Fleet Street.

Inside three minutes of the announcement in the Dail the result was being flashed across the world.

My Lines of Communication had held.

I had "scooped" the world.

But Ireland's tragedy had not ended. The decision plunged Eire into Civil War.



# LIFE IN THE WORLD'S TROUBLE SPOTS

by

DOON CAMPBELL

(Reuter's Bureau Chief, New Delhi)

Palestine, Transjordan, Iran, China, Indo-China, India—the Foreign Correspondent travels them all as casually as you catch that daily train or 'bus to work. But, as Mr. Campbell tells you, he, too, is off to do a job of work—wherever there is news and, usually, trouble.

"WHICH newspaper do you write for?" said Gandhi, after answering all my questions.

"Reuter's," I said, "Reuter's News Agency."

"Oh, there has been some mistake," said Gandhi. "I thought you were from some humanitarian newspaper. I opened my mind frankly because I thought I was talking to a humanitarian. So you are not Mr. X of the Oxford Group?"

"No," I said, "I am Reuter's correspondent. I am sorry if there has been some misunderstanding but my request for this interview was sent in on office note-paper."

## Two Years' Work

It was an anxious moment. Gandhi might have asked me to destroy the shorthand notes of his views on India, Palestine, the United Nations and world peace prospects. For two years I had been after this exclusive interview from the greatest living Indian. Something had always come in the way. Gandhi had even supplied the pad and pencil.

We came to this settlement: I should treat the interview as "an exchange between two humanitarians," write it up and submit a draft for Gandhi's approval before release.

Twenty-four hours later Gandhi returned the copy—almost unaltered—with an accompanying note in his own scrawly handwriting. "Dear Campbell: You have certainly carried out the spirit of my remarks . . ." That was a happy ending.

A foreign correspondent's life is crowded with anxious, worrying moments. How simple and uncomplicated it all was with a uniform, an accreditation, a movement order and a note to the Field



*Doon Campbell.*

Cashier during the war years. Everything was laid on—transportation, accommodation, filing facilities, spokesmen, conducting officers, interpreters, hand-outs and censorship guidance.

During the last twelve months in Palestine, Transjordan, Iran, China, Indo-China, and India I have had more headaches coping with local conditions, currencies (pounds and piastres, rials and rupees), climates, codes, conventions, cranks and censors than with the actual business of getting news and writing it.

Here are some random impressions of what a newsman is up against in these countries:

**China.**—Correspondents in Nanking today are either settled in their own homes or in an attractive cream-coloured, English-styled villa available—as long as a Government subsidy lasts and the Governor of Kiangsu is prepared to let it—for



# "His Word Runneth Very Swiftly"

By JULIAN L. MELTZER

Resident Correspondent in Jerusalem "Daily Mail"

THE first mention of a foreign correspondent occurs in the Bible. Turn to chapter 25 of that invaluable compendium of moral conduct and quick-fire maxims, the Book of Proverbs, and run your finger down the page to verse 25. You have it:

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

It is open to a good deal of doubt whether, in those camel-pace days, the average man raised more than a flicker of interest in overseas news. Geo-politics in our times have made the whole world kindle to reports of what cooks in distant cauldrons. One imagines that the geo-political circumstances of 1,000 B.C. created a brand of regional isolationism which made Average Man somewhat more happy than his present-day descendant.

Of course, bearers of tidings there had to be. If a tribe up north were on the war-path, the people down south would naturally want to know more about it—and in good time to gird their loins and sharpen up the spear-barbs. The fleet-footed messengers were the first war reporters.

They may have known about methods of communication, too, in antiquity. The Psalmist possibly had wireless in mind when (reference 147:15) he goose-quilled this pronouncement to parchment: "His word runneth very swiftly."

## Bible Values

Long before Palestine, the oft-promised, came into the current headlines I had developed the theory that the world outside was more concerned with the religious history of the country and its historic associations than with its tangled politics. It was David Lloyd George, I think, who said around the time when the Balfour Declaration was issued under his Premiership during World War I, that he knew the geography of the Holy Land long before that of Wales. That is true of millions of people in all lands.

★ *A journalist working in Palestine must know his Bible so as to command reader-interest with apt quotes. Such is the theory of Julian Meltzer, who has spent over a quarter of a century in the Holy Land as a resident news-correspondent.* ★

At Sunday School and in Bible classes in their infancy and childhood they learn of the holy sites before they know their own country; and Jordan is quicker to the lips of a child than the Ouse and Severn.

That is why a news report from Palestine on some outstanding archaeological discovery, bearing out the Biblical narrative, hits the spot with a more resounding clang than many a story of topical character. To illustrate: the finding of the Lachish Letters by the late J. L. Starkey near Hebron, in Southern Palestine, created more world-wide interest than a revolution in Paraguay or the Gran Chaco war in 1937. Briefly, the "letters" were a series of scribblings on potsherds—fragments of earthenware—found on the site of the fortress at Lachish. On being deciphered by a Hebrew University scholar, Professor N. H. Torczyner, they were found to correspond in almost minute detail to the siege of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar in the seventh century B.C. as told of in Jeremiah.

Here is one trick of the trade which made the old news-treadmill worth labouring in, for yours truly, many years ago. Whenever I referred to a place-name in a cable or article, I invariably "located" it for the overseas reader. Jaffa became "Joppa of the Bible"—a siting which would thrill most Freemasons, for example, to whom the mention of Tyre in the Allied campaign into the Lebanon and Syria against the Vichy-French in 1941 evoked the equally arresting

recollection from the ritual of Hiram its King and Hiram Abiff who sent down the timber for the temple.

Or, during the 1936-39 disturbances, when the Iraq oil pipe-line was a frequent target, the cable which read this way made a flutter of interest at the Sunday breakfast table outside Palestine: "Marauders struck again last night at the oil pipeline running across the Valley of Jezreel near the village of Indur—Endor of the Bible narrative of King Saul and the spirit-raising Witch."

A wee bit complicated and possibly not as streamlined as some fast-pencilling sub-editors would wish; but an hour or so later in church it might strike the newspaper reader, during the chance mention of a Scriptural site during the First Lesson, that the *Sunday Dispatch* (what paper d'ja read?) had hit a good newsnail on its Old Testament head.

### Cave Tomb

My own major experience of a story which catapulted into remarkable prominence before I knew what had happened occurred in the autumn of 1945. A good friend of mine working on one of the local Hebrew dailies had picked up a closely-guarded story, by means which he still keeps secret from me, of the discovery of some ossuaries—stone sarcophagi—which bore investigation.

It so happened that the cave tomb in which the coffins came to light, during building operations, was across the ridge from my house on a hill in the south-eastern limits of Jerusalem. It overlooked the road to Bethlehem. I strolled over the rock-strewn plateau to the spot, and engaged the builder of the house—an Armenian from Southern Turkey—in casual conversation.

The fact that he was labouring under a grievance against the authorities for having held up his building whilst the archaeological inquiry proceeded, aided in getting the story. It helped, too, in developing the background colour build-up.

More spadework—in the metaphorical sense, naturally, since my girth prevents the excursion into the literal—and I was blessed with these startling facts: the ossuaries had a series of charcoal hieroglyphics pencilled on their lids

which suggested to the excavator that they related to the period of or shortly after the Crucifixion. Deciphered, the Aramaco-Hebrew inscriptions read, "Woe, woe, Jeshu bath—" and then a sign which was thought to be the first pictorial representation of a Cross extant from that time.

The story read somewhat like this: The Romans had carried out a crucifixion of a Jewish zealot or reformer. His followers had sought a means of protest other than by word of mouth, as the strict Roman censorship and military surveillance of that day forbade open demonstration. Even Peter, in fear of authority, denied Christ three times.

A funeral was passing. The practice was to bury the dead in shrouds and then, a year later, to disinter the remains, strip off the clinging shreds of flesh, and rearrange the skeleton in coffins made of white limestone, ornately decorated with rosettes and other geometrical patterns. It was a procession of these ossuaries which must have passed at the time.

At all events, six of the eleven coffins found inside the tomb had the lament for Jeshu on them. The followers of the crucified leader probably persuaded the mourners to inscribe their soul-deep protest upon the ossuary lids—and then consigned them to posterity. What clinched the dating for the excavators was the discovery of a coin of King Herod's time, which had rolled into a corner of the tomb.

The first details were in my possession a day before other alert gentlemen of the Press were on to them. As one who has been a newspaperman in Palestine for twenty-six years, I am advised that such prior knowledge and swift publication is commonly called a "scoop." The rest I leave to the imagination of other members of the calling who have experienced similar delights.

### "Ossuary Oscar"

I earned the soubriquet for a time of "Ossuary Oscar." Fortunately it has been forgotten in the newspaper mists of almost two years ago.

Trade, they say, follows the flag. Archaeology in Palestine certainly follows the Bible. My own belief is that when conditions settle down again to normal in the land of three faiths—and that





*A tribute to the Punch Tavern.*

[By Shepard.]

far time is anyone's guess—the interest in antiquarian research will be resumed, and many a hair-raising yarn of ancient misdeeds will vie with the more recent spine-tinglers reported by *News of the World*. Imagine finding the catapult sling with which David slew the giant Goliath, or the trumpets which brought down the walls of Jericho.

#### **Promotes Universal Interest**

The history of Palestine is so richly tapestried with individual incident over the succession of its epochs, and the narratives of those incidents so intimately known to millions of the reverent throughout the world, that this delving into the past can always be counted upon to promote universal interest. So long, of course, that the professional newspaperman turned amateur archaeologist-cum-sleuth is on to his job.

Fifteen years ago a *New York Times* correspondent told me that the interest of his newspaper in Palestine at that time was 40 per cent.

archaeology, 20 per cent. social and economic development, 10 per cent. general news and 10 per cent. politics. Those halcyon days may come again.

#### **The Code That Missed**

During the early days of the Russian revolution a reporter, off to Moscow, said to his News Editor: "While I am there, Lenin may die. If so, it's a foregone conclusion that the news will be suppressed by the Authorities. So let us rig up a simple code. If Lenin dies I'll send you a cable: *Run out of funds. Send another £100.* Then you'll know what it means."

This was agreed on. Lenin did die and the cable was duly sent. Unfortunately the arrangement at home had been forgotten. The cable was passed to the cashier's department and, as an economy axe was being wielded at the time, all the enterprising reporter got was an angry message telling him not to be so extravagant!

Later, they realised what a scoop had slipped through their fingers!

W.A.B.

## "Dare-Devil Jimmy" Often *MADE* News

I GAVE this title to the late lamented Jimmy Tevnan after some of his most audacious exploits in Manchester in search of big news stories. That was after he had returned to his home town following a spell of Press work in China. It was his birthplace and his training ground, and it was not surprising that he came back to settle down (more or less) to some of his best work as a crime investigator and special commissioner with the *Empire News* before he became the paper's London Editor.

For a time I assisted Jimmy in freelance work, and came to know and envy his enterprise and resource. When he started to serve the *Empire News* he was well equipped and well primed for one of the most exacting jobs in the provinces. He had a "way with him," which captured most people, although somewhat rough and ready in appearance.

Once he went for a series of articles to an opium den in Liverpool, aided by his knowledge of the Chinese tongue and the Eastern mind. At the den he actually started a knife fight over a white girl, and so got an eye-witness account of it. I rather think that Jimmy was a little scared that time, but he achieved his object.

Another time we were both present at a black v. white championship fight at Belle Vue, and there Jimmy, pretending to be in a somewhat inebriated condition, started to make loud noises of disgust, in the hearing of some of the black man's coloured friends and supporters. I warned him to be more discreet, but Jimmy whispered back that he was trying to start a black v. white riot, and so engineered a first-class story on the much discussed theme (at that time) of whether coloured boxers should be barred from British

titles. But his daring ruse failed for once, as the fight came to an early end, with the black man an easy winner.

The third exploit, almost incredible really, I will describe in more detail. We were both engaged together on many big crime stories, shortly after the first world war, travelling all over the country for them. I was then employed on a Manchester evening paper, and when at Leicester for the celebrated "green bicycle" case we arrived together to find seats which a local correspondent was supposed to have booked for us in court already occupied. There was

only one possible Press seat left, but an obliging police officer managed to secure permission for the use of the new Prison Governor's seat, which was actually in the dock. That high official's arrival had been delayed a few days. Jimmy, as might have been expected, plumped for this one, in preference to the other, and there sat throughout a very long trial in a very prominent position, and within a few feet of the prisoner.

Jimmy was more than usually secretive and

mysterious towards the end of that very sensational trial, and one evening I caught him writing copiously and feverishly. I managed to coax an explanation from him after a time, and then he told me the astonishing secret that by a series of "stage whispers" he had managed to secure from Light, when with him in the dock, some highly important details of his life, for publication in case he was acquitted. The acquittal happened, of course, and thus once more Jimmy's daring resource came off — by W. H. Holliday, *Manchester Press Exchange*, who is writing a book "*Fleet Street Round the Corner*."



"The reporter started a knife fight."



# MY EARLY MEMORIES OF

*Few of the hosts of admirers of that Master of the Thriller, Sydney Horler, know that he started his working life as a reporter—a junior on the “Western Daily Press,” Bristol, in 1907. But the memories of those days remain fresh and vivid in Mr. Horler’s mind, as these reminiscences show.*

TWENTY-NINE years have passed since, as a Fleet-street reporter, I turned in my last batch of copy, but the many memories of the sixteen years I spent in Bristol, Manchester and London journalism remain amongst the most vivid of my life.

As I sit writing this in my Cornish home overlooking the majestic Atlantic, a parade of the men I met during that period (too many of them, alas, now dead) pass before my eyes. I see W. G. Fish, the News Editor of the *Daily Mail*, a stern task-master if there ever was one, chain-smoking Turkish cigarettes, and fixing me with his gimlet eyes after I had come back from an engagement; I see Ernest Townley, pacing up and down the crowded Reporters’ Room in the old *Daily Express* building in 1918, a short clay pipe clenched between his teeth, waiting for the right words to come to begin a big story; I see Jimmy Dunn (with the possible exception of Harold Ashton, the best descriptive writer I have ever known in journalism) laughing and drinking like a merry-hearted schoolboy, at the end of the day’s work, in the “Old Boar” pub next door to Withy Grove, Manchester.

## “Special Correspondent”

I see the always immaculately-groomed Percival Phillips showing kindness to a hero-worshipping junior (myself) by narrating some of his numerous thrilling experiences as a Special Correspondent in all parts of the world.

I see the never-to-be-forgotten F. W. Memory, the whole seventeen stone of him, returning to the *Daily Citizen* office after securing yet another scoop at Scotland-yard; I see that genius, Charles E. Hands, throwing away page after page of copy-paper in the old *Daily Mail* Reporters’ Room at Carmelite House because he wasn’t satisfied with what he had written.

These, and many others too numerous to mention, are figures that will never fade from my consciousness. Before I close this preamble, however, let me pay tribute to the 40 years’ staunch friendship shown me by my dear journalistic pal, A. E. Wilson, whose career has been a steady climb to success, until now he is universally recognised as one of the best dramatic critics we have: how many people buy *The Star* to read his “notices” cannot be computed.

I became the junior reporter on the *Western Daily Press*, Bristol, in 1907, exactly forty years ago. I was paid £1 a week, and I must say I earned it, toiling all the hours God sent, and doing an immense amount of work. But it was all good fun, and I have always been a glutton for punishment.

Later I joined Hultons.

I did not like Hulton—I don’t think many others did in those days. However, he had a job to offer, and I was determined to get it if possible. He took all my particulars, and then asked what money I wanted.

“Three hundred a year,” I replied in a loud, clear voice.

“I’ll give you five pounds a week.”

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than I had closed . . .

Back in Bristol they wished me well—and, what was more, loaded me with gifts. I still have an extremely handsome kitbag which, with tears in his eyes, the junior proprietor of the firm handed me on the eve of my departure. He told me in as many words that I was probably committing journalistic suicide by leaving a paper where I was at least sure of a job for life. I paid no heed to this morbid prophecy, yet, as I looked back for the last time upon the building in which I had spent six-and-a-half years of very happy life, a feeling of regret possessed me.

# NEWSPAPER LIFE

by

**SYDNEY HORLER**

But the future called.

Arriving at Withy Grove, Manchester, on a bright, sunny morning in the following month—May, 1911—I was told by the managing editor of the Hulton publications, Alexander Paterson, that, as the regular writer was away, I should have to do all the leaders for the *Daily Dispatch*.

"Yes, sir," I said.

Staggering, knock-knee'd, out of the room, I wandered for hours in a distraught state round the streets of Manchester. I a leader writer! They had called my bluff with a vengeance. If they had asked me to do some descriptive stuff—the real purpose for which I had been engaged—I should not have minded. But leader-writing! What did I know of politics?

I realised it had to be done, however. My job depended on it. Six o'clock saw me back at Withy Grove, pale and trembling. W. S. Robinson, the editor of the paper, told me that my subject must be topical. With that, I reached out a hand for support. My fingers closed on a newspaper and, unconsciously, for such was my state, I found this paper still tightly gripped in my hand when I reached the leader-writer's room. Thank God, the place was empty.

## A Confession

I am now going to make a confession which, at the distance of over thirty-five years, still makes me flush. But consider my position: I had to start writing that leader in half-an-hour—and I was still without a subject.

What did real leader-writers scribble about? I turned to the middle pages of the *Daily Telegraph*, which I had brought with me from the Sub's room, and saw a headline: "The Imperial Conference."

I knew this important assemblage was still debating, and—well, I wrote about the Imperial Conference. The phrasing may not have been the same as the *Daily Telegraph's* (I took particular care it was not), but I came inevitably to the same conclusions as that authority.

Eight hundred words I wrote, with the pen trembling in my hand so that my never very legible



*Sydney Horler, Master of Thrills.*

writing was scarcely decipherable. Then, gathering the sheets together, after carefully tearing up the *Daily Telegraph* and placing it in the waste-paper basket, I read what I had written. It was not so bad. The paraphrase of the grave, sonorous periods of the Peterborough Court oracle was interlaced with a little Horlerian brightness . . .

I took it in to "Rob," as we used to call him, and, without glancing at it, he sent it up to the printers.

I sweated profusely. This was not journalism as I knew it. Why, in the *Western Daily Press* office every comma I wrote had been carefully scrutinised.

Reeling my way back to my room, I waited for the catastrophe to fall. But the evening passed uneventfully. My old Bristol friend, A. E. Wilson, then picture editor of the *Daily Dispatch*, strolled



along about midnight and said: "Come on; it's time we were going."

At 1 a.m., as we walked down Oxford Street, I clutched Wilson's arm.

"What's the name of the Canadian Premier?" I asked.

"Laurier," he said.

"Good God!" I gasped. "*I've written Lawson.*"

"Where?"

"In the leader."

He seemed to think it a joke, but I didn't. I saw ruin and disaster overwhelming me.

Rushing to the nearest telephone, I explained my plight. The sub-editor who received the message laughed cynically—but he was a good chap—he put the error right.

Harold Lake, the regular leader-writer of the *Daily Dispatch*, returned at the end of my first week, and, although we were destined to become the greatest friends afterwards, he gave me a sidelong glance as he entered the room. At Withy Grove the best of fellows got into the habit of looking in sideways fashion at all newcomers. One could never tell . . . One of the exceptions was Jimmy Dunn, whom I was supposed to understudy as a descriptive writer. Big-hearted Irishman that he was, he gave me the cheeriest of welcomes, and, so far as he was able, guided me over the rough places. I have never forgotten his kindness.

### A Day's Work

Young men who embellish the staffs of London newspapers in 1947, writing an occasional quarter-of-a-column, may be interested to read of what my daily output consisted. In the first place, I had been instructed by Hulton some few weeks before that I was to turn out for the *Manchester Evening Chronicle* a daily column of notes modelled on the distinguished contributions that "The Londoner" wrote for the *London Evening News*. This meant twelve hundred words, at least—and the stuff had to be as good as I could make it. With this slight effort handed in, I was supposed to go out and find (usually, I had to do it myself) a good news story for both the *Daily Dispatch* and the *Daily Sketch*—EACH DAY. In between whiles I was doing weekly page articles for *Ideas*, and to fill in odd moments I lent my talents, such as they were, to the Editor of the *Sunday Chronicle*.

And, in being paid my fiver, for which I must have turned out at least 20,000 words each week, I was supposed to be the darling of the gods. Heigho!

The pace was too hot to last—and I only lasted at Withy Grove for just over nine months—but during that time what experiences I crammed into my daily life.

I went to London and, after a brief sojourn on the *Daily Mail*, started to work for Stanley Bishop, who had left Carmelite House to become the news-editor of the newly-formed *Daily Citizen*.

I worked on "space" and news was sometimes scarce. One summer evening, whilst walking up Charing Cross Road with A. E. Wilson, I noticed a man dressed in a fur coat, the same colour as his beard—so that you could scarcely tell where one left off and the other began—standing in front of the Irving statue opposite the Garrick Theatre. A silk hat was in his hand, and he bowed reverently to the monument three times.

I hastened forward.

"Monsieur," I said—he was French without a doubt—"I am a reporter. Tell me, please, why do you bow to the statue of a great actor?"

He made a hissing sound through the thickets of his beard.

"You English," he said. "You have no soul! You pass by the illustrious dead as though . . ." Here emotion smothered him, and I could not catch any more before he turned and left me, walking at a great pace, his long fur coat flapping about his heels.

Wilson and I laughed at the occurrence, but the following day saw the sequel.

It was Stanley Bishop's habit to come into the Reporters' Room each morning and ask: "Any bright thoughts, sonnies?"

When it came to my turn on this particular morning, I drew him on one side.

"I have a great story, Bish," I said. "A number of young West-end bloods have formed a society called 'The Courtesy League.'"

"Write it," he exclaimed.

Having created an entirely fictitious Society, I had to provide a President. Wilson willingly consented to accept this high office under another name, and in this capacity graciously allowed me to interview him over the telephone.

### A Romantic

That same night Wilson and I sat in our tiny flat in the Adelphi. With us, as the barristers say, was the son of our landlord.

Raymond Pierpoint (alas, he died in his prime) was a priceless youth. He wore a monocle,

consisting of plain glass, to which was attached a wide black ribbon. In the day-time he was a clerk in Crosse & Blackwell's pickle factory, but by night . . . Ah, by night, to what heights did not Raymond aspire? Assuming a worn and blasé air (he was 21) he would sally forth with his monocle to the Café Royal and talk . . .

Pierpoint had just written a story for one of the more advanced reviews, and this had whetted his appetite for letterpress. The story had not yet been published, and he ached to see his name in print. In this situation I gave him a helping hand. I made him Honorary Secretary of the newly-formed Courtesy League.

In this position Pierpoint immediately sat down and wrote a letter to the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He set out the objects which, in his opinion, the Courtesy League should have. Most of them were delightfully fantastic, but the *Pall Mall Gazette*, edited then by J. L. Garvin, printed the letter in full—and used leaded type.

#### "Hon. Sec.'s" Success

That evening the deluge came. York Buildings, Adelphi, by tea-time was black with reporters and press-photographers. Wilson and I lent our sitting-room to Pierpoint, and it was here, with his plain glass monocle fixed, and leaning negligently against the mantelpiece, that the Honorary Secretary of the Courtesy League gave forth to the scribes.

Our haul of the next morning was three leading articles and seven half-column interviews, besides several photographs of the Honorary Secretary.

Picking up the *Daily Mirror* one morning, I saw a huge photograph of Pierpoint bowing to the statue of Queen Victoria. Raymond had a splendid figure; he did it beautifully . . .

The story went round the world. You can imagine what America did with it. They gave it three-inch headlines:

**LONDON BEING TAUGHT COURTESY**  
and put their most imaginative writers on the job of fictionising the already unreal.

For years afterwards stray newspapers in different parts of the globe printed versions of the original story that appeared in the *Daily Citizen*; and many a Fleet Street "liner" has reason to be thankful for the "stunt."

How much did I make out of it? Exactly £1 8s. 4d.!

Each newspaper in Fleet Street had then, as it has now, its Crime Expert. On no account was he

to "miss" particulars of a good burglary or a decent murder.

Our own particular expert, F. W. Memory, then one of the commanding figures of Fleet Street, rapidly achieved a reputation. The *Daily Citizen* secured "scoop" after "scoop." Each morning we had a nice big crime all to our little selves.

The other newspaper editors raved and tore their hair, but still the *Daily Citizen* secured its "scoops."

At last, one very important newspaper indeed sent for Memory.

"What money are you getting?" he was asked.

He told them.

"We'll double it," they replied. "Start on Monday."

Memory commenced his new job on Monday. But that didn't worry us: *the management still retained the services of a Scotland Yard Detective-Inspector's daughter as office typist!*

What finally caused me to leave journalism was that I felt too much time was being wasted in rushing from engagement to engagement. Besides, at the age of 31, when I started to write fiction, I was determined to be my own boss.

But as I said in the beginning, I shall never forget those happy, carefree days when I chased news—and sometimes caught it.



"Lack of space in the 'London Gazette' prevents us from introducing further legislation this rationing period."



*It is less than 30 years since the first commercial aircraft flew from London to Paris. Man's conquest of the air is within the memory of fairly young people so it is not astounding that*

★ ROBERT BRENARD  
can say ★

## "I'm The Father of Civil Aviation"

WITH trans-Atlantic air-liners flying between Europe and America several times every day, carrying thousands of passengers a week, it is difficult to realise that it is less than 30 years ago since the first commercial aeroplane flew the short 250 miles between London and Paris. It was in the autumn of 1919 that Britain began the world's first commercial air service.

Flying in those early pioneering days was a vastly different thing from that of to-day. To begin with, the early transport pioneers were using aircraft adapted from the 1914/1918 war and passengers were actually seated in open cockpits and had to be equipped with flying helmets, goggles and fur-lined flying suits, or, in the case of the adventurous women passengers, fur-lined leather coats. However, within months, a few of the twin engine bombers (which had been built with the then ambitious idea of bombing Berlin but which were never used for that purpose) were transformed to provide passenger aeroplanes with a cabin of sorts for half-a-dozen passengers.

### "The Father"

I personally can claim to be the father of civil aviation, for while still with the Royal Naval Air Service, and before it was amalgamated with the R.F.C. to form the R.A.F., I was drafted to Hendon to start the weather reporting service between Hendon and Paris for a squadron which became the Communications Squadron, and whose purpose was to fly important documents and passengers between London and Army headquarters in Paris. This Communication Squadron eventually became the vehicle which transferred famous people, from Prime Ministers downwards, from London to the Peace Conference.

It was there that I first met Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, who was eventually killed in the disaster to the ill-fated airship R101. I remember he would come out to Hendon Aerodrome to meet some famous passenger coming from Paris, and would visit my weather hut on the edge of the flying ground.



*An old cartoon by Gittins.*

One of my duties, in addition to weather reporting, was to fire off guiding rockets should the weather be misty. And Sir Sefton invariably requested, no matter how bright the weather, that I should fire off a few rockets. On one occasion, although he was very much my superior, I protested that the weather was much too clear for rockets. Sir Sefton's reply was: "What does that matter? I like rockets!"

It was, incidentally, Sir Sefton Brancker who became managing director of the first commercial air service of the world, that run by Aircraft Transport

and Travel, and it was he who gave me my first job in that field, which was to card index all the applications received from ex-Air Force personnel of the 1914/18 war for jobs as civilian pilots.

There was, incidentally, the same rush for this sort of job in those days as there has been after the recent war. In this connection, I give this information without comment: I called successively, first of all, all the lieutenant-colonels, majors, and so on, down the line. When we finally started up the service we had no pilot above the rank of lieutenant!

### Similar Position

There was a striking similarity between the early days of civil flying after the 1914/1918 war and the position to-day, even though technical advances have been great. Croydon Aerodrome, as adapted for civil use, consisted very largely, on the business and passenger side, of a collection of huts which resembled a wild-west township and one had the impression that at any moment a group of cowboys would dash round the corner and shoot the whole place up. And we're in the same position to-day at Heath Row, where accommodation consists of temporary hutments and caravans.

It was at Croydon Aerodrome in those early days, when one did practically everything from managing the aerodrome to being the local cloak-room attendant and equipping the passengers with flying kit, that I first began supplying the London newspapers with stories of air transport, and through the years the name Brenard in Fleet Street became synonymous with Croydon.

It is rather surprising that to-day, with air transport almost a commonplace, the papers devote even more space to it than they did when it was a novelty. But there was a definite kick in the early days journalistically in that one was doing many of the stories and relating many incidents which were really happening for the first time.

In those days I was very closely associated with Harry Harper, who was for many years air correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, and later of the *News Chronicle*, and who is the doyen of air correspondents. Between us we had the doubtful distinction of first using such words as "air-taxi," "air-liner" and "air express." One of my own first usages was the expression "flying fortress," which I used to describe a new British military plane.

I remember at the time one of our leading aeronautical trade papers scoffed at the term and my use of it, stating that a fortress was essentially

static and the term could obviously not be applied to a fast-moving aeroplane. And yet the term was to become one of the most famous in the world and was adopted by the Boeing Aircraft Company in America. Incidentally, my friends in the newspaper industry may be rather surprised to hear that I have never made any claim on the Boeing Company for the use of a phrase which I should imagine was obviously my copyright, having been used by me in stories, not only in this country but in America, long before Boeing's took it up.

One of the most amusing stories which came from Croydon resulted in Scotland Yard taking a perpetual interest in air transport. One afternoon, after the usual 12.30 plane had left for Paris, a man drove up to the aerodrome in a taxi and dashed into my office. He produced a £5 note, banged it down on my desk in front of me and said: "That's yours. I want a special to Paris."

I regretfully passed the note back and stated that we had no spare aeroplanes and it was impossible to take him to Paris.

He produced two more £5 notes, added them to the first, banged them on the desk again, and said: "Those are yours. I want a special to Paris."

I explained once more that no aircraft was serviceable.

"What were all those I saw on the way up the road?" he asked.

"Those are waiting for repair," I replied.

"Where does the chief engineer hang out?" he asked.

"Across the road in the first hut," was my answer, and he vanished. A quarter of an hour later the chief engineer rang up to state that he could have the special plane. Apparently the £5 notes had done their work!

### Scattered £1 Notes

After the man had passed through the Customs and had been duly fitted out with flying helmet and goggles, he was placed in an open-cockpit aircraft and taxied away from the Customs area. Just as the plane was getting up speed to take off he stood up in his open seat behind the pilot, lifted both hands in the air, and let go a perfect shower of £1 and 10s. notes, which were blown by the wind all over the aerodrome, creating a mighty scramble by the traffic hands and airway porters. Thus he disappeared in the direction of the Continent in a shower of notes.



Three days afterwards Scotland Yard arrived—too late, of course. The man got clear away. But ever since that day there has been a C.I.D. man at all aerodromes and all passengers, quite unknowingly, on their way to the Customs pass before his eyes as he sits equipped with photographs of all the people wanted by Scotland Yard.

The journalistic angle to this story is also interesting. I gave the *Daily Mail* an exclusive on the event without mentioning the man's name because at that time I had no knowledge of his character. Before the story was published one of the evening papers came on the telephone demanding to know the name of the man, and after considerable haggling I agreed to give it for a fee of seven guineas. As it was only a two-word name, this works out at 3½ guineas per word—quite a satisfactory rate of payment, except that the words were so few!

A flying adventure which I shared with a dozen other Fleet Street men occurred when I was returning with a party of journalists from Paris. We were flying low across the Channel in one of the big old four-engined bi-planes with which Imperial Airways built up their cross-Channel traffic when, while passing through a hailstorm, there was a sudden double explosion, accompanied by a shudder through the plane. A steward hurried through to inform us that we had been struck by lightning, but that everything was all right.

This incident was the cause of much amusement amongst my colleagues in Fleet Street for many weeks after. It appeared that at the moment of the bang my own immediate reaction was to get up from my seat, reach my hat from the rack, cover my bald head with it, and sit down again, perfectly calmly. My bald head was covered—I was ready for anything!

## *Impossible to Interview G.B.S.? And Yet This Reporter Tells* **WHY SHAW DID SEE ME**

"SEE Shaw and find out why he has joined a Scottish clan" was the cryptic message from the news editor.

Seeing Shaw is not easy. He doesn't believe in keeping "open house" for all comers. But I was not to know that—I'd been seven years in the Services—so off I hied to his Herts. home.

The taxi-driver who bore me from Welwyn Garden City station to the Shaw retreat talked most of the journey about the number of hopeful interviewers who had preceded me.

"None of my fares yet has seen him," he said. "Shaw won't see anyone. You're wasting your time. It's a shame, people coming miles to see him and him turning them all away. But it's good for my business. I'm not grumbling."

It wasn't very encouraging. I remembered the head-shaking of my colleagues when I was leaving the office.

"Wait," I told the taxi-driver as we slowed up outside the house.

"Don't worry, guv'nor, I will—you won't be long," he said.

Almost one hour later, when I came out, he was fast asleep at the wheel. When I nudged him he thought at first he had dreamt I had got my interview. But it was no dream. In fact, it was so

by

W. B. WALLACE

simple that I still don't believe all the stories about the impossibility of interviewing Shaw.

Shaw's secretary, Dr. Loewenstein, received me. He was somewhat taken aback when I told him I did NOT want to see the Great Man.

"All I want to know is why Mr. Shaw has decided, at 91, to join a Scottish clan," I said. "You can tell me that; if not, you can get me the answer."

Dr. Loewenstein took me up to his library, unearthed files, traced Shaw's ancestry, and talked, but he couldn't really answer that question satisfactorily.

### "In Good Form"

Finally, he said: "Mr. Shaw is working in his garden hut. He's in good form to-day. Come with me and we'll see if he will say a few words to you."

Shaw did—in true Shavian style—and shook hands with me before resuming the play which he had been writing when I interrupted him.

I wonder if I would have been so successful had I not won his secretary's confidence . . . or shaken him with my assertion that I didn't wish to see Shaw himself?

A free life through writing? Yes—if you're as tough as a lumberjack and as resourceful as an explorer. A weakling doesn't stand a chance. Hard work, resolute determination and hope—plenty of hope—are essentials as this writer discloses in

## MY WAY OF FREELANCING

by

GWENDOLINE ARTER

IT was 1930 when a few sales to the Children's Annual market and the sight of an odd article in certain outdoor magazines filled us with the desire to get down to freelancing in earnest. We thought we could write. The eye specialist gave us a good excuse; in the circumstances our relations could not blame us for throwing up the prospects of a comfortable pension.

Old hands in the writing game will know that those few acceptances were beginner's luck; they were not the basis of a steady run of sales. We were not so near "in" as we had supposed. But we are still at it and it may comfort somebody to know that we have no regrets.

We have no illusions: unless we keep up a steady flow of work we would soon be back where we were. Against that we have our independence. We can live in our own way, subject to the by-laws—and even they become a trifle shaky in our backwater!

### 1/- a Month!

Before I proceed somebody will ask how we paid the grocer all these years—and it will not be a bigger mystery to them than it was to us at one time! One year our only "acceptance" from October to December came from the editor of a children's page—payment after publication, around 3s. 9d., I think. Another time, my husband landed second prize in a competition to the tune of £25. This entailed a visit to the editor and we thought this was the real thing, especially as he would consider a series. We dared not tell him that of the half-dozen yarns submitted for the competition, the one he paid for was a re-type sent in at the last moment. (We were a little shaken that previously it had been rejected by this same Boy's Paper, but we were learning.)

Months dragged by. The prize money helped but the series failed to produce the steady flow of cheques we expected. We were beginning to dread commissioned work. One can write and submit an article on chance but if an editor has

promised to give it consideration there is an agony of suspense until he buys it.

Once an editor got to like us so much that he forwarded three drawings—remainders from his previous serial. He wanted two yarns written round them—one thousand and two thousand at 15s. Maybe he was not so critical but we found the juvenile market as choosy as the others.

Once I was asked to rewrite a dragon story because it was unlikely!

We stumbled along, collecting an occasional red line in our despatch book. By now we had given up collecting rejection slips. One Good Friday, I believe, we hauled in about thirty between us from one firm of publishers alone. And if anybody feels disposed to smile, I point out that we paid for our mistakes this way and did not buy a correspondence course. Not, that is, until we felt that it might prove a good investment—the only rejection slips we treasured were those with a precious line of editorial handwriting upon them. We tried to profit by these hints; we cherish them to-day; each one means we have been noticed.

Around 1935 came a turning point: we blundered into the trade Press and thus began a steady flow of regular payments which were very welcome. The advice to write about our own experiences now meant something to us and in a year or so we found a steady market in about fifty or sixty trade papers.

When we became known as reliable we could not avoid personal interviews, although neither of us cared for this side of the business. We found that, by covering a number of markets, we could gather in quite a lot of work in one day, taking a different town each week. As we became acquainted with buyers and managers we were able to use the telephone a good deal. Probably no other freelance ever worked by the methods we used in those days, for we built up our own connections; we had



no one to guide us and evolved our own system. We never duplicated a single item—each obituary notice was typed out separately for all publications.

I use the past tense because we worked together along the same lines up to 1939, but with the outbreak of war our hard-earned connection tumbled to bits and we had a set-back. (It would be nice to describe life on a freelance income between Hell Fire Corner and the Thames barrage, from the beginning until the last doodle-bug crashed and the last Flying Fortress flew home, but we've all "had it.")

### Always the Censor

We survived and maybe learned a little more. Jogging along, we dodged the splinters until my husband got acquainted with some of the national newspapers. They may have been hard pressed—I wouldn't know; I do know that our telephone began to ring and that most of our best tit-bits were killed by the censor. But then there was always a censor. We tried to put over the story of the countryside from the very first but it is only since the war that a few genuine articles from the land have edged their way into print.

Occasionally Fleet Street sent out an envoy to look us over and always we hear the same remark: "There is a story here." Of course there is. There always was—a story in the apples lying rotting on the ground because it did not pay to despatch them to the industrial North; a story in the country woman struggling with a family, toiling in the fields by day and sweating over a smoky fire by night; a story in the "hoppers" behaving like hooligans once they are off their concrete pavements; a story in the limousine sneaking round the lanes on the look-out for off-the-ration eggs; a story in the farm-hand himself—whatever his shortcomings.

I almost forgot the locals—not that we should have spread our B.U.'s with much butter if we had depended on them. But it cuts both ways: we have picked up as much from them as they have from us. And I can think of one or two papers in our area whose editors could teach the Fleet Street boys a thing or two, especially about the country and country stories.

I have written this to give practical proof that it is possible to be a freelance without craving a staff job. And if the case is not proven anyone interested can come and have a look at us, our only request being that we may have fair warning.

This is not to give us time to prepare our shop window but because our experience is that townsfolk seem to think there is nothing to do in the country. They arrive, air their views, and depart, evidently feeling that they have bestowed a blessing upon us by their presence. But we have to work like fury when they are gone, to catch up with ourselves.

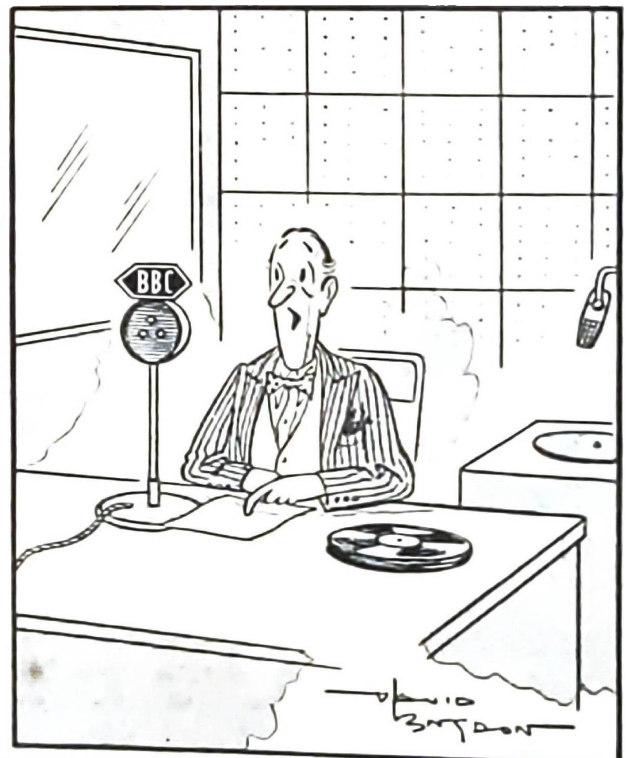
If anyone fosters a desire to cut adrift, I say: "It can be done—we've done it."

All anyone needs is an iron will, a skin like a rhinoceros, the patience of the prophet Job himself, the resilience of a rubber ball, a sense of humour 24 hours of the day—and the ability to drive yourself to work ten times harder every day than you ever worked for a boss.

If you have these qualities and abilities then you may succeed as a freelance.

### ★ Newspaper Debate ★

It is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit in Westminster and Washington, or in the editorial rooms of the leading journals—so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorised and responsible debaters get on their legs.—Lowell.



"Write your request on a postcard, address it to the BBC and bung it in the nearest wastepaper basket . . ."

# WHEN THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS GAVE MONTY AN ULTIMATUM

I SUPPOSE that most of my *important* stories were written in the 1940's when I was, progressively, "blitz" correspondent, home front correspondent, war correspondent and foreign correspondent.

One was the surrender on Luneberg Heath on the evening of May 4, 1945, of the German armies facing the British 21 Army Group, and I remember it vividly because this was the occasion when the war correspondents delivered an ultimatum to Monty.

On the morning of that day the six members of the British war correspondents' committee, of whom I was one, were told by a colonel that they would be briefed personally by Monty on the events leading to the surrender, and that they could, in the language of that time, "fill in" the other correspondents, who, meantime, would be briefed by an intelligence officer.

When we told our colleagues that this was the arrangement they were, quite properly, indignant, and correspondents when properly indignant are a sight to see. They carried a resolution that, as the occasion was historic, Monty must brief all of us or none.

Shortly before the surrender ceremony we all assembled in a marquee at Monty's headquarters and awaited the result of the protest.

Then Monty appeared, and for a moment we held our breath.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I have just received an ultimatum."

We laughed the laughter of schoolgirls.

"I am more accustomed to giving ultimatums than to receiving them," said Monty.

We looked suitably abashed.

"I was told," he said, "that six gentlemen wished to see me." (We had suspected that the arrangement was not his.) "I said at once: 'Delighted. By all means. Bring them along.' I am now told that you all wish to see me. Delighted. By all means. And, gentlemen . . . here I am."

He then, brilliantly, briefed us all.

An important story. But the important stories are not necessarily those of which one is proudest. When I look back on mine it is

By

JOE ILLINGWORTH

War Correspondent "Yorkshire Post"

How best can a war correspondent show readers a picture of war? There are many ideas on this matter, but, looking back, Mr. Illingworth writes: "I would attempt to write that letter home that the soldier would have written if he had had the time and the habit of putting words together."

with a hangdog air. Given a second chance, I think I would have handled them all differently.

If, for instance, I were starting my career as a war correspondent all over again, I would leave strategy to the military critics, and the hard, broad framework of the news to the communiqués. The communiqués could always capture a town swiftly and effortlessly while we were scratching for a foothold (and a dateline) on its outskirts, pinned down by an enemy who, officially, was not there at all.

For my own part, I think I would now attempt something much more simple—I would attempt to write that letter home that the soldier would have written if he had had the time and the habit of putting words together.

I am glad that I have been provoked to serious reflection. For it now seems to me that the stories of which I am proudest were all written at a time when there were no *important* stories, but merely good stories and bad stories.

Could I now, I wonder, write the lively, daily pieces which, in Bradford, 20 years ago, caused a good part of its citizens to halt in Market Street and stare in comical speculation at a hole in the road?

I think not.

## Hole Filled

The hole was a week old, and quite neglected, when I wrote it into the columns of *The Leeds*



# How I Was Sacked Into Success

**W**HEN I arrived in London, just after the 1914-18 war, there were flags and bunting everywhere. Even King's Cross looked less than usual like one of the dirtiest colliery districts in Derbyshire I had ever seen, and Fleet Street seemed almost as inviting as Manchester on a dry day. The fuss, I was told, was on account of the visit of President Wilson, but nobody could stop me from having my own thoughts about it.

Soon I was in the market, being hired and fired—more often fired, I might say, than hired. Don't ask me to explain—I was never any good at arithmetic. Anyway, just take my word for it that many, many times I heard the ominous words, "You are not just the man we want." Sometimes I silently staggered away to get my hat, at others I told my firer I knew where it was, and occasionally added a few words of condolence to make him realise what a tragedy it would be for him to lose me.

After 25 years gruelling in Fleet Street William Armitage, with lively humour and an engaging style, recalls his vicissitudes in "The Street of Adventure."

Sacking was all the rage. Indeed, the story is told of one man who came from America to manage a popular national paper and sacked so many of the staff that even the hard-bitten proprietor became slightly alarmed.

"I don't want to interfere with your plans," he is said to have remarked nervously to his newly-discovered genius, "but I must remind you that we have to have somebody working on the paper."

"That's O.K., Boss," retorted the Big Shot, "There are plenty of men in Fleet Street."

"I know that," quavered the Press magnate, "but they've all been here."

For it often came to pass in those days that the only way incompetent journalists could justify their promotion over their fellows was by indulging in an orgy of sacking. Those who did this, in many instances, themselves

by  
**WILLIAM ARMITAGE**



had eventually the experience of being told to go to the cashier and get out—and, if you asked me, though I hope you won't, I could mention names. Anyhow, being sacked was almost a profession, and there were men who, for years, flitted from paper to paper living on their immoral earnings as professional sackees.

In ten years I believe I had thirty jobs. Only the temporary engagements lasted any length of time—those that were permanent were over in a flash. Then came my inspiration. I made up my mind to write an article on "Sacked into Success," and I have been waiting ever since for success so that I could do it.

But it was hard work to keep pace with the bright boys. Long before Sir Stafford Cripps thought of his working parties there were parties of smart newspaper men who had persuaded the Big Business moguls that they were essential to the prosperity of a newspaper undertaking. When one of them moved he took his troupe with him, and as he went into the new office by the front door those who were already there went out at the back. Men of 35 were writing their life stories without having lived. Were they mad days? Well, it's all according, as some famous man once said. But my jaundiced view is that there was something wrong with them. To be 35 was a mistake—you were too old. To be modest about your own ability was a blunder. They were the days of gift schemes. You had only to buy a copy of a paper, fill up the form, and you became owner of a grand piano, or something else you could not play. Also you filled up another form and found yourself insured against anything that might not happen to you, but never the mishap that did.

Perhaps I may be forgiven for narrating one personal experience. The inevitable had happened, and I was having the honour of being sacked once more, this time by a famous literary figure. He was moaning about having brought me from the provinces and expressing his hypocritical regrets at having to send me packing. His grief became so distressing to me that I gently interposed that he had only asked me to go from Fleet Street to Covent Garden, and that the fare was a penny on the bus there and another penny back. His anger was so overpowering that he later told a friend of mine that I had completely lost my sense of humour. No, in those days intelligence in newspaper offices began very high with the doorman and the office boy and gradually diminished as it reached the higher paid sections. With the editor it was so-so, but in the managerial department it became complete imbecility.

### **What a Fight !**

From what I have written so far you will realise that I was a misfit. Either my legs were too short, or my tongue too sharp; I was too well dressed, or not dressed well enough. At all events I had to fight for existence. And what a fight it was !

My journalistic career began when I got a job in a newspaper office on the banks of a dirty canal in the West Riding of Yorkshire where people were very difficult to please.

Our circulation easily reached two figures, but then refused to rise. One morning a local solicitor met me and said he was giving the paper up. I asked him why, and his explanation was that for six weeks we had had the same column of wit and humour in the paper and he had read it until he was almost word perfect. That very week it had been left out, and he was no longer interested in the paper. He felt he had been let down and the circulation of the paper must suffer.

### **Ask a Policeman**

Even a succession of sacks, however, begins to pall. And the time came when my one desire was to feel secure. I mentioned this to a friend, who, without hesitation, said "The best thing you can do is to become a crime reporter." "How do I do it?" I asked. "You go down to Scotland Yard," he said, says he, "and you persuade a policeman to give you information, and you're made for life."

It sounded easy, and I went. Strange to say and wonderful to relate, as a member of the Clay Cross Urban District Council used to observe apropos of any and every question that cropped up, the miracle happened.

Since then, up to now, I have never been without a week's salary. To the man who has never been a crime reporter this will be a puzzler. But that matters little. It became such a pleasure to me to have to deal with a section of the community—crooks, rogues, thieves and vagabonds and occasionally City men—who were as anxious to avoid publicity as politicians were to get it that I began to feel quite at home. And think of the delights of being able to say about these scoundrels everything I wanted to say about some of the men with whom I associated every day.

At last the day came when I was invited to write this article in spite of my not having achieved success. It is such a pleasure to feel that I have stuck to my theme. "Sacked into Success" is the title of the article, which I am glad to get off my mind. But, unhappily, success seems as far off as ever, and looks like continuing to elude me to the bitter end.



As Chief Crime Reporter of the Press Association, the writer of this article has been able to study at close range the work of police and criminals. You will find some fascinating analyses of murderers, their motives and characters, in this contribution by

W. G. FINCH

on

## *THIS IS WHAT THE CRIME*

I AM never quite sure whether the Crime Reporter is regarded in his office as a necessary evil or an essential and welcome member of the staff, because crime reporting is not usually regarded as the highest form of journalism. But it is certainly of great importance to newspapers—look how often a crime story gets the “lead.”

Unlike some crime fiction writers who can loll at ease in a luxurious flat, with a whisky and soda at hand while dictating the imaginings of a fertile brain, the crime reporter has to earn his living the hard way. At least that is my experience. I have had to spend many weary hours, often under humiliating circumstances, trying to unearth the facts of a crime.

### **Uses All Wiles**

But crime reporting is a fascinating branch of our profession. It affords the most interesting insights into human character, and often places the reporter in a position where he has to use all the wiles he possesses—bringing into play other talents than his journalistic ability, as, for instance, when he has to pose as somebody else. In this sense he could be likened to that aristocrat of crime, the confidence trickster; he has to persuade people to talk when their inclination is to avoid being drawn into conversation.

I have always been fascinated by confidence tricksters and have a certain admiration for them. I am sorry, in a way, they seem to have disappeared from the headlines but I imagine the economic conditions will soon bring them back!

These underworld gentry go in for crime in a big way and the stakes are always high. The secret of

their success lies in their preliminary activity when, by clever and ingenious reconnoitring, they secure valuable information concerning the mental make-up of their intended victim. They always select a wealthy individual whose acquisitive instincts are more developed than those of most other people. In this form of crime the “con man” butters his bread on both sides as the victim is disinclined to have his gullibility exposed and the public rarely show much sympathy for him.

The public play an important part in crime detection because they often put the police in possession of valuable clues. The “con man” is spared this. In fact the public often wish him well and are interested as to how he “gets away with it.” That, of course, is the “con man’s” secret, but I think it is explained in the words of an Australian acquaintance of mine when he said: “Always give your mug the idea that he will be able to do you down.”

This acquaintance has many likeable traits. He is a well educated person, an excellent raconteur, acute and astute. Further, he is an accomplished sleight of hand expert who could easily gain admission into the Magic Circle.

He told me once that this accomplishment is a useful addition to his stock-in-trade as it enables him to extract wallets with ease, not so much for valuables they contain as for letters and memoranda which give an insight into character and interests of the victim.

### **Mystery of Murderers**

Most people seem to favour the study of murderers as the most interesting side of criminology,

and there is a great deal to be said for it. Yet murderers are not criminals in the sense they live by crime. Their crime is often the result of a sudden impulse or momentary blackout; the majority of murderers I have seen and talked with have been people you would never associate with crimes of violence in any form. Norman Thorne, for instance, who murdered Elsie Cameron at his poultry farm at Crowborough, convinced himself

that it was an accident and believed it implicitly. Indeed there are some people who today still think so, and certainly no murder trial in history provoked such contradictory evidence from such distinguished medico-jurists as Sir Bernard Spilsbury and Dr. Bronte. One was positive it was murder; the other believed it was suicide—probably accidental.

The murderer and his victim were two highly interesting characters. They were both Sunday School teachers, although they could not be called an ideal couple. Elsie was a very charming girl, delicate and rather neurotic. She had a weak physique and was (as I think Thorne realised himself) not fitted to be the wife of a struggling poultry farmer. But no privations were too forbidding to dissuade Elsie from seeking marriage. Doubtless she was largely influenced in her desire by her deep religious convictions, feeling that therein lay assuagement for her sin of pre-marital intimacy. She was well aware of the miserable existence she would have to endure as a wife in a miserable wooden hut with one broken armchair, a table, a small chair without a back, and a wooden box as a seat for guests. The bed was an army cot.

#### A Complex Character

Thorne himself had many likeable qualities. Although conditions which followed the 1914-18 war were rather disastrous, he never allowed himself to fall a victim to the depressing circumstances that prevailed. He never joined the queues at the Labour Exchange but determined to make good on a poultry farm by sheer hard work and enthusiasm. After a time he realised that he would never be able to make a suitable home for Elsie and decided to turn her against him. Nobody can, however, accurately analyse the character of a man who, after murdering his sweetheart and cutting up her body, could send a wreath to her funeral with the inscription "Till we meet again."

As a contrast there is the case of Patrick Maho who murdered Emily Kaye at the lonely bungalow at Pevensey Bay, near Eastbourne. It was not difficult to analyse his make-up. There had never been a man of more overweening vanity in the Prisoner's Dock. Indeed, he was so concerned about his personal appearance that he insisted on being supplied with sunburn mixture for his appearances at his trials. His grooming was always perfect, his hair always tidy and carefully waved and his clothes well cut. He boasted of his conquests over women,

## REPORTER SEES



*W. G. Finch as the artist sees him.*



and his wife knew only too well of his many love affairs. She knew, too, that they never lasted very long. His love affair with Emily Kaye, however, developed other ideas in his mind. He discovered that she possessed a good banking account and thereupon plotted and planned to possess himself of the money and effect the disappearance of her body. He persuaded her to write to her friends informing them of her intention to go to South Africa, where he convinced her they would marry, and by this clever ruse prevented any enquiries from her friends when she disappeared.

### When Mahon Wined

There was a striking coincidence in this case. When Mahon cut Emily Kaye's body into pieces to burn them in a stove there was a violent thunderstorm raging with vivid flashes of lightning. When at his trial at Lewes Assizes he was describing the fight he suggested he and Miss Kaye had, there was a blinding flash of lightning outside followed by a deafening crash of thunder. That was the only time I saw Mahon wince.

Mahon was trapped by a cloakroom ticket at Waterloo Station—the ticket accidentally found by his wife—and had it not been for this it is doubtful whether he would ever have been caught.

It has been my unfortunate lot to see many murderers hanged but never one who went as calmly to the scaffold as Mahon. He behaved like a guardsman on parade and as he passed in the corridor he nodded a condescending farewell to me. I am quite certain that, even at this dreadful moment, his chief concern was that he had been deprived of his collar and tie, thus affecting his sartorial appearance. Even on the gallows he was vainglorious and his last action was to flick with the grace of a courtier an imaginary bit of dust from the lapel of his coat.

The Thompson and Bywaters case (where for the first time a woman paid the supreme penalty with a man for murder) probably saw more violent reactions on the part of the public than during any other case. Here Frederick Eywaters, a ship's steward, killed Thompson, the husband of his mistress, Edith Thompson, and many people, particularly women, apportioned most of the blame for the murder upon Mrs. Thompson. They took the view that although the hand of Bywaters struck the savage blow, he had been continually encouraged to commit the act by her.

The couple were a curious mixture of the

romantic and the practical. They had known one another since the carefree days of childhood. That friendship developed into intimacy which had continued for years before he actually murdered Thompson. There was ample evidence produced at the trial proving that Bywaters would not deny himself the association even if life itself had to be sacrificed. His guilt was proved from the contents of his "ditty" box in the ship (which included a number of letters) and by a stain on his coat, and his own damaging admissions.

The letters which passed between the two were not only couched in terms of the most passionate nature, but were so forceful and open that one of the detectives in the case remarked to me: "Why the heck he did not destroy them I can't imagine." The letters indicated beyond all possible doubt that the pair had been conspiring for years to rid themselves of Thompson.

Mrs. Thompson had been trying in a crude way. She got one idea from the novel "Bella Donna." In a letter to Bywaters she wrote: "He (her husband) has the right by law to that you have the right to by love." In another she wrote: "I am going to try powdered glass again," and in another mentioned how she used glass that was not powdered, but that he found a piece. There was no doubt, however, that Bywaters was the original instigator of the idea of murder. Mrs. Thompson co-operated. There was never any doubt of her guilt. The trial revealed one of the coolest, most calculated and deliberate of murder plots that ever came before a British Court of Justice.

### A Sordid Murder

Another murder I remember was the ingeniously and cunningly contrived killing of Mrs. Fox by her son, Sidney, in a Margate hotel. It was a very sordid affair because the son's sole motive was to collect on his mother's life insurance. After strangling her he fired her bedroom, but his attempt at arson was too clumsy. Scotland Yard soon discovered clues such as bruises on his mother's tongue, a half bottle of port, the absence of soot from the victim's windpipe—and the insurance policy.

An interesting feature of the crime was the arguments that developed between the crime reporters and the Yard detectives concerning the son's sanity. In the minds of the jury his sanity was never doubted. But all through his career he was headstrong—largely as the result of having been a spoilt boy by a doting mother—and was more than

unusually susceptible to temptations from gay companions. He was obviously born with a moral kink. Even while he plotted to kill his mother he harboured a strange affection for her, and one school of thought argued that in his twisted brain he probably justified her death as preferable to a life of privation.

### **No "Yard" Microscope**

The only murder I can recall as the work of hardened criminals was that of P.C. Gutteridge, who was killed on a lonely Essex road by Browne and Kennedy. It was just a brutal killing with no motive other than the escape from the arm of the law, yet it had in it many curious features. That a policeman had been shot put all police officers in the country on their mettle and the chase for the two fugitives became countrywide.

In London it was largely the work of the late Sir Wyndham Childs that finally put the police on the right track. He discovered that the revolver used to shoot Gutteridge had indentations on the breech block because the cartridge found showed slight mounds of microscopic size on its base. Sir Wyndham puzzled over this cartridge for hours and discovered to his amazement that Scotland Yard did not possess a microscope! He had to send out for one. With his knowledge of firearms he quickly appreciated that the cause of the indentations on the breech block was that its owner used a steel cleaning rod.

"Find the man who cleans his revolver in that way," shouted Sir Wyndham to Chief Inspector Berrett, who was in charge of the investigations, "and you have your man."

In all my experience I never met a more ill-assorted pair than Browne and Kennedy. It was a mystery how two such opposite characters could ever have established a partnership in crime. Browne was strong and self-willed; Kennedy was the exact opposite, easily led and weak physically and morally. Browne, in fact, was a curious mixture of genius and depravity, and he retained an affection for home and family. As a mechanic he was unquestionably talented above the average and had several ingenious inventions to his credit, although not to be regarded as creditable to a law-abiding citizen.

Crime, too, seems to be subject to varying moods and one type of criminal activity sometimes has a period of phenomenal success. Forging notes and counterfeiting were at one time prevalent, but since

the war little is seen or heard of them. It is true, of course, that forged notes do not remain in circulation for long, and are often very crude attempts, but I have seen many that would pass most people. I have one in my possession that baffled bank clerks.

The difficulty confronting detectives is that they have to work back in tracing forged notes to their source. The actual forger never attempts to pass the notes. There are several agents between him and the first innocent person to receive the note. Even more troublesome is the fact that forgers usually see to it that the agents never know them. The result is that the police only find out there is a forgery when the notes are in circulation.

### **Detective Training Ideas**

In their task of detection the police have to resort to ruses. Sometimes they use disguises, play a watching game, and endure a long wait before they ferret out the little man in his back room, working intently over his glass frame. It is an interesting experience to see a forger's den with its jars of acid and chemical equipment. I have often wondered how such a man, with outstanding ability, can work so devotedly under cramped conditions to defeat the law when he could easily obtain a good position in a respectable profession. It is a question answered, I suppose, in the oddities of human nature.

So much for the criminals. What of the detectives who hunt them? Numerically, Scotland Yard's force of detectives is the weakest branch of the service.

### **Ingenuity of Crooks**

There is and there always will be a romantic interest in the lives and habits of criminals and it is largely the study of these that forms the basis of the training of the Yard sleuth. He is, however, essentially practical; the modern detective certainly keeps his feet firmly planted on the long and hard road of investigation that leads to, and produces, facts rather than analytical deductions. This does not mean that the detective is a mere automaton; often his subtle reasoning while pursuing troublesome, and sometimes boring, enquiries leads to the capture of the criminal.

Detectives do not live by murder alone. The confidence trickster, murderer and blackmailer are interesting diversions compared with the daily problem of keeping pace with the ingenuity of the



modern thief. The greatest headaches are caused by the task of catching thieves. This form of law-breaking embraces many crimes and the detective has to be something of a psychologist, able to make a comprehensive appreciation of the thief's character as well as to understand his technique.

One frequently hears the term "criminal mind," but what is it? I suggest persons supposed to have criminal minds are better described as possessing an anti-social abnormality. Criminals may be made—sometimes by undisciplined upbringing, lack of proper training, financial circumstances, absence of opportunity, and sometimes by force of economic conditions. If there is such a thing as a criminal mind, why is it I have never found a son following his father in a life of crime?

A final word about the post-war crime wave. In my opinion there have not been so many really bad criminals on the scene since the end of the recent war as there were after the 1914-18 scrap. Numerically, probably there are as many, if not more, petty thieves, but that is almost exclusively due to the opportunities offered on the Black Market. The present aftermath of war has not seen any of the picturesque criminals such as emerged after the 1918 war.

### No Future in Crime

There is, of course, Heath. In some respects he resembled Mahon in his mode of life, although Mahon never approached Heath in savage sadism. In the other realms of crime I cannot think of one really expert or ingenious addition to the criminal population. It may be—and I think it is something more than a pious hope—that Scotland Yard, in sponsoring a publicity campaign, is convincing the younger generation that crime definitely does not pay, and that it is fraught with perils and inconveniences so manifold that, as a means of livelihood, it has no future.

A would-be journalist was sent to the monthly meeting of the Stuffington Chamber of Commerce. He departed languidly and was soon back, yawning and bored. His Chief said: "Nothing doing, eh?"

"Bally waste of time," retorted the youth. "They not only drag me there to listen to a lot of hot air but before they started the Chairman pulled out a pistol, shot the grocer and the coal merchant dead, and then committed suicide. Of course, the meeting had to pack up, and I made that journey for nothing."—W.A.B.

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# STARS OF THE CRIMINAL STAGE

by

JOSEPH MEANEY

**M**URDER doesn't pay! Any more than crime pays the criminal.

Sooner or later the murderer is tracked down; the crook has to pay for his crime. Scoff as much as you like over this, with a list of so-called "unsolved murders" on the files of Scotland Yard's bureau to challenge my claim. But, ask any "Yard" man about some of these "unsolved murders," those baffling crime riddles, that never come before Judge and Jury. He could—if he would—clear up quite a lot. But only to convince you that it is not enough to *know* the author of a crime to clap him in the dock. Usually it is some little bit of tell-tale evidence that beats the "Yard" man, sifting among the clues for enough material to make an arrest, and a conviction more a probability than a sheer gamble of a possibility.

## "Murder Pays Me"

I know half a dozen murderers walking about London, with the freedom of the streets, and only their consciences to remind them that they are "on the run" till the end of their days. Crime hasn't paid, in their case, any more than the murderer who has gone to the gallows, or the criminal who has gone to a convict jail.

But murder and crime pay *me*! I have made a living out of the crook and the killer for thirty or more years. The Old Bailey is my theatre. I see quite enough life-and-death dramas on its stage never to feel the urge to go to a playhouse or a cinema for a thrill. The theatre could never create that terrifying moment before the jury foreman utters the fateful word "Guilty" in a murder trial. Any more than the cleverest showman could hush an audience into that death-like stillness that drops over an Assize Court when the Judge passes sentence of death.

I have watched five hundred or more of these death-sentence dramas. No two murderers alike—every death sentence a story of its own, with a twist, or an angle, to make a news story. Sometimes it is the Judge's emotion, the agony of a



★ For more than 30 years Mr. Meaney has made his living out of crooks and killers—reporting the dramas staged at the Old Bailey. ★

Here he recalls some of the trials that have held the world fascinated.

sobbing jurywoman, the shriek of a wife's despair at a husband going to his doom. More often it is the doomed wretch himself who provides the "colour" for the background, like the man who whipped out a cigarette when the Old Bailey Judge was about to sentence him to death. He was a gigolo of the underworld, who didn't seem to care a rap for his fate, and stalked out of the dock with a rolling gait. He did not hang, in spite of his swaggering defiance. There was another man "in the job"!

Udham Singh, the Indian student who assassinated Sir Michael O'Dwyer before the horrified eyes of a hundred and eighty people in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, lashed himself into a rage as



he harangued the Judge for half an hour before he was sentenced to death. I think the Judge was Mr. Justice Atkinson—mildest-mannered of King's Bench Judges. Udham's speech was almost inarticulate through his excitement. Not much of a story in that, as it was just a wild recital of his fancied grievances. But Udham had one more card to play before he took his curtain on the Old Bailey stage. He spat out at the Judge, missed "my lord" by a few inches. As the distance from the dock to the bench is about twenty feet, you can measure Udham Singh's effort! I heard afterwards that he went to his death with Eastern stoicism.

One Judge I knew paid only one visit to the Old Bailey. He had a peculiar impediment of speech which sounded like "haw, haw, haw!" He had to sentence a murderer, and, owing to his vocal affliction, it sounded as if he were chuckling with mirth.

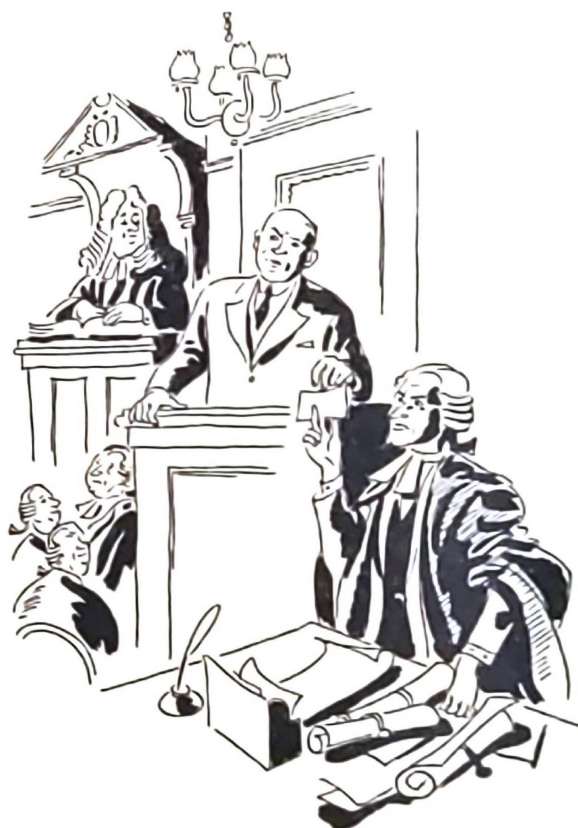
That was the most embarrassing moment I have ever known at a murder trial!

#### Murderers Cross Themselves

Then there was the "Sign of the Cross" murderer—a young Army reservist named Michael Collins. He killed a woman on Tower Hill. As the chaplain said "Amen" at the end of the sentence, the doomed man crossed himself devoutly. More than a quarter of a century passed before I saw another doomed murderer make the sign of the Cross. He was a North London bookmaker who strangled his former mistress in her Highbury flat, murmured "Thank you, my lord" when the Lord Chief Justice of England told him in the Court of Criminal Appeal that there was nothing in his bid to save his life.

Neville Clevely Heath caught the headlines because of the savage ferocity of his crimes. He was death-sentenced for one girl's murder. If that trial had failed, he would have been arraigned for another girl's murder. Both crimes were cleared up by the police, though Heath paid the penalty for one only.

I don't know whether I appeal, in some strange way, to killers, but I have been on friendly terms with several who have ended their lives on the scaffold. While he was before the magistrate at West London Heath used me as his go-between with his counsel. Each time he thanked me politely. Once he pressed my hand in friendly warmth. He had charming manners, good looks,



*A note was passed to Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett by the accused. (See story on next page.)*

dressed neatly, had a splendid physique. It wasn't hard to pity the nice girls who, in their folly, came under the spell of one of the most repulsive murderers who have "starred" on the Old Bailey's stage.

When William Joyce ("Lord Haw-haw") was awaiting his end in Wandsworth Jail I got a message from him. His brother told me that the doomed traitor sent me his kind regards, and wished to thank me for the story I wrote of his demeanour in the dock during the passing of the death sentence. I did not embellish Joyce. I was merely fair to him. He heard his fate bravely, and I said so. But I valued that message from the condemned cell more highly than any editorial tribute I have received.

The old "stars" have vanished from the front row of counsels' seats in the historic No. 1 Court of the Old Bailey. Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, K.C., has gone, and up till now I haven't seen another "silk" to match his court charm, or eloquent play with a jury's feelings. If ever he was asked what he thought of his chance as

defending counsel before a trial started, he invariably answered: "Wait till I look at the jury, and then I'll tell you!" During one of his Old Bailey trials, I saw the man in the dock pass Curtis a note. The K.C. scribbled something in reply. The jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." Outside the court Sir Henry asked me if I saw the note passed from the dock. I told him I had.

"Read it, then," he said.

It ran, "I'll plead guilty and save the time of the court. Perhaps I'll get a lighter sentence."

### The K.C.'s Secret

And the reply? "I told him to keep his — mouth shut!" and the K.C. chuckled his way gaily out of the Old Bailey as though he hadn't a care in the world. Few people knew that before he went to court he had to have his eyes treated by a famous eye specialist.

New "stars" are beginning to twinkle on the Old Bailey stage. Once I heard James Burge describe himself, modestly, as "a humble back-bencher." It was true, in a way, as he was the only "junior" with a prisoner to defend, while all the rest in the dock had highly-paid "silks" to plead for them. Yet the speech of the self-styled "humble back-bencher" was a master gem of oratory, which won the admiration of the Judge.

F. H. Lawton is another "top-star" in the making. He very narrowly missed a "win" in his first role as counsel for the defence in a major murder trial. It was the trial of Harry Dobkin, the firewatcher, who strangled his wife and buried her in a bomb-blasted Baptist chapel in Kennington. "F. H." appeared for Dobkin in the magistrate's court, and when the solicitor sought the advice of the Lambeth magistrate as to the best "leader" to engage for the trial, the answer he got was "Do you think you can do better than that young junior?" So "F. H." got the brief, and he handled the case so skilfully that he very nearly got his man off.

### A Family Affair

It was not long after this that the brilliant young barrister scored a great triumph in another murder trial at the Old Bailey. The jury acquitted the accused. Sitting in court was "F. H.'s" father — the Governor of Pentonville Prison. If it had

not been for his son's triumph the father would have had to take the accused man off to the condemned cell in his jail.

If you are interested in legal "stars" like some people are interested in the "stars" of the cinema screen, keep an eye on the "Guv'nor's" son — "my boy" as he calls him with every show of pride and admiration. As he is entitled to feel!

Most moving speech I ever heard from a murderer going to his doom came from the self-styled "Dr." Trevor — a monocled flat raider with a long prison record. Trevor committed his first crime of violence when he hit a woman in her Kensington flat over the head with a beer bottle. Turning to the woman's daughter, he said: "If my life is any compensation to you for your loss, then take it." Then came the high-light of the old crook's speech, ". . . my life has been all *winter*."

As it had! Trevor had known little of the sunshine of life, as most of his time had been spent behind the strong walls of convict jails.

### Always the Ghosts

Crime hadn't paid the bogus "doctor" either as a jewel thief or as a murderer. He ended his life on the scaffold in Wandsworth Prison for a crime which those who knew him, as I did, as a dandy West End crook couldn't understand.

If there is no head-line murderer, no top-ranking crook to stand in the dock of the Old Bailey, it is never empty for me. There are always the "ghosts" to watch — Crippen, Seddon-the-poisoner, Alfie Jackoby, the smiling pantry boy who killed Lady White, and the others whose trial-dramas make stories for me to write, and you to read, and people who come long after you!

### THREE THOUGHTS

This country is not priest-ridden, but press-ridden.—Longfellow.

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.—Shakespeare.

Souls dwell in printer's type.—Joseph Ames.



## “ . . . Coupled With The Name Of— ”

WHEN as a child I saw in the then *Daily Telegraph* a vast prairie of print, as far as a youthful eye could reach, bearing a pergola of type such as “GREAT SPEECH BY LORD SALISBURY,” I felt I was looking upon the mysterious husk of one of the unexplained wonders of life. It was all awesomely important. If only one could understand *why*. One had to be patient, to grow up, one supposed. The magic contained in such generous consumption of news-print would one day be revealed as some of the raw material of a reportorial living. But that revelation was still in the tick-seed of time.

Immemorially the prelude was : “The Rt. Hon. Gentleman who, on rising, was received with loud and prolonged cheers, said : “. . . ” and, in my home, the effect on the adults was always the same. They never did finish reading the “GREAT SPEECH,” but always passed peacefully away with the paper draped over the knees like a travelling rug. It was a puzzling thing that very important people should generate such galvanic action in their hearers and yet induce euthanasia in their readers.

Since those *fin de siècle* days there has been a reversal. Speeches are no longer GREAT nor do they sprout espalier-trained headlines across the pages. They are so meticulously pruned back to a few buds of eloquence that they have ceased to relieve pain, give foot-ease or induce sleep in the most constant of readers.

Speeches often fall into two categories : those that sound dull, but read impressively, and those that were a delight to hear but are flat to read. As well might one expect to see a joyous sparkle in a glass of last night's left-over champagne.

But after-dinner speaking, following the conclusion of the Second World War, has at last reached its rightful place as one of the recognised blood-sports of Britain. It is probably the cruellest of all such pastimes. For whereas the “stout red fox,” or the stag, or otter, may get away, there is very little, if any, easy escape for the after-dinner listener. In many ways, as a race, we bring it upon ourselves. We select our tormentors on a basis of hard-listening. That is to say we prefer so often someone of “importance”

HORACE SANDERS

in this article deals delightfully with the gentle—and sometimes boring—art of after-dinner and other public speaking.

who is as edifying as a rusty bell ringing in an empty house, or as ponderous as a retired toastmaster who has only a post-graduate remembrance of the victims of his former avocation.

In these years of grace there has been only one speaker whose oratory in process as well as in print could be called truly Great—vibrant in action and galvanic to read—and he was the greatest of Prime Ministers who is a great journalist.



As Sallon sees Horace Sanders.

Because there is such a vast supply of speaking provided by the legislature, the clergy, the Bar, civic dignitaries of every size and circumstance, and very earnest people, it has sometimes been assumed that the listening profession which sees all of the game—journalism—is critical of those who do seek to place audiences under enchantment only because it is penfully, and not vocally, active itself. And it seemed to me, who has listened to after-dinner oratory for 40 years, that there is something to be said in praise of our profession when it comes to the arts and crafts of such public expressions of thought.

### Makes Short Speech

There is one great merit at least in speaking which I have always noticed in my profession. A journalist knows when to sit down. And more often than not how to sit down, as well. He also knows when to make a short speech. After all, most journalists have been reporters. As such they have listened to the clichés, platitudes, ponderosities, pomposities, pretentiousness and staggered perorations of supremely self-satisfied toast-proposers and repliers, and have learned what so many of the agile-tongued sons of the divine afflatus have never learned about themselves.

There is often another quality I have noticed in my brethren: the angle of thought with which the speech begins. I recall a tribute upon this point paid by the late Augustine Birrell, then in his eighties. He told me on one occasion that he had always enjoyed listening to a journalist speaking.

"It is always from a different angle to that which you anticipate," he said, adding: "That is such a refreshing experience."

And Augustine Birrell, famous for his "Birrellisms," was a truly delightful master of the art of after-dinner eloquence.

Among journalists who possessed sustained ability to make entertaining contributions to the enjoyment of an audience there were the late Spencer Leigh Hughes ("Sub Rosa"), the late Thomas McDonald Rendle and the late Edgar Wallace. Rendle had the tongue of a verbal cartoonist. He was the *lion comique* of any after-dinner speaking. And since his day one has not heard his like for style and for matter. If one was without a sense of humour, then, of course, the wit with which Rendle spiced his speeches enraged the listener, especially if that listener was

replying to the toast he was proposing. Indeed, his after-dinner speaking once led to public controversy.

But the fact remains that he understood that an audience after dinner was not to be glucosed or numbed by elephantine speeches of a prosy and pedestrian character. As a good psychologist he knew that people sought a little light entertainment after food. Edgar Wallace, too, had the gift of interesting and entertaining his audience. His style differed from Rendle's, which was to have a proposer "on toast," but it had a fine sweep and a sparkling vitality of fun and frolic.

He set a difficult example to follow when he initiated the famous Derby Luncheon at the Press Club. As chairman of that function he developed a masterly technique for extracting from the visitors the most varied and delightful responses. This was due to the atmosphere he set, with such skill and sensitive understanding of the guests and audience, in his speech. And here, as everyone would agree, the Press Club is fortunate in his successor to the chair of that function, for Colonel J. J. Astor, as President, is not only a very attractive speaker, but at that luncheon always brings another rich contribution in witty and disarmingly provoking utterance to the traditions of the occasion. The late Lord Riddell and the late Lord Dewar were most acceptable post-prandial speakers.

The late Hon. Harry Lawson (2nd Lord Burnham), Lord Camrose, Lord Rothermere, the late Lord Hewart and Mr. Justice Cassels are among the after-luncheon or dinner speakers who remain in my memory.

### "As Honey-Dew"

Good after-dinner speaking is almost a lost art. Lost only because dinner committees as a rule lack courage, even where they may have the understanding. So often the chosen are the portentous who are continually, as one so often hears them, explaining how many speeches they have made, and how it really comes from them as honey-dew from a divinely-given gland. No trouble at all. They are only too ready to give a sample.

Speakers, however, are unpredictable fellows in action. I remember attending, as a reporter, a meeting which was to be addressed by the late Mr. George Cadbury. It was at the period of the Tariff Reform controversy. Free Trade was regarded as a sacred revelation, while Tariff Reform



was viewed as a subject to be denounced in Biblical language. There was no chairman for the meeting, and accordingly Mr. Cadbury asked me to take the chair. I was 20 then. So I sat at a tiny table which just held Mr. Cadbury and myself, opened the meeting, and then my notebook. After all, my business was to record the sayings of Mr. Cadbury.

### "Prince of Darkness"

At one point, while my head was bent at my task, he said of Joseph Chamberlain and other Tariff reformers: "My friends, the powers of Evil are against us. Yea! Even the Prince of Darkness himself is in our midst."

So saying, he fetched his outstretched, oratorical hand down with a resounding smack on the top of my bent head. The audience crowed with delight, which increased to gale intensity when Mr. Cadbury, looking down, saw where his hand was resting and took it off as if it were being scorched on a hot-plate.

Very embarrassed, he said to the audience: "Of course, I did not mean him! This gentleman is the reporter."

"No you don't, Guv'nor," cried a Brum voice. "You was right the *faist* time. Give him Hell!"

Such was the gala tempo of free advice continuously given that at Mr. Cadbury's request I had to close the meeting.

In the days when I was on the *Morning Leader* I was sent, attired in a lavender, waisted frock-coat, top hat and spats, one Sunday evening to interview General Booth the First. On my arrival at the crowded hall I was immediately taken on the platform to the General, who was concluding an address.

He halted for a moment and in reply to his question I said: "I am a reporter from the *Morning Leader*."

I had hardly finished announcing myself before he had enwrapped one arm round me, held me in a vice-like grip, pressed to his chest, and, with one arm extended aloft like a prophet of old, he prayed for me. It seemed a very long time to me, and all the more embarrassing to bear, shall I say, because of the urgent and encouraging shouts to the grand old General of "Hosanna!" "Hallelujah!" and "Saved!" Among confused memories of that ordeal is one I have of the extraordinary eloquence and dignity of his language and its simple purity.



Oh, breathe not his name!  
Let it sleep in the shade  
Where cold and unnoticed  
His speeches are laid.

—After Thomas Moore.  
(With apologies to the Author.)

It seems to me such a pity, to-day, to read about, or listen to, departures from the harmonies and dignity of the English language. I will never believe that the persuasive force of speech ever gains effective results from descending into the slick, the cheap and the slang. That is not to say that even slang in its setting and in the manner of its introduction may not be acceptable as being racy of the soil; but I am quite sure after a lifetime of being, I hope, a good listener, capable of outlasting a speaker and still retaining full consciousness, that audiences prefer always to be treated as people possessing an ingrained respect for the grace of our good English tongue. It possesses such glorious words; it provides so generously for interpreting every emotion.

### Forgot All

However, I lost consciousness once—after the event. I had been sent to Margate for a meeting,

and I went away to a chair on the sands, and promptly forgot all about it.

Arthur Moreland, the famous cartoonist, and then a colleague of *The Star*, was on a casual visit there. On the promenade he saw a large crowd hilariously enjoying some spectacle. He weaved his way in, and saw, in a deck chair, a young man, wearing lovely mauve socks, fast asleep. He was entirely surrounded by water about a foot deep, with the crowd in joyous expectation awaiting the moment when the cocked-up leg would also have to go in the water. Moreland then recognised me. And he sent this cartoon to *The Star* in illustration of the story of "The Sleeper Awakened."

Once I played Laertes to a Hamlet who adopted the German fashion of a beard at a Shakespearian matinee attended by a distinguished audience, one of the members of which was the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Hamlet had just begun to utter the lines, "The times are out of joint," when down came the heavy curtain with a quick flop. All I saw of Hamlet was his two legs weaving the air. On the other side of the curtain, it was incredibly said at that time, such was the enjoyment of the audience that Mr. Chamberlain himself dropped his eyeglass.

Of course, we all have adventures in speaking in public. Having made some observations on the joy of smoking, later I received a cabinet of cigars; on another occasion, following a joking reference to my inherent dislike to a very tidy desk, I received a most elaborate boxful of every conceivable desk efficiency gadget; and after a further occasion I received a letter giving me full details of how I could purchase, at varied prices from the sender, speeches suitable for every function. I have never yet had the good fortune of addressing bankers on the subject of money to see what the sequel might be.

### Journalists Are Intolerant

In my journeys to Press Clubs in the provinces, over the years, I have heard many delightful examples of the true art of after-dinner speaking, for, of course, the journalist quite rightly is intolerant of the pompous and the pretentious. The late Edward Morgan, who was, I think, Chief Reporter of the *Birmingham Post*, was one of the most eloquent journalist speakers to whom I have ever listened. Yet when I first knew him years before I would never have suspected that gift.

Owing to the intervention of the war my knowledge of the provinces to-day is limited, but I am quite sure that the Fleet Streets of the provinces have many brothers with able standards of speaking. Among those to whom I have enjoyed listening are Hannen Swaffer, Guy Eden, Willie Blackwood, Ian Mackay, Alan and Clifton Robbins, Percy Rudd, William H. Salmon, James Bone, John Gordon, Frank Owen, George Allison, Percival Marshall, H. C. Vickery, Ernest H. Bland, Donald Spendlove, William MacGowran, Laurence Vine, George Ward Price, Tom Foster, Tom Webster, Stewart Nicholson, William Armitage, Morley Richards, H. A. Taylor, Ernest Rann, A. T. Penman, Stanley Bishop, Laurie Cade, H. R. Simmons. There are many others I might add to the list.

### Rating The Speakers

Casting one's mind back, I think among public speakers, other than Mr. Churchill, the most eloquent I have heard was the late Lord Rosebery; the most polished, the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston; the most popular, the late Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, though I suppose many would have said Lloyd George. The wittiest after-dinner speaker to-day is still Sir Alan Herbert.

Of course, it is a little hard on a speaker to be introduced in terms that are laudatory in the highest degree, but if you enter upon such rash courses then you must join the ranks of the oratorical vicissitudinarians. When young I contracted a wholly undeserved reputation and was introduced to the audience by a chairman who said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are now going to be addressed by a very great comedian. Hold tight to your chairs and get ready to laugh your sides out!"

Well, it was such a shock to me at 18 years of age that my vocal chords would not work, and after a few agonised croaks I sat down. It was at a football gathering which I had also to report. The Chairman looked at me witheringly and said in anger: "You've made a complete 'B.F.' of me. Waiter, bring me a pint at once!"

So early a baptism no doubt stood me in good stead, and in the long after-years, on sitting down at a dinner, I was able to bear up when an enchanting film star by my side said: "When I listen to you speak, you make me feel tight!"

I am still not quite sure what she meant.



# CRAZE THAT CROSSED AND CAPTURED THE WORLD

By MORLEY ADAMS

*the man who compiled the first book of crosswords in England and knows the story of crosswords from their start in 1912.*

WHEN you have settled into your corner seat (I hope !) on the 8.30 up to Town, have taken out your pencil and turned to the page of your paper containing the crossword, do you ever stop to think how this crossword business all began ?

The year was 1912. The man, Arthur Wynne. The country, America. From the centuries old word-square he produced the first crossword—a very modest affair, only seven squares each way and with a very simple design. The words were short and the clues were simple. Some of the words were obscure terms no expert would dream of including in a puzzle today.

But all the credit for the invention should not go to America, for Wynne, who died in 1945, was an Englishman who had emigrated to America from Liverpool.

In the States crosswords became a craze—they swept through the country like a prairie fire. But it was ten or more years before they crossed the Atlantic.

The honour of publishing the first crossword on this side of "the pond" is claimed by half-a-dozen editors. They are all clients of mine so I am not going to add to the battles going on in Fleet Street at the present time by saying who is right. I know—but, for once, I am keeping my mouth shut.

## 500,000 Copies

One "first" I can claim myself. And I can substantiate it. This is, that I compiled the first book of crosswords published in this country. It was produced in a fortnight, contained about 25 puzzles, "fearfully and wonderfully made." The book sold about half-a-million copies.

As in America, newspaper readers in this country took the crossword to their hearts. It was fortunate that they did, as editors seemed to take an instinctive dislike to it right from the first. That it has proved to be the most consistently popular newspaper feature, over a longer



period than any other, is a tribute to readers', not to editors', preference.

It started, of course, as a weekly feature, rapidly spread to the dailies and evenings and to two a day, as in the *Daily Telegraph*. Even *The Thunderer* succumbed, publishing a crossword in a class by itself, naturally.

No greater test of a newspaper feature could be devised than the recent war. Yet the crossword not only survived, but came through almost unscathed ! When newspapers were cut so drastically in size and almost every "feature" was disappearing, the crossword stayed. The *Daily Telegraph* still carries two crosswords despite the fact that it is but a shadow of its peacetime size.

The puzzle itself has developed in many ways from the small straightforward square of Arthur Wynne's early efforts. It rapidly increased in size—the expected result of each paper wanting to publish bigger and better crosswords.

This trend was most noticeable in America, where they also indulged in all sorts of queer shapes.

Some monster puzzles have appeared here, too, but only as novelties in Christmas numbers, etc. On this side of the Atlantic we have, generally speaking, adhered to the square form.

The most important developments in Britain have been in the style and quality of crosswords. In quality our puzzles are and always have been superior to those of our American friends. They take all sorts of liberties and licence with the language when compiling, and include words, abbreviations, etc., which we studiously avoid. Their puzzles are more slipshod, do not achieve that note of neatness which characterises ours.

The major development in style came when we departed from the ordinary type of crossword, having straightforward, one-word dictionary-definition clues, and developed the "cryptic" clue.

For the sake of those readers who are not expert crossword solvers I will give an example of this development.

#### STRAIGHTFORWARD TYPE.

Clue.	Solution.
1. Rubbish.	TOSH

#### CRYPTIC TYPE.

1. Rubbish may be shot here.	TOSH
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Do you see the difference? "Tosh" may be "shot"—that is, the letters of the first word may be rearranged to spell the second word.

That is a very simple example—but, nevertheless, a very neat clue. Its basis is, of course, the anagram—the rearrangement of the letters of one word (or words) to spell another word (or words).

The anagram is much older than the crossword. It is another case of twisting an old device to a new purpose. In less enlightened times, in fact, people claimed for anagrams a sort of inspiration or magical significance.

There is a historic instance in the case of James I of England, whose name, JAMES STUART, his courtiers transposed, to his great delight, into A JUST MASTER.

The truth of an anagram which won a prize competition in *Tit-Bits* in the last century is as pointed today as it was then. The anagram was:—

DANGERS OF AMATEUR PHYSICKING  
which becomes

THE SICK MEN PAY FOR DRUGS AGAIN!

Then who could deny the aptness of the transposition of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE into FLIT ON, CHEERING ANGEL?

My own favourite anagram is on the word INCORRIGIBILITY. The anagram is I CRIB—I GLORY IN IT! What could be neater—in view of the meaning of the basic word?

Another device which has been pressed into excellent service in the devising of cryptic clues is the palindrome—a word or words which read the same backwards as forwards. Words such as EVE, PIP, LEVEL are palindromes.

Perhaps the neatest of palindromes is that attributed to Napoleon—probably only with the historical accuracy of Hollywood! It is: ABLE WAS I ERE I SAW ELBA.

This principle has given us clues like "Look both ways"—the answer being the palindrome PEEP.

In design the most noteworthy departure from the normal is the Skeleton Crossword, which I introduced to readers of the *Sunday Express* many years ago. In case you do not know it, in this puzzle the solver is required to fill in the black squares and numbers as well as the solution words. One or two numbers and squares are given as starting points. This may sound a formidable task, but it is not so difficult as it sounds.

#### Drew 5,000 Letters

In a foreword to my "Morley Adams Puzzle Book," John Gordon, editor, *Sunday Express*, tells how he tested the appeal of this puzzle. "Morley Adams supplies me," he writes, "with a crossword puzzle which is, I am told, unique among crossword puzzles. It baffles me even to look at it, yet when I withdrew it once, to test its appeal, I received about 5,000 letters *demanding* its retention." The italics are mine. That word is the key to the situation—it is the public *demand* which has built up the crossword to the unique position it holds today. And those 5,000 letters were *not* from retired professors; they covered every possible aspect of life, literally from dustman to duchess.

The career of the crossword is not ended. It is developing still—keeping abreast of the times and of the newer media. There has been a radio crossword—and I hate to say that had I had anything to do with its production I should have been heartily ashamed of it—and even now I am planning the production of a television crossword, with living "clues."

What, you've arrived at your destination? I see, well, that just shows how absorbing this crossword business is. And you haven't solved today's puzzle? Never mind, there's always another tomorrow.



# MY STORY OF THE FLOOD

H. C. SAMSON

THE Nottingham floods had begun to recede when an "S.O.S." from Harold Farnsworth, farmer of Trentside, Lenton, Notts., reached the "mainland." "Will you get in touch with the Electricity Department?" it read. "The electricity is very dangerous here and has killed one horse and one cow already. . . ."

The man who got this message through was Bill Perry of Old Lenton, who for 20 years has worked voluntarily as an emergency boatman in local floods. He rowed the two miles from the farm in a pleasure boat. He agreed to row me to the farm.

A *Sunday Graphic* photographer had come to "shoot" the Second Evacuation of Dunkirk, and he was not averse to a trip to Trentside Farm. He sat with me in the stern while Bill and a friend rowed. The water was three-quarters of the way up the telegraph poles which lined the lane we followed and the tops of tall hedges were just visible.

## Rowed Thro' Gate

Bill described how he had visited the farm two days before to assist at the birth of calves in four feet of water. He went there again the next day ferrying fodder for the cattle—an aspect of the flooding that had remained untouched.

Forty-five minutes after embarking we rowed through the gate to the farmyard, now above water, and were able to stretch our legs.

"Don't go near the line of that wall," warned Bill, "it's dangerous."

Harold Farnsworth, unshaven, drawn and haggard, his eyes red-rimmed from sleepless nights, his face grey with worry, told the tale of his struggle against the nearby Trent and of the grim ordeal of his animals. The farm had been five days isolated under the most appalling conditions. A pony and a cow lay dead within a few yards of us, electrocuted, and the body of a newly-born calf floated in a water-logged stable nearby.

Standing for days in water up to their stomachs, the horses and cattle had become terribly cramped. To alleviate their suffering, as soon as a small patch of dry land appeared the farmer began to take them out for exercise. A pony and a colt, stabled together, were the first. As the pony was being led through the stable door it seemed, said

★ a Nottingham journalist tells a true story of adventure in getting the story of the Great Flood of 1947. ★

Mr. Farnsworth, to lose all use of its legs. It fell forward, scrambled to its feet and ran like a wild thing to the edge of the flood water. The colt was led out through the same door and exactly the same thing happened.

The pony was returned to the stable first. This time the farmer himself was at its head.

"I was crossing that threshold," said Mr. Farnsworth, "when I felt a shock run right through my body and the pony dropped dead."

He indicated a closed door. Peering over the open top half I saw the sodden corpse of the pony.

"He'd do anything," sighed the farmer, "any kind of work you could name. The best little animal I've ever had."

Under that threshold and along the line of the wall ran a high tension cable carrying power to the farm. It ran under one of the cowsheds, too, and it was there that the second tragedy occurred.

## Candlelight Labours

Four calves had been delivered while the farm was flooded and only one had been lost—drowned. Working in water which in some places was level with the cows' backs, Mr. Farnsworth and one farm hand had, by the light of candles, assisted the animals in their labour. On the fourth day a cow which had very recently calved collapsed frothing at the mouth. When the farmer went to loosen the chain round her neck he felt a tingling through his body. The chain was fastened to a metal staple in the wall and under the wall ran the electricity cable. . . . The cow died soon after.

"We might have been killed ourselves," said the worried farmer, "and who would have known? I reckon it was the pony's iron shoes and the cow's chain that did them in. If we hadn't been wearing rubber boots we would have gone the same way."

# A Glance Over My Shoulder

— is the —

*title TREVOR WIGNALL has given these pages of delightful, frank and intimate reminiscences covering the 40 years since he entered Fleet Street as a shy and diffident young reporter.*

*Long ago Mr. Wignall rose to the heights of his profession as a sports writer and commentator; he has travelled the earth in the course of an outstanding career and is today not only recognised as an authority on sport but is a notability in the home of his profession, Fleet Street.*

ON the morning of May 1, 1947, I took a taxi from London's Savoy Hotel and requested the driver to drop me at the corner of Praed-street and Edgware-road. Always a sentimentalist, and rather prone to indulging in journeys that revived memories, I was once again giving the old emotion a good run for its money. When the number six bus came along I hopped on to it, and from the top viewed a scene that nearly forty years earlier had filled me with feelings of hope and dread, ambition and apprehension.

It was at least reasonable, if not appropriate, that thin rain was falling. It had rained that other May morning when, stepping out of Paddington Station, I had pondered the puzzle of getting to Fleet-street. A policeman guided my footsteps. I remember him telling me that my best course was to keep walking until I came to a wider thoroughfare down which the main traffic ran; but I did not acquaint him with the fact that all I knew about London was that, somewhere in its middle, there was a stretch of territory that provincials either lovingly or fearfully called Leicester-square. I had visited that area on one or two excursion occasions, even to its eye-opening extravaganzas such as the Lounge, the Empire, the Brighton and the Europe.

The rest of the metropolis was as unknown to me as any island in the Pacific. I alighted from my number six—that morning in the long ago—at Wellington-street. There I crossed the road, thrilled a little at the sight of the Gaiety, and passed it quickly in my anxiety to reach the Street itself. My destination was Shoe-lane, where the old morning *Standard* was produced and published. I recall now that there



TREVOR WIGNALL.



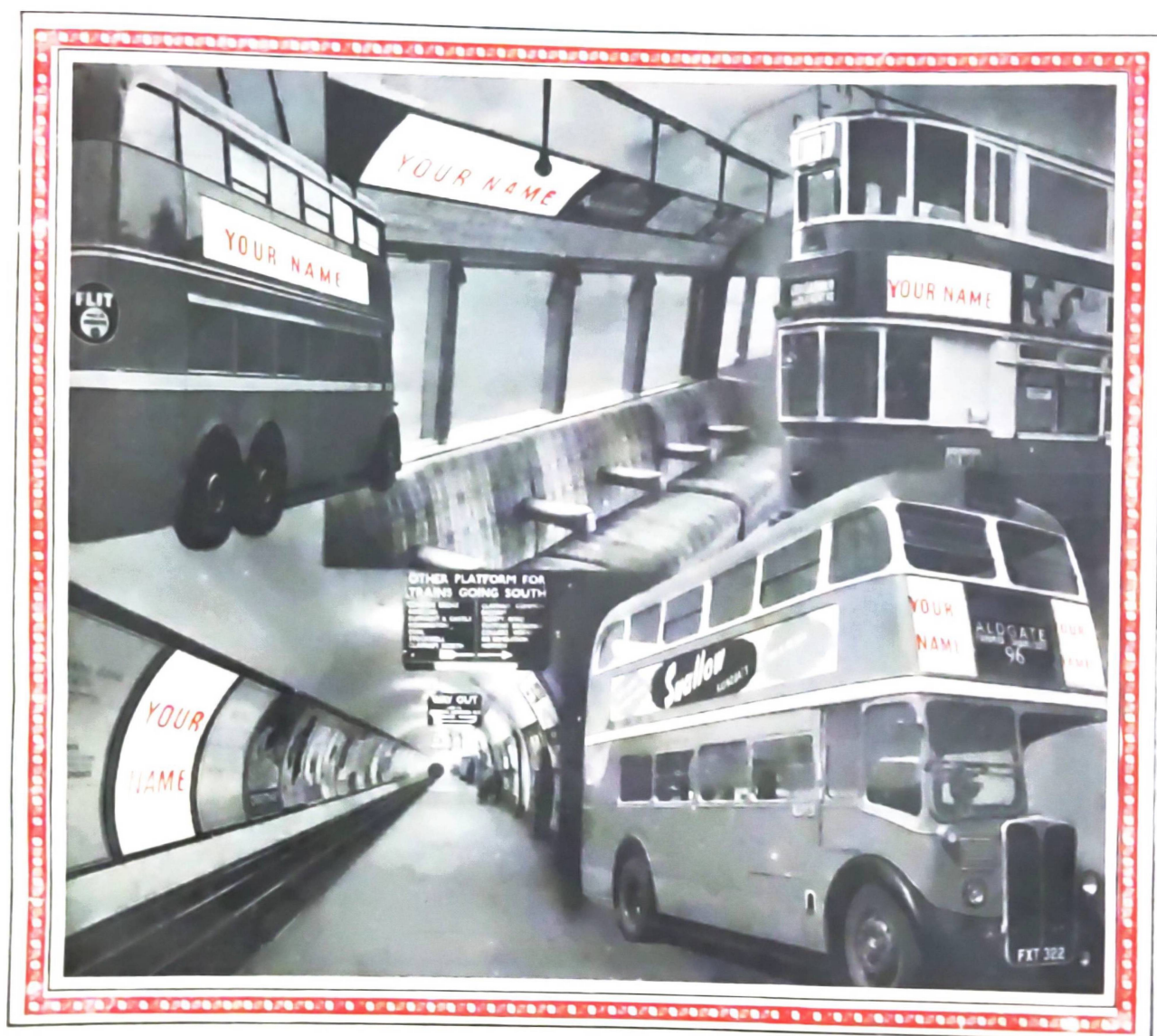


*"Fleet Street was as quiet as any village."*

was no more excitement than if nothing out of the ordinary was happening to anyone on the earth's surface ; except, of course, in my breast. Fleet-street was as quiet as any village. I doubt now if I passed more than a couple of hundred people in my progress from the Law Courts to that almost hidden turning where the glass house of the *Daily Express* now stands, but where then there was a chemist's shop, and a savoury emporium where sausages and mashed potatoes were served from steaming containers in the window. That morning I did not see the Cock Tavern, where later I was to get my top-hat burnished and made new for the price of a glass of beer, nor did I glimpse the many eating houses where, in the days that followed, I was to eat heartily for a handful of coppers.

But I do recollect that Fleet-street, at the hour of my arrival, was a blow and a shock. It was no busier than the passage-way that led to the office of the evening paper where, as I thought, I had picked up all the tricks of my trade.

I was on a week's trial. The telegram offering the opportunity had reached me while I was with a football team at Leicester. It had prevented me from sleeping that night, but that was because of the visions that arrived unbidden. Up to then I had never heard of sports writers. I was a reporter, pure and simple, and I saw nothing uncommon in the fact that after I had covered the local council, or dealt with a fire or a murder, I then wrote columns about a football or cricket match, and spent the last two days of the week getting the Saturday sports edition



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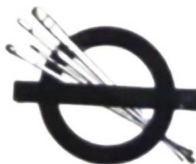
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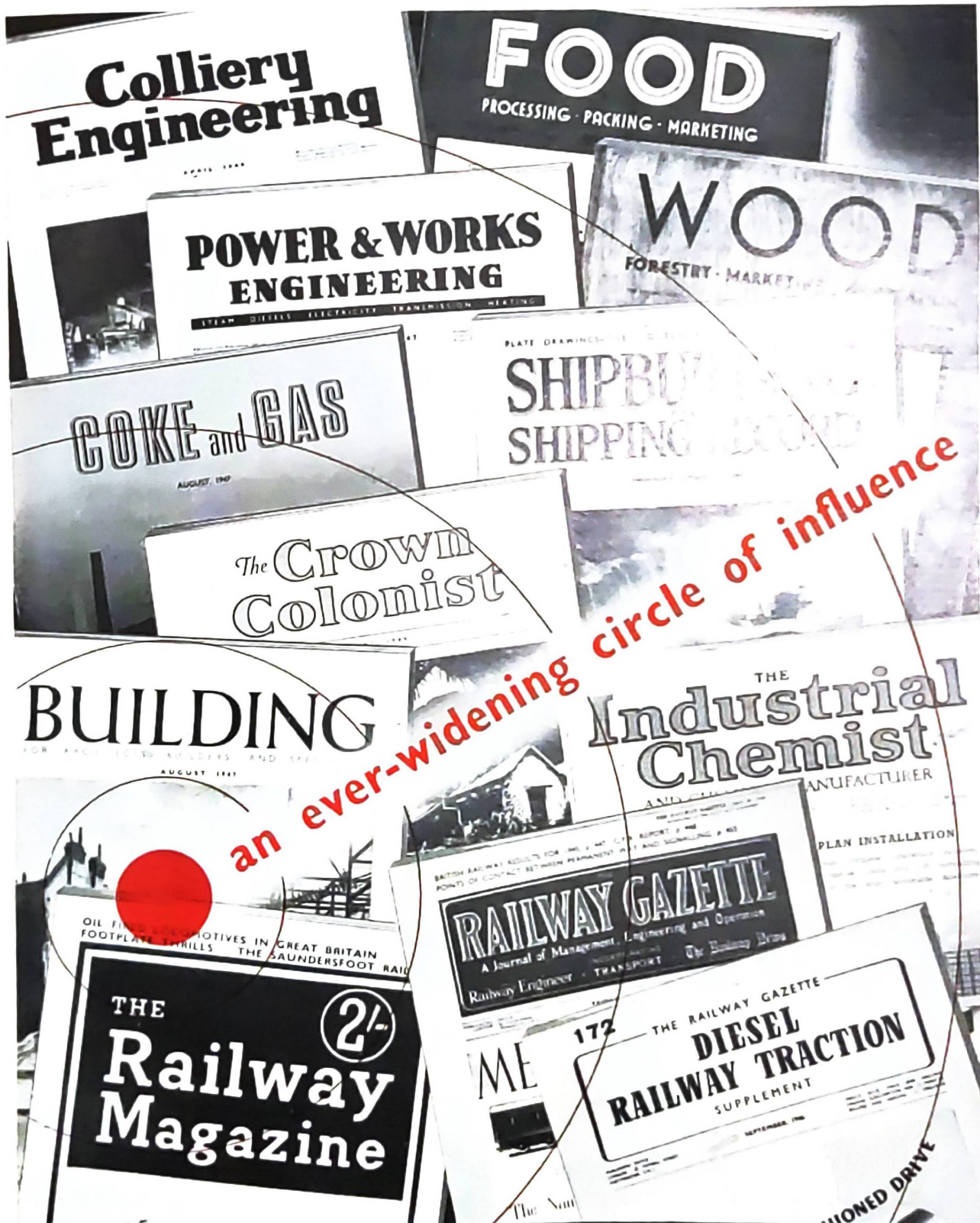




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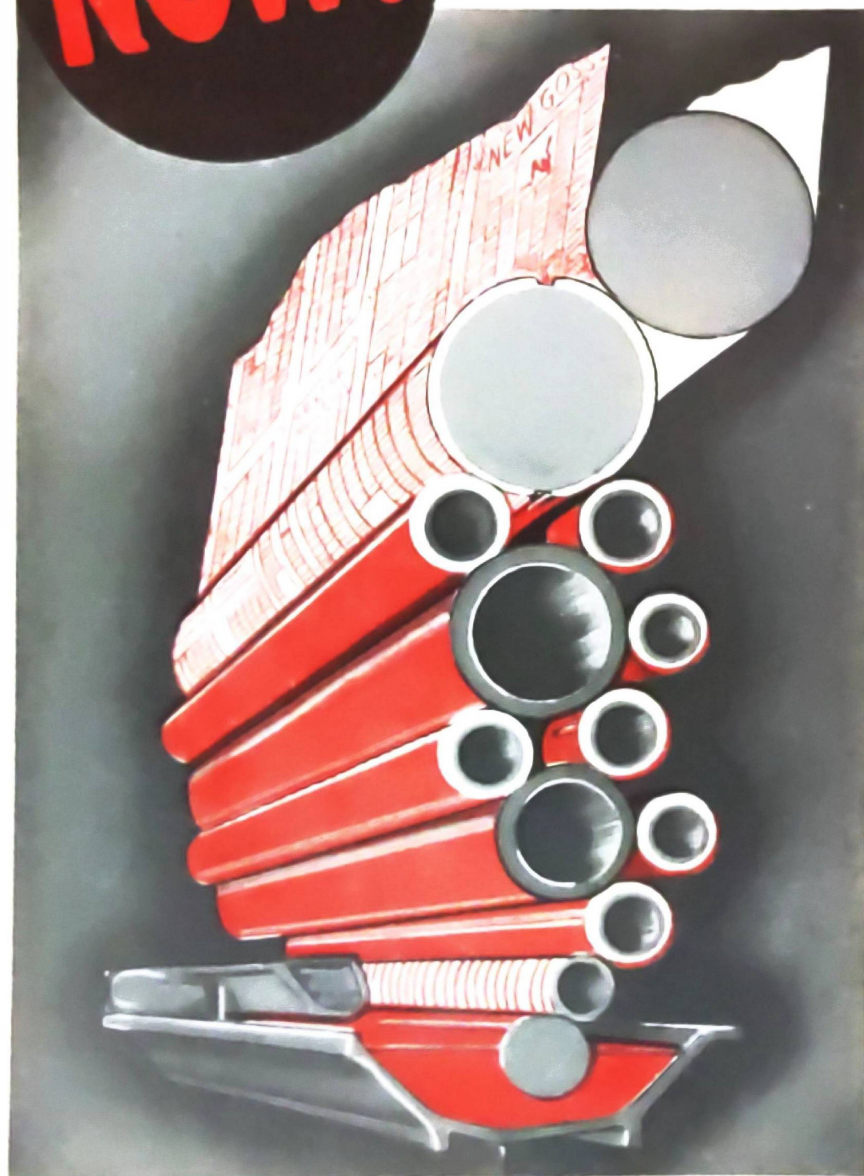
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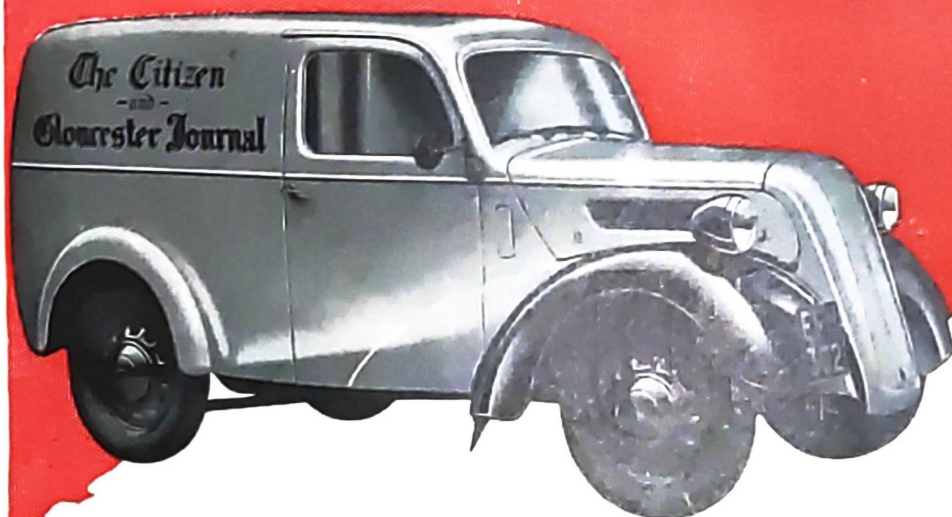
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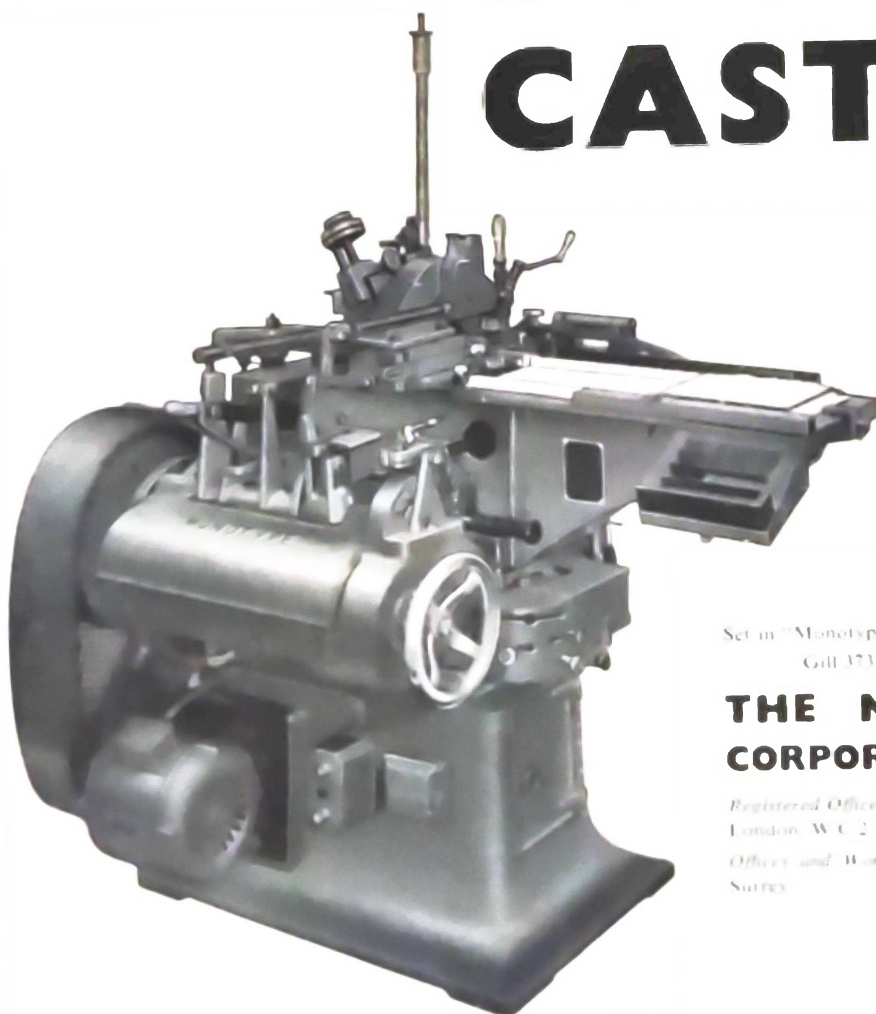




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a light  
that I may  
step into  
the  
unknown”**



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ready for the comps. I realised there were men who did little in London save write leaders, or bits about the drama, or large slabs about politics, but I had not encountered the queer breed whose destiny it was to compose tiny pieces about sport, and who were lucky if their considered opinions were used to fill the tail-end of a column.

### "Take a Chance"

The day of the specialist in the Street had not dawned; a reporter was a lad who could be sent out on anything, and who was expected to come back with a story or a paragraph, or at least a decent excuse. My editor in the old home town had been very kind. "Take a chance," he said to me, "but do it this way. Don't tell a soul what you are up to. Let it be inferred that you are on a week's holiday. Then, if you don't like the job, or if you are found unsuitable, you can return at the end of the week and just resume where you left off. There is no sense in advertising failure."

That was the arrangement. I did not even tell my family that I was engaged in an even bigger adventure than the war in which I had served; a war, by the way, that was solely responsible for flinging me into journalism. I wrote letters to my relatives from the front line which were published frequently in the local journal. They hit the front page, I imagine, not because of their literary quality, but because noted correspondents of the period such as Bennett Burleigh and George Stevens forgot to deal with the matters I considered of outstanding importance. Anyway, it was these letters that got me the proposition of £1 per week if I would hitch my wagon to the nearly invisible star of the *Cambria Daily Leader*.

In Shoe-lane I climbed a stairway that brought me to a thick oaken door. Persistent knocking failing to extract a reply, I opened it. I still smile when I think of what I saw. Gordon Knox, the science editor of the *Standard*, was dissecting a bone on a table. F. J. Mansfield was cleaning a pipe. A. J. Russell was reading the previous day's edition. Crossley Davies was clipping pars out of the main opposition. Nobody spoke. I am not certain whether I did, but I am sure I did not remove my raincoat. It looked already as though I was on my way back to Paddington. Then Arthur Findon bounced in. He was the only person I recognised; we had worked

together in Wales. He was a figure of importance now.

Assistant to the News Editor. It was he, indeed, who had prevailed on Charles Watney to give me the week's trial. He had come up to see whether I had reported for duty—nobody went near the News Editor's room on a lower floor unless he was sent for—and almost all he said, and this breathlessly, was that I was to contain myself until the noon hour, when I would be handed my first assignment. I wasn't happy, waiting. I wanted comradeship, words of any kind, and these, to my sorrow and slight amazement, were not forthcoming. Everybody by now knew I was a new boy, with an accent that was only noteworthy because it wasn't Scottish, but there was no interest, no stirring of curiosity. Then the big thing happened.

The door opened again, to admit a man of some bulk, and, if I remember rightly, a dark moustache. He peeked at me from half-closed lids for a moment, then walked across with extended hand. "Well," he exclaimed, "fancy meeting you again. Findon has just told me you have joined us. Good luck, old man. Anything I can do just let me know." I thanked Edgar Wallace for the first kind words of the day, and recalled that the last time we had been together we had stood guard on a railway station in the Transvaal. He was famous then, in a newspaper way, but not nearly so famous as he was to become. "Writ in Barracks" had seen the light—it was the effort that brought him to the attention of Rudyard Kipling—but "The Four Just Men" had not even been plotted.

### Lost in Gloom

On the stroke of mid-day my assignment was handed over. It was a paralysing.

I was to visit every borough in London, and in each of them discover the exact number of men and women on the unemployed lists. That was the order, on a slip of paper about the size of an envelope. Nothing was said about the time it would probably take me to cover the immense area, and no reference was made to anything I might write, supposing a miracle happened. I sat back for a while, lost in gloom, and garmented by a feeling that it would not be long before I was on a train again. Presently Crossley Davies strolled across for a chat.

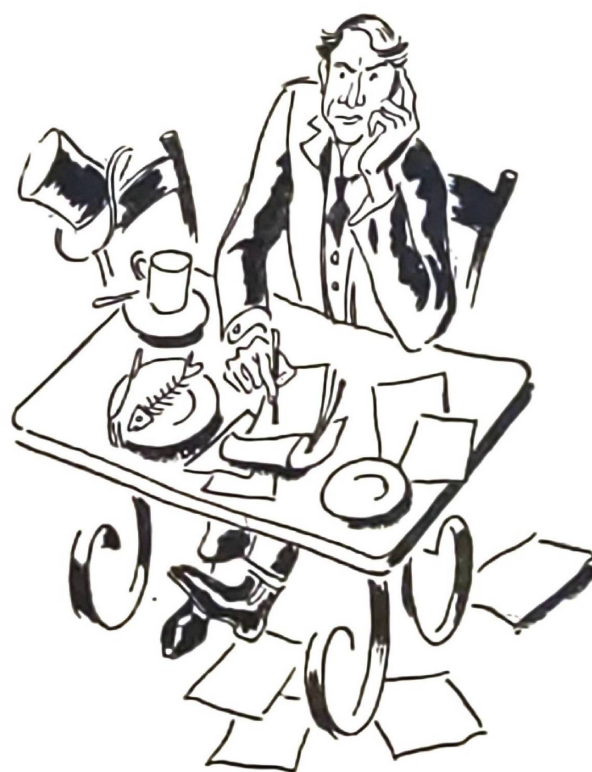


I showed him the chit. His immediate reaction was to advise me to visit the library, where I could obtain a full list of boroughs. It was a good tip, but when I ran my eye down the table I sank deeper than ever into dejection. The next few hours were spent wandering up and down Fleet-street. By about four o'clock I was in favour of its immediate burning to the ground; my street of dreams had become a horror. It was still raining as the afternoon wore on. That I considered fortunate, for the wetness hardened my determination to be at Paddington not later than about fifteen minutes before my train was due to pull out. I had eaten all I could digest of London.

I was on the corner of Bouverie-street when a hand gripped my elbow. Turning, I faced a man who for years had been a great friend of my father. He greeted me as though I were a holiday-maker, but when I blurted out my story his face changed. He hesitated for a while, and then, with a smile, said quietly that he thought he could help. Without further conversation he guided me to a room in Temple Chambers, and there, from a drawer, produced a pile of documents that contained every detail of the information I had been sent out to procure. Only a few months earlier my father's friend had been appointed by the Government to collect the statistics it was hoped would pave the way to the establishment of what were to be called Labour Exchanges. I had nothing to say as he placed them in my possession. How was I to know that a miracle had happened, or that a star had looked down on a very disconsolate young fellow?

### Willing Hands

With the priceless stuff in my pocket I resumed my tramping. I had not the foggiest notion what to do with it; but the star had not finished with me yet. At the entrance to a hostelry not far from Bouverie-street I collided with the greatest newspaper man this country has known, Charles E. Hands. I did not know him well, but he remembered me, chiefly on account of a service I had been able to render him in my home town. He listened eagerly as I told him my tale, and then proceeded to give me the best advice I ever accepted. The gist of it was that I was to keep entirely to myself the facts about the finding of the documents; that I was to walk up to



*"There, haltingly, I wrote my first piece."*

Farringdon-street, where I could buy a big and cheap writing-pad; and that when I was ready to write I was to sit myself down at a tea-shop table and compose the first article. Charlie also cautioned me about my return to the office of the *Standard*. When questioned, I was to state that I was under a bond not to reveal the identity of my informant, and that I had enough copy to keep the series going for nine or ten issues. That late wet afternoon I started a close friendship with Charlie Hands that was to last until the day of his death. He taught me much—and I am still of the view that his craft, and mine, will never again see his like.

I purchased the pad, and as the shadows came down I entered a place called Stewart's, near the corner of Ludgate Hill, where the best fish in town was served. There, haltingly and without trimmings, I wrote the first piece. My original intention was to deliver it to a boy, with a request that he rush it up to the chief-sub.; but that was where the star faded out. I could not find a boy, and while I was fiddling about in the reporters' room the chief-sub. himself entered. I have long since forgotten his name, but he was a small

man and a Scot, with a rather terrifying voice and a hard investigating eye. He nearly collapsed when he glanced at the wad I had prepared. With others, he had been warned to be very careful about the precise terms of the excuse I offered when, if ever, I again darkened the *Standard's* door; the excuse was to determine whether I remained or was sent on my way. Not even Charles Watney believed I had a hope on earth of encountering even a glimmer of success. All he wanted to know was whether I could invent a passable lie, or whether I had courage enough to come through with the plain truth. The interview in his room next morning was, of course, a corker. I had hit the main page the first time out, and the impression left on me as I gazed at Watney, and he gazed at me, was that a smell of brimstone was heavy in his nostrils.

I did go back to my home town at the end of the week. But only to collect more clothes—and to wave the first contract I ever had. It was for one year, at a salary of four guineas per week. Some of us thought we were in the money on that kind of pay. Why, for sevenpence at Harris's sausage shop, or for a shilling at the old buffet at Ludgate Hill Station, or for eighteenpence in Soho—but you have heard all that before. I don't hold with making mouths water.

\* \* \* \*

I could go on for a day or so about my second London job, which was again with Charles Watney. The appointment was to help found the *Evening Times*, which might easily have become the greatest paper of its kind in the country. We fixed the dummies, and did all the other preliminaries, at Dane's Inn House, between the Strand and Fleet-street, and we wrote our stuff in one office in Shoe-lane and crossed the road to turn it in to the printers. What a staff we had! Watney, Edgar Wallace, Bernard Falk, John Cowley, Arthur Findon, James Little, Stephen Graham; there were so many tops-of-the-bill that it was no wonder several developed into prima-donnas. I am glad I did not miss that hectic, heaving, memory-making twelve months; but all I want to say in addition is that the *Evening Times* killed itself. It would be more accurate, perhaps, if it were stated that the real cause of the demise were dissensions among those who, practically overnight, had put the newcomer on firm feet.

Why, and how, did I become a sports-writer? The act was deliberate. One night, soon after I had been demobbed after the 1914-18 war, Charlie Hands took me to a *Daily Mail* dance. There, in a hole-in-the-wall where refreshments were on offer—you could always trust Charles to find that sort of place—I met the late great Tom Marlowe. Himself a former boxing writer on the *London Star*, he was looking for someone to report a fight a couple of nights later between Georges Carpentier and the Australian, George Cook. But that wasn't what did it.

A few months later I was sent to Paris to cover a Sunday afternoon scrap between the same Carpentier and the Senegalese, Battling Siki. There was a new war brewing in Turkey, but my old friend that had looked down on me that other day on the corner of Bouverie-street was again on duty. So, the circumstances being all in my favour, I was able to telephone a story that was not only looked on with favour, but that definitely settled my hash. I was a sports-writer for the rest of my life, with the emphasis on boxing. It is true I did try to break away from the thing once or twice, but I did not succeed. I am still writing about the whirling of fists, the roaring



"My interview was, of course, a corker."



of crowds, and all the rest of it. There is no escape now.

I have plied my trade in many lands ; seen much, written many millions of words, made many friends, gathered a hatful of convictions. Perhaps the chief of these latter is that the easiest country in the world for a newspaperman is America. The most difficult is Britain. From the point of view of a reporter, and the rushing in of his stuff, we have not changed much in the last half-century. If I were back on a Fleet-street staff tomorrow I know I would have to spend lots of my time looking for a telephone. The Street itself, of course, is different. When I first hugged it to my bosom almost everybody in it looked middle-aged. There was usually only one assignment per day in that semi-forgotten era. If the job was big enough—if, that is to say, a by-election was being covered, or a politician interviewed—a column or more was always left open. Now two or three sticks is thought to be ample.

### Lost Weight

By the time I joined the *Daily Express*—that was Reginald Pound's doing—I lost weight every night through excess of perspiration from keeping one eye on my typewriter and the other on the lad who repeated over and over that I had four minutes to go. It was inevitably late at night when that sort of thing happened ; on some occasions I wound up resembling a wet rag. But those were great days for me, especially when we were hell-bent for the largest circulation. We cursed and we grumbled, we bleated and we threatened, but I doubt if there was one of us, when the battle was on, who wanted to quit.

Certainly I would not mind living those days over again. The finest thing that ever happened in the Street was the pulling down of the barriers that separated the big shots from the working classes. In my youth the editor's sanctum was no more accessible than Buckingham Palace ; these days the boss is either out on the desk in the main room or working in his own with the door wide open. There is enterprise now, even in the youngest cub ; enterprise and energy and a disposition to go one better than the high and mighty. The Street to me is still the greatest in the world.

In America it is impossible to do anything without having at one's elbow a telegraph operator,

equipped with machine. For years before I retired I was aware—it was a warm feeling—that I could sit down with the boy from the Western Union in the sweet knowledge that almost as I dictated the story was running into my London office. Even the distinguished are usually willing to help. I recall one morning when I received a cable at Los Angeles ordering me to hurry up a story about the disappearance of a woman aviator somewhere in the Pacific. There was toughness in the request, but without hesitation I rang up the Navy headquarters at San Francisco. In a couple of minutes I was talking to the Admiral himself. He not only told me what to do, and where to go, but actually issued an instruction to his subordinates at Santa Monica that I was to be given every assistance. I leave you to imagine what would have happened in England if I had telephoned the Admiralty, or the equivalent places at Portsmouth or Plymouth. The wheels are greased for the average newsman in the U.S. In Britain they are too often made to creak.

One tale to conclude. In 1926 I was over in Philadelphia preparing to cover the big fight between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. The ring was pitched in the grounds of a decayed exhibition. The fight itself was not due to be staged until ten o'clock at night, but I was out at the stadium by four o'clock in the afternoon. I took no risks at that period of my career, and it was as well I didn't.

### Breakdown Safeguard

Strolling around, I ran into the superintendent of the Western Union, who was in charge of the arrangements for the Press. He was a trifle worried, for word had reached him that the number of writers expected would set up a record. After some conversation he asked me to join him in a cup of coffee in a room far away from the ringside. There I noticed about a dozen telegraph machines on tables. I questioned my friend about this, and was told that the installation was a safeguard if things went wrong. Not that there was a possibility of such a thing occurring. Every detail had been attended to, and every hint of a breakdown taken care of. The sun was shining brilliantly as he spoke ; but four hours later it started to rain. By 9.45, when Dempsey and Tunney climbed into the ring, it was pelting down ; by 10.15 the roped square was waterlogged, and the information was circulated that

every car in the parks was up to its hubs in mud.

### Jimmy Walker Helps

Soon after 10.30, with Dempsey beaten, and the biggest pugilistic story for two decades to be written, the drenched rats in the Press seats were faced with the fact that not a single telegraph instrument was in working order. Damon Runyon, on my left, was scooping water out of his portable with a coffee cup; Bob (Believe it or Not) Ripley, on my right, was wringing the rain out of his brand new suit. It was then I turned—3,000 miles away from my office—and saw Jimmy Walker, the then Mayor of New York.

He was in the first ringside row, with moisture running out of his ears. I crossed to him quickly, whispered my plight, and asked for his aid. "I am just leaving," he said. "Hang on to my coat-tails and I will at least get you to an exit." As he spoke his bodyguard of New York cops fell in around him, but fortunately for me he spoke up quickly enough to prevent me being beamed with a night-stick. I trotted along in that little procession for about five minutes.

Then I saw the wall, about twelve feet high, that divided the Western Union private room from the stadium. How I negotiated it I will never know, but, seeing it, I shouted my thanks to the mayor, and made my leap. A couple of minutes later I was in the dry room and at work, with the super himself operating the key of one of the machines. I was nearly finished by the time the dervishes from the Press rows hurtled in. It was a near squeak; but the edition was out on the London streets at six in the morning, as advertised.

### "Mouth-Filling Word"

*Footnote.* In case anyone wants to know the whys and the wherefores of the crack about the Savoy at the opening of this narrative the answer is this: It is conceivable that one reader may be a youth with stars in his eyes, and with footsteps that are unsteady, as were mine when I caught that bus on the corner of Praed-street and Edgware-road in the long-ago. The Savoy is a good, comforting, mouth-filling word, even if it takes forty years to reach it.

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# Big Time Fights and Fighters

by

JAMES BUTLER

FOR more than fifty years I have sat at the ringside, reporting fights, looking on at the tragedies, the thrills and the drama of it all. And I have been boxing critic on the *Daily Herald* since Number One was published on April 15, 1912. Now, like the old man in Dickens, I say: "Lord keep my memory green!"

My early years were spent in association with many of the ring's most descriptive chroniclers: Martin Cobbett ("Geraint" of *The Referee*); Wilmott Dixon ("Thormanby"); R. P. Watson (*Sporting Life*); G. T. Dunning ("Cestus," *The Sportsman*); J. Frank Bradley (Editor, *Mirror of Life*).

Wilmott Dixon was a remarkably athletic man. A former Regius Professor at Cambridge, he used to relate adventure stories of George Borrow, the author of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," with whom he tramped the countryside. He was on intimate terms with champions of the prize ring, racehorse owners and jockeys. In one of his books, "The Spice of Life," he devoted most of a chapter to the cronies who foregathered with him in the Cheshire Cheese in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street.

It was Frank Bradley, however, who was my mentor in boxing journalism. Educated for the priesthood, he side-stepped Stonyhurst with the intention of winning an A.B.A. Championship, but met with a mishap when leaving a railway carriage. A pupil of Jem Mace when the old prize ring champion had a boxing academy in Birmingham, Frank introduced me to Jem who had a genius for extracting sovereigns from members of the old National Sporting Club in Covent Garden—now a fruit warehouse.

## Cascade of Gold

I remember the night when big Jim Jeffries walked into the N.S.C. Anxious to escape recognition, for he had no liking for the limelight, Jeffries was walking quietly towards his seat when a hand rugg'd at his sleeve. And there, a little weary under the burden of his three-score years and ten, the youthful vigour sapped from his once muscular frame, stood old Mace, a pathetic, tragic shadow of

"Just a minute, Mr. Jeffries'," whispered old Jem Mace, a pathetic tragic shadow of a once great fighter...

"Jeffries dipped one big hand into his trouser pocket and with the other whipped off Mace's top-hat, and poured a glittering cascade of sovereigns into the crown."

That is one scene described by Mr. Butler in these richly garnished pages of memory of 50 years among fights and fighters.

a once great fighter. One hand still upon Jeffries' coat-sleeve, he drew him to one side.

"Just a minute, Mr. Jeffries," he said, and began to whisper in his ear.

Jeffries dipped one big hand into his trouser pocket and with the other he whipped off Mace's top-hat, and poured a glittering cascade of sovereigns into the crown. It is one of those scenes from the past that is deeply etched in my memory.

Sit with me at the ringside and see the extraordinary spectacle as I did on a blazing hot Saturday afternoon in July of 1909. This is the old Memorial Ground, Canning Town, and Johnny Summers and Jimmy Britt, the great American light-weight, are fighting a ferocious battle. Britt is knocked down and counted out.

Then pandemonium breaks loose. From behind us swells an ugly, angry sound. Scores of free fights begin. Men are shouting and battling their way to the exits in panic.

From the outskirts of the crowd an army of toughs force their way through the crowd, robbing



★ Jimmy Butler is the doyen of Fleet Street boxing critics. He has been on the "Daily Herald" since that paper started publication 15 April, 1912, and in his 50 years in the fight game he has met the world's leading sports personalities and is, indeed, one himself.

the spectators left and right. A party of wealthy Americans occupying ringside seats provide a rich haul. Danny Maher, the famous jockey, is among them, but his pockets are empty. He and a few of his friends had entrusted their money, bank notes amounting to thousands of pounds, to the referee, Mr. E. A. Humphries, of the *Sporting Life*, who stuffed the notes inside his shirt and refereed the fight with them crackling crisply next to his skin.

Another colleague, Humphrey Thompson, racing sub-editor for Edgar Wallace on the ill-fated *Evening Times*, was not so fortunate. His pockets were rifled and a pair of binoculars snapped from his hands.

### Race Gang House

There was a curious sequel to this. Knowing Ted Humphries was feared by the racing gangs, Thompson sought him out. They went to a house in the East End and in one of the rooms was a table strewn with pairs of stolen glasses. Thompson was curtly told by the gang's leader to pick out his pair; he selected a more valuable pair than those of which he had been robbed.

Mention of Edgar Wallace and Ted Humphries recalls my first personal contact with the former. I was editor of the *Sporting Budget*, owned by Shurey's Publications, with editorial offices in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street. Wallace, who had blossomed out into a racing journalist, threatened to sue me for libel for a paragraph written by Humphries about Wallace and the race gangs then operating. (Edgar talked about claiming £1,000 damages but he did not really mean it.) But for this incident Wallace might never have written "Sanders of the River" and "Lieutenant Bones," which were bought by Shurey's and used serially in another paper.

Crippen, the murderer of Belle Elmore, had an office above ours, which he used for a business to do with ear troubles. After he had been condemned to death and his paramour, Ethel le Neve, released, Scotland Yard detectives came to see me to find out what I knew about him.

I have interviewed (with two exceptions) every world heavy-weight champion from the first Queensbury rules title-holder, James J. Corbett. Most of them visited this country: Corbett, Bob FitzSimmons, Jim Jeffries, Tommy Burns, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Joe Louis. Burns, a French-Canadian, was the only world



heavy-weight champion to defend his title in England.

### Referee Holds Cash

Burns (his real name was Noah Brusso) had a face which resembled the first Napoleon. He outclassed tattooed Gunner Jim Moir at the N.S.C. Before the contest began, however, Tommy created a mild sensation by demanding that his share of the purse—£1,000 in Bank of England notes—should be handed to Mr. Eugene Corri, the referee.

Corri slipped through the ropes to referee the fight with the money in his dress-coat pocket. Half-way through the fight, perspiring from his exertions, he took off his jacket and tossed it over the ropes into the committee seats in front of the Press desk. I am certain Tommy did not realise that his precious purse was in the coat that went sailing out of the ring, or he would have gone after it—fight or no fight.

One beautiful afternoon in the May of 1910 I was with a crowd of well-known Corinthians and West End actors who drove to "Jack Straw's Castle," Hampstead Heath, where handsome and gentlemanly Jacky McFarland was training for his fight with Freddie Welsh at the N.S.C. on the eve of the Derby.

Some of us were introduced to a fair-complexioned man, a Mr. Martin, who claimed distant relationship with the brilliant boxer from Chicago.

After the work-out we posed for a photographer and the picture appeared in a newspaper. I forgot the incident until one evening I was passing Bow Street police station. A detective I knew nodded and called: "Nice company you're keeping these days, Jimmy Butler!"

"What do you mean?" I said. "What's wrong with my friends?"

"How about that McFarland group?" said the detective. "Do you know every one of them?"

"Sure," I replied.

When he asked me if the man standing next to me on my right was a friend, I replied: "Oh, he claims to be a relation of McFarland's."

"Well, that's curious," said the officer with a smile. "Be careful in future. Your Mr. Martin is—Eddie Guerin."

Guerin, it will be recalled by an older generation, was transported for life for taking part in dynamiting the safe of the American Express Company in Paris.

Dick Burge, who took a lease of the old Surrey chapel in Blackfriars Road and turned it into The Ring, later branched out into big-time promotion with the fight at Olympia between Georges Carpentier and Gunboat Smith. He gave the job of publicity officer to Frank Morley, a clever Philadelphian sports journalist who had come to London and obtained work on several newspapers. He invited all the boxing writers to meet Smith on arrival at Paddington from Plymouth. Supported by a brass band we were packed into two coaches. Unfortunately one half of the band got out of touch with the other as we drove back through the West End, and with one half bars behind the other we made our ludicrous parade to the Waldorf Hotel in Aldwych.

### Former Circus Stars

A few weeks ago I again met Carpentier at Manchester. We had a long talk about the days Fred Dartnell (*News Chronicle*) and I spent at La Guerche, south of Paris, where Carpentier was training for his second fight with Joe Beckett in London.

A few days before the fight he and his voluble manager, Francois Descamps, invited us to go shooting. We had got a bag of rabbits, and pigeons, when Carpentier spotted a hare racing across the fields. Quickly he put the loaded gun to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. With a deafening explosion the barrel burst; it was a miracle how Carpentier escaped damage.

Carpentier and Descamps made a gifted combination. When the Frenchman was training at the Shoebury Hotel, Shoeburyness, for his fight with Ted Kid Lewis at Olympia, I motored with my family to see him. After tea it rained and Carpentier and Descamps, former circus performers, gave a two hours show to my two daughters and small son, Frank, now sports columnist on the *Daily Express*.

### Journey in Hearse

When I first met the American middle-weight, Eddie McGoorty, he was a handsome youngster of seventeen and an amazingly fine boxer. He out-boxed the crafty campaigner, Pat O'Keeffe, at the National Sporting Club, and went back to the United States to add lustre to his remarkable record. But when on the threshold of world honours he began to take an interest in the bright lights of Broadway.

The first world war came and McGoorty arrived

with the A.E.F. He went to France, but the hectic Paris life finished him as a first-class boxer. When he was matched with Joe Beckett, McGoorty selected Maidenhead for his training.

One lovely summer's day Mr. "Peggy" Bettinson invited Tom Dunning and me to go to see the boy. After finishing his training McGoorty insisted on taking us to tea at Skindle's.

"Wait a few minutes," he said, "I've ordered a carriage to drive us over."

There at the door a funeral carriage with two black stallions awaited us. Peggy Bettinson at first refused to travel that way, but McGoorty eventually persuaded him. We entered and pulled down the blinds in case some of our friends might spot us on our way to the hotel.

No cajoling could persuade Bettinson to return in that sombre carriage.

I recall, too, another trip. This one was quite different and also concerns a middleweight. When Tommy Milligan was the reigning British champion, Harry Preston, of the Royal York and Albion Hotels, Brighton, wrote and asked if I could arrange to bring the young Scot to Brighton to box at a charity show at the Dome.

### Lonsdale Belt Fun

I wired Milligan who replied that he was only too pleased to give his services. He came from Scotland to London with his manager and Tom McMahon, a six foot five-inch giant who had just won the Scottish amateur heavyweight title. I had arranged to drive them down to the Sussex seaside town, and Milligan arrived with two suitcases of exactly the same pattern.

"You can put this one on the luggage grid, Jimmy," he said, "but I'll take this one with me in the car. My Lonsdale belt is in it."

When we stopped at the old "George" at Crawley for luncheon McMahon was entrusted with the task of taking care of the precious case. He sat down with it at his side, and we had almost finished when some sporting friends of mine arrived, and one of the women of the party wanted to see the Lonsdale belt.

We called McMahon over. Slowly and ceremoniously Tommy opened the case. There, neatly folded, were his pyjamas!

"Wow!" yelled Milligan, "It's the wrong one!"

And he went through the door like a shot from a gun. Fortunately the case containing the belt was still strapped securely to the luggage grid, but

Milligan did not let it out of his sight for the rest of the journey.

One of the most adventurous journeys of my life happened in May, 1946. The *Daily Herald* were sending me to New York to report the fight between Joe Louis and Billy Conn at Yankee Stadium for the world heavy-weight championship.

### Awe-Inspiring Icefields

A passage had been booked on the "Queen Mary," but the editor decided I should fly over. I made the trip from Prestwick, Ayrshire, to Montreal in a converted Liberator. It was uneventful until we came to the ice fields of Labrador—an awe-inspiring spectacle where there was not a sign of life for hundreds of miles.

We came down at 3.30 a.m. for breakfast at the Canadian Air Force Station, Goose Bay, and a few hours later were off again, and I enjoyed the majesty of the mighty St. Lawrence river and the beauty of old Quebec.

Arriving at Montreal, one of the crew said to me:

"You have stood the trip mighty fine, old-timer. Have you made many air trips?"

I replied: "No. Until three days ago I'd never seen the inside of an aeroplane."

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# ★ HOW TO BE A SPORTSWRITER ★

by

**JOHN MACADAM**  
*of the "Daily Express"*

THE great thing about successful sportswriting is: always appear wrong. This is the exact opposite of always appearing right and the difference will be apparent to the meanest intelligence.

The man, and this includes sports writers, who always appears wrong excites universal sympathy. The man who always appears right is merely contemptible. In a world that is manifestly wrong, to be always right is a sign of discord, of being out of touch, of having no contact with one's fellows. So, avoid it.

You write, even about sport, because you or your editor or your publisher believes that there are people who are willing to read what you write. All write or right or whatever it is, don't irritate these people. They may be dreadful to look at, unwholesome in their manners and a bane to even their best friends, but they are bread and butter to you. Kid them along. Kid them along even to the extent that they will think you are a half-wit and for two pins they'd drop into your office and dash off your column in between half-pints in the Cheshire Cheese and the Old Bell—this, mathematically, is the shortest distance between two half-pints in Fleet Street—and there you are with a Reader.

## Must Be Wrong

That's all you want for a start. If you have one Reader who thinks you are a mug, it's five-to-four he'll have a friend to whom he will pass the word along. And there you have Two Readers. That is the way it goes in sportswriting. One passes the word on to another and in no time you have such a clique of people all convinced that you don't know the difference between a half-volley and a cut to leg that the editor immediately sends somebody from the counting house to see you and you've signed a contract by which you are forbidden by law to stop being wrong in public on pain of instant dismissal.

It isn't so easy at first. When asked to state whether you think Arsenal will beat Chorlton-cum-Hardy United in the First Round Proper of the Cup, you will have to stifle your natural inclination to say "Yes, by a hatful of goals." You *will* say: "Because of the peculiarly clayey texture of the Chorlton-cum-Hardy turf on which the match will

In this article Mr. Macadam light-heartedly sets out to prove—which he does with startling plausibility—that it pays a sportswriter to be wrong, to be a "mug." Then, he says, you find friends—and readers—because a man "who appears wrong excites universal sympathy."

Mr. Macadam is one of the younger sports columnists in Fleet Street who has established an enviable reputation as a witty writer.

be played, I opine that the  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch studs worn by Arsenal will be inadequate and prove their undoing. Therefore, I boldly prognosticate that C-c-H will win by one-and-a-half goals, 3 corners to  $\frac{1}{2}$  goal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  a corner . . ."

The result of the tie will be Arsenal 15, C-c-H 0, but everybody will be so dazzled with the other stories about the number of meat pies consumed by C-c-H supporters, the number of bottles of beer drunk in the town, the total ages of their players (666) and how honoured they all were to be seen in the same town, never mind on the same ground, as the Arsenal that they will forget you and your vulgar fractions.

If, on the other hand, a miracle happens and the entire Arsenal team takes the field under the influence of either alcohol or influenza, and is beaten by one desperately-gotten and held-on-to goal, then you will be hailed as practically John the Baptist and the man who came to get your signature on the contract in the first place will come again fast and get your signature to another one giving you twice as much money and forbidding all but the actual

proprietor of the newspaper from even looking at your stories before they appear in the paper.

The same thing applies to all the other sports. When the boys are killing themselves to achieve the Mile in 4 minutes 27 seconds—that is the time for you to tip one of them, next time out, to achieve the eagerly-awaited Four-Minute-Mile. He won't, of course. At best, he will clip a second off it and pant in somewhere around 4 minutes 26 seconds and lucky to have a strong breeze that wafted him home from the back stretch. But you can always say that just as he was entering the last lap he saw a man in the crowd who reminded him of his little dog who had just been taken sick with distemper and he was so upset he forgot to make his effort. You will so cover this miler with sympathy that all the people who paid five bob to see him perform the Four-Minute-Mile will feel that they would have been cads to have expected him to in the circumstances.

This brings us imperceptibly to the subject of records in general. Beware of them. Records are all right in their place: in reference books. There they look fine. They give people a lot of satisfaction in the record books. You know how it is. Somebody in a pub says: "donbeeablurryfool eedoneitnine pointfive." And somebody else says: "ninepoint-five hah! Antherest!" So they turn up the record book and find that he done it—excuse me—in nine point two-five, which makes all the difference to the type.

### Wizards On Wisden

The best record boys of the lot are those who cram the box at Lord's. It is a matter for deep conjecture how many of them have ever seen a ball bowled in an aggregate of what must be hundreds of years cricket-watching. The only time they get their noses out of Wisden is when there is a roar from the crowd and even then they don't look up right away. They keep their eyes on the small Wisden type, carefully place a broad open-air finger on the spot immediately under their scrutiny and then, with the place securely marked, they raise their eyes and croak: "What was that?"

"Beautifully taken in the slips," says somebody who has, perhaps, left his Wisden in the tramcar.

"Who?" they say.

"Hutton."

"Oh!"

And their eyes scour the score-board and they grope for their fountain pens and write a great many details from the board into their scorecard and their

notebooks. Whereupon they resume their Wisden. Questioned, most of them would admit that they turn out to Lord's every day there is play mainly because the light is so much better there for reading Wisden than at home. The small type, you know.

### Is This a Record?

If you go to Lord's often enough you will get to think that almost everything that happens in cricket is a record. So-and-so's 59 in 67 minutes is the fastest scoring since Jessop. It contains the greatest number of singles since Grace. It includes the slowest half-century against slow bowling and the fastest ten against medium. It was got with the greatest diversity of stroke since Jupp and it defied more bowling changes than any score since Fuller Pilch. And so on.

Practically everything in cricket is a record if you want to look at it that way, and you may be assured that most of the boys at Lord's look at it that way. The wag must have been thinking of the Lord's pundits when, back somewhere in the 'thirties, he wrote to one of the daily newspapers: "I have at home a round black disc which, when placed upon my gramophone, plays a tune. Is this a record?"

Now that you know how to treat the record boys, you may move up one. It is time to consider some of the people in sport—say, in association football . . .

One important thing to be noted about the average football legislator in Great Britain is his acute political consciousness. He is seldom content to confine himself to such matters as the wages of the professional player, the minimum length and breadth of the ground, the selection of teams and all the houha that goes to the carrying on of the game. All the time he is thinking in a wider plan and searching his atlas for places where the game of football has never been played before and where, therefore, he can take a team on what he calls a goodwill tour.

I have known football legislators talk of this as "spreading the gospel" with no suggestion of blasphemy. All winter long, when they ought to be concerning themselves with the affairs of their clubs, they will be writing to each other, checking up on Patagonia ("Yes—but is it north or south, Charlie?"), strolling down to the local Cooks' man on the corner, and sounding out their wives. As a result of all this activity, on the last day of the



season they will drag their jaded, leg-weary players practically from under the noses of their wives or girl-friends, hustle them on to a train or a ship and, before the startled lads have recovered from their seasickness, they will be out on a foreign field, baking under a summer sun, listlessly patting the light ball from man to man—"spreading the gospel," evangelising the sacred soccer to the ends of the earth. And in the home newspapers will appear a tiny little line: Nijninogorod, Tuesday—Nijni Bluenoses 6, Aston City 1.

On these occasions, the routine is unchanging. After the match both teams, and all the football officials within one hundred and fifty miles, gather in the swagger local hotel and have what is always known as a Banquet. Abroad, this is always a staggering affair of anything up to a dozen courses, any one of which is dead favourite to make every English player (raised on steak-and-onions and fish-and-chips) even sicker than he was when he got off the ship.

### Inevitability of Banquets

Invariably, the players try to duck these Banquets after the first couple. I have seen players, whose very names strike terror in the breasts of opposition teams, plead with tears in their eyes to be allowed *not* to attend the Banquet. It seldom works. The travelling legislators regard the Banquet as the consummation of the goodwill visit. It is the Banquet that seals the new friendships formed out of the friendly rivalries of the field of play. So, towards the end of the eating—that is, about three hours after the start—you will see worried legislators rushing around the corridors, dragging pallid players from the wash-rooms, where they have gone to be ill in comfort, and hustling them back to the Banquet for the Speeches.

Ah! The speeches! There are two of these, 'A' and 'B.' 'A' is used when the local side has been licked. 'B' is used when the British side is licked. If our boys, by a freak, hit their game and make rings round the opposition, 'A' declares that the local side have not disgraced their country, that they are young in soccer and the day is not far distant when they will give a very much better account of themselves. Meantime, what they lacked in knowledge of the game they amply made up in the fine sporting spirit in which they . . .

When, as often happens, the British side is too leg-weary, too sunblind, too sick of the food, too tired of the whole idea of this out-of-season football

and gets licked, then 'B' makes it clear that at least the British have demonstrated that they know how to take defeat and that . . .



(This light-hearted sketch by "Tim" has nothing to do with Mr. Macadam's story. It's a tribute to "the Beaver".)

The last time I heard 'B' was after an athletics meeting in Cologne just before the war. We had been beaten in every event but one in which we secured a tie for first place. Inevitably, at the Banquet afterwards, somebody got up and, with a patronising smile, assured the delighted Germans that at least Britain had demonstrated her ability to take defeat.

The effect was marred rather by a voice breaking in: "We've had so much practice."

Once they gave the writer the proud title, "THE MAN WHO MISSED HITLER."

The whole thing started with Franz'l who worked with the State Railway. A bit of a lad, Franz'l, member of the Party, some kind of a cheer leader in the Jugend and all that sort of thing. He knew a lot of people and he had a sound appreciation of the Power of the Press. You could tell that from his scrapbook. He'd turn over the pages and pages of photographs and suddenly stop at one and say: "Is here a picture taken in Garmischpartenkirchen. Is here the Fuehrer—and I am here!"

## "This is Me"

There'd be Adolf, podgily self-conscious in the front of a vast throng of smiling youths and there, a smudge on the horizon, would be Franz'l. Without his nicely-manicured index fingernail you wouldn't have guessed unless he told you. He always told you so I suppose it was always him. It must have been very exhausting work getting into all these pictures by the skin of his teeth. I guess his teeth must have been on edge with it. But he wasn't exceptional in this way. I've known lots of fight people the same. There's one handler at practically every fight everywhere in England, and he carries the pictures around in his pocket like a feelthy-peeecture vendor in Cairo. It makes no odds who comes up in the conversation, he'll dive into his inside pocket, thumb over a pile of these post-cards, and then hand you one.

"That's him," he'll say. "Third from the left. This is me," and he'll point with a forefinger blunted by years of nail-biting during rounds at a thing that looks like a spirit photograph in the background of the group. You know the kind of thing the seance boys and girls produce as proof that there is an after-life . . . a group of dumb-looking people all sitting round a table with their hands on it and, in the oddest place, a face. Well, that's the kind of thing this fellow will show you as "Me Taken with So-and-So." Franz'l was a bit like that, only he was always further back and smaller, and he didn't do so much neck-stretching to make sure that he'd get on to the plate. You got the impression that Franz'l was quite satisfied to be in this company even if only his best friends would know from the picture that it was him, if he told them . . .

His English was all right except for a few inversions and one strange phrase. This was "so-called." In the application of "so-called" to ordinary English conversation, Franz'l's English master let him down. He used it in the sense of "as we say" and at times it was disconcerting.

The time I am talking about is very early 1936 when the Germans were working like ants to get their Olympic Stadium in Berlin ready for the Games in the summer and Franz'l was showing me round and explaining that the Stadium would be the whitest, the biggest, the sunniest, the grassiest, the noblest, the accessiblest, and so on, the world had ever seen. We left Berlin by taxicab and drove through the Brandenburg Tor, through the Tiergarten. Turning suddenly from a main thorough-

fare into a wide, clean approach, we were confronted with the Stadium gates.

"And there," said Franz'l, "is the so-called Reichsportsfeld."

He said that, dead serious, and I let it go. He used the expression once or twice more but when we got up into the terracing and he pointed up to a little sort of plateau right in the centre, I had to laugh when he said :

"Here is the Tribune of the so-called Fuehrer."

I said : "He is the Fuehrer, isn't he ?"

"But yes, of course."

"Well then," I said. "You should say in English 'The Tribune of the Fuehrer.' Not the 'so-called Fuehrer.' Almost always, in English, the use of 'so-called' is derisive."

He frowned.

"Derisive of the so-called Fuehrer ?" he said.

I had a sudden burst of sympathy for the English master and didn't go into the matter any more. It was immediately clear to me that "so-called" was one of the things that Franz'l was going to carry with him to the grave.

## Fervent for Fuehrer

Forgive the digression but it was the mention of that so-called handler back there that diverted my mind. Anyhow, the point of all this is that, far from being derisive about the so-called Fuehrer, Franz'l worshipped him with a fervour you had to see to believe. He dragged him into every conversation and stuck his picture up everywhere in his apartment but the bathroom. The bathroom of his flat was decorated with a magnificently underlipped worm's-eye view of Mussolini.

"Is here the so-called Friedrichstrasse," Franz'l would say. "Nearby here lives the so-called Fuehrer."

Or,

"Is here the Deutschlandhalle. It will be opened by the so-called Fuehrer."

He dragged the so-called Fuehrer into everything except his jokes, which were heavy and far-between, and finally, late one night, he pushed aside his beer and said :

"You are taught that Jesus made miracles. Very well. Jesus made miracles. He was the Son of God and so, with miracles, it was not difficult. Adolf Hitler is not the Son of God. He is a Man like me and like You. Yet, equally, he makes miracles with Germany. Who is the greater man, then—Adolf Hitler or Jesus ?"



And he looked triumphantly across the table the way I imagine Joad looks at Campbell just after he'd asked him if it isn't the case that Sabu always rides elephants, and aren't elephants mammals, and doesn't the Bible say that you can't serve God and Mammal, and, ergo, how can Sabu ride an elephant? A kind of conclusive leer.

"I would like to meet the so-called Fuehrer," I said.

Now this was in the time when Adolf wasn't talking in international hook-ups, and *Mein Kampf* was only a library book and the *Daily Mail* hadn't really got its teeth in. It occurred to me that it would be quite a story to interview the Greater-than-God.

"Could you fix it, Franz'l?" I said.

"You shall speak with the so-called Fuehrer," he said and we shook hands as best we could.

Well, the s-c F. was out of town and I had to get back to London and tell the palpitating British athletes of the wonders that awaited them in the mid-summer in Berlin, so the audience did not come off.

### Interviews Made Easy

But not long after I got back there was a long letter from the indefatigable Franz'l telling me that when I returned for the Games it would be arranged. The Fuehrer had signalled his willingness to speak and would I please write out a list of questions, forward it to Franz'l and he would occupy the time between then and my return to Berlin in getting the Fuehrer's answers prepared through various Party channels. Then all that remained when I returned to Berlin was for me to be presented to the Fuehrer and depart with a signed manuscript of my interview. Just like that. Interviewing made easy. No leading questions, no beating about the bush, no argument, no but-excellency-if's. Just a straight How-de-do, a manly clasp of the hand, upflung hand and there you are, can I use the telephone. Until the moment I left for Berlin I could hardly take my eyes off Ward Price.

Franz'l was as good as his word. As soon as I stepped out of the plane at Tempelhof there he was, solemn as ever, to tell me that he was sorry that for some days until the Games had begun the Fuehrer would be very busy but that as soon as they had started he would find leisure to see me. Would I please give a list of all the places in Berlin where I would be likely to be in the course of the next two

weeks so that I could be summoned at any moment for my interview.

### Strain of Waiting

Well, I slept on that at night. I was booked into a little hospiz off the Friedrichstrasse and I wrote down the telephone number of that giving the times at which I could be found there. It was a teetotal joint and the times were 2 a.m. until 9.0 a.m.

There was the telephone number of the Press Headquarters in the Kroll Theatre, now used for meetings of the Reichstag. There was the bar of the Adlon Hotel. There was my personal telephone in the Press Tribune out at the Reichsportsfeld and there was the number of a football official I knew out at the Olympischedorf—the village in which the athletes were housed. There was the Taverne in the Kurfurstendam and there were the flat numbers of a couple of English newspapermen resident in the place. It was a fairly imposing list of numbers when it was finished with but Franz'l wasn't in the least dismayed by it. He looked as if he might get a lot of pleasure out of ringing them, one by one.

Well, day after day of the games went by and several times a steward came round in front of the Press Tribune bearing a board on which was chalked the legend Herr Makadam. On such occasions I bolted for the bureau as if the writservers were after me, but always the call was for some other business. Never the Summons. I had almost given the whole matter up when we went into the second week of the games and I had eaten myself to pieces looking over the balustrade in front of the Tribune at the solid little figure of the so-called Fuehrer, a biscuit's-toss below, talking with Goebbels.

Then one day I was mooching around the Press headquarters on the dive from a handball game between Esthonia and one of the Latin American countries. I heard my name on the loud-speaker installation and ducked into the first telephone-booth. It was Franz'l, very excited.

"You will please to come at once," he said, "the so-called Fuehrer is ready to speak with you."

In thirty seconds I was in a taxicab headed for the Stadium and yelling the only German word I knew apart from hellesbier: Schnell. The driver responded and we made wonderful time for about a mile and a half. Then we began to slow and I noted with sinking heart that there was nothing the

driver could do about it. A great crowd of people were streaming against us—from the direction of the Stadium. The driver did his best. He bumped them and he bored them. He shouted and cursed at them. He played practically the whole of the first act of Tannhauser on his horn but it was no use. The stream was running fast against him and eventually, with a mile to go, he stopped, wiped the sweat off his face with his cap, and shrugged his shoulders.

I pelted on by myself. It was hot and it was dusty and the crowd was packing firmer and firmer as I got nearer and nearer until, when I came into the great concourse bathed in perspiration, spotted with dust and with my coat almost dragged from my back, they were jammed solid and immobile. It was a trap. It was impossible to move back and absurd to move forward. One simply stood there, squeezed by the mass. The smell of wurst on the hot sunny air was very hard to bear.

#### "Heil!"—Farewell

Twenty minutes passed thus and suddenly there was a small sound in the distance, a small sound that swelled and swelled until it became an approaching roar that finally enveloped the dense throng in which I was stuck. There was a surge backwards off the concourse, a roar of "Heil!" a flash of a black car and the briefest glimpse of an outstretched hand.

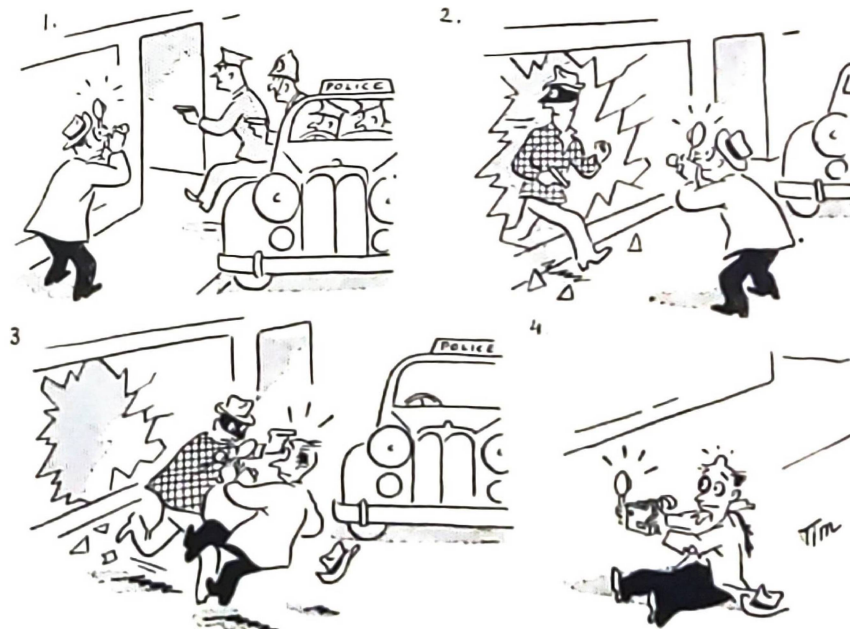
Then the crowd broke up and shortly I was free to move. I moved disconsolately in the direction of the Stadium, climbed the back stair to the entrance of the Press Tribune. There was Franz'l, coldly watching me climb the steps.

"It is a great pity," he said. "The so-called Fuehrer said it should be to-day that he would see you. As soon as I was told I telephoned to all your numbers . . . He was detained in conversation three-four minutes. He would not wait more . . ."

Well, that's always something.

*The  
Photographer  
always gets  
his man!*

**A  
Story  
without  
Words.**







Story without words (drawn by Tim).

# A Different Story of A Bolton Wanderer

IN more than one respect the year 1901 was memorable. I attended my first Cup Final, and for the first time more than one hundred thousand people gathered on what we called "the slopes of Sydenham," which was the alternative description to the dear old Crystal Palace. The size of that crowd, getting on for fifty years ago, should occasionally be recalled in these days when the words "sport boom" slip in so easily and so often. There were more people at that 1901 game than at the 1947 final!

The main reason for the rush was that, for the first time, a London professional side reached the last round. Tottenham Hotspur made history; but there was nothing unique in the fact that on the way to the final one game was saved by a full-back who took on the role of goalkeeper, and got away with it! Modern football referees are not the only ones to be told they should have brought a dog or a white stick.

## Reports by Thousands

Before you come to the end of these ramblings of a wandering minstrel of sport journalism, the thought will probably occur to you, as it now recurs to me, how strangely such a career can be linked with particular places and people. I have reported the best part of a thousand games in which the Spurs have played. The number of reports of such games is many times more.

In a book about Fleet Street, friend Russell Stannard declared that of one Tottenham match I wrote fifteen different "specials." Being a little worried as to whether all the sports editors considered it possible that one man could do justice to their columns in such circumstances the question of suing Stannard for damages occurred to me. I have never done fifteen specials of the same football match. Fourteen is my limit.

With the play travelling, as usual, from end to end, we come back to another club connection—Bolton. For forty years I cherished a fiendish ambition. It was to get this sentence into print in connection with Bolton: "The town they named after me." Not a single "sub." would stand for it in all those forty years. But in 1946

by

J. T. BOLTON

For 40 years Jimmy Bolton from Bolton has wanted to gambol in print with his name. Now, through the benignity of the Editor, this leading sports writer realises his ambition in full in an article that will gladden the heart of any sports fan.

I got away with it—in *Men Only*—and that particular article is the only one (of my own) included in my million cuttings.

For some unknown reason that Cup Final between Spurs and Sheffield United, which ended all square at Crystal Palace ground, was ordered to be re-played at Bolton. Why this "one-eyed town"?—not my description but that of a Manchester newspaper. Were those Manchester people annoyed that their mighty city should be passed over and a re-played final taken to what, after all, was little more than a suburb of Manchester!

The effect of the belittling campaign was that, just as the largest (up to then) crowd had tried to witness the first game, the smallest number of our time turned up for the re-play. So there was plenty of room for the curly-headed boy who there and then made up his mind that sports reporting is the nicest and the easiest, if not the best paid, of Fleet Street jobs. So the F.A. really takes the blame for these ramblings.

A good paper to start on, the *Bolton Evening News*. The lads who started there, others of whom have also left the town for the town's good, have gone many places. I have sat at a Cup Final in later years with six other *Bolton Evening News* lads, who were each doing the match for a National newspaper.



Those whose memories are as old, and as young, as mine will recall how in the olden days these lads collected, on a Saturday morning, their basket of pigeons to take with them to a near-by football or cricket match. Those were the days when the pigeons competed with the post-office for speed, and easily beat the post-office on cost. The reports were written on flimsy paper, folded and attached by a rubber band to the bird. Not, as sometimes supposed, attached to wing feathers, but in a much more hazardous place—the underneath feathers of the tail. Away they would go, bird number one with one message, bird number two—in case of accidents—with two messages, the duplicate of the first and the first copy of the second. And so on. Not that the duplicate was often used in the office. True to their instinct—for food—those birds would circle around the football or cricket ground once or twice, then off on the mile-a-minute course to the pigeon “cote” on the office roof. There they would enter their home, announce the arrival by the ringing of a bell, and the sub. would know that his story from Oswaldtwistle or Padiham had been duly delivered.

### Food for Copy

The point is stressed that the one condition of the copy delivery contract being fulfilled by the birds was that they should not be allowed food after breakfast on duty day. And thereby hangs a story which, with due acknowledgment to Sid. Southerton, I may recall. (As everybody knows, Sid. was a Pardon's man, and Pardon's have always told the truth.)

The rivalry between two Dublin papers to be first with the sport news was intense. The paper which employed the pigeons was beating, regularly, the paper which employed His Majesty's telegraph. That could not continue. So on the occasion of a big rugby match in Dublin the reporter by telegraph purchased a goodly handful of corn. He did more. He soaked that corn in the strongest Irish whisky. And when the reporter by pigeon-messenger wasn't looking, the whisky-soaked corn was slipped into the pigeon basket.

It may have been funny, and it probably was, to watch those birds, released one after the other, with their precious messages attached, rise a little unsteadily into the air, wobble this way and that, and eventually make the effort to alight on the centre one of three chimney pots, there to rest

and reflect on the glories and the penalties of doubles.

But there is a postscript to be told. The match over, the telegraph reporter retired to the local to find if the Irish whisky had the same effect on him as it had on the birds. He related to all in the bar the story of the nefarious exploit. Perspiring with laughter at his own description of a “scoop,” he dipped into his pocket for his handkerchief. And there he found the telegraph forms, containing his vivid description of the match. In his jubilation over the success of the plot he had forgotten to file them.

Some of the sporting prophets who have not had such a good time recently may be consoled with the thought that they have merely joined an ancient company. There was the “answers to correspondents” man on the local paper who assumed the mantle of Elijah—which did not fit too well. Getting a trifle impatient of answering the whiskered one: “Have Bolton Wanderers ever won the Cup?” he replied: “No, Bolton Wanderers have never won the Cup and, what is more, they never will!” The lesson is, confine yourself to naked answers. Bolton Wanderers won the Cup three times from 1923 to 1929.

There's a personal yarn about prophecy which you will come to in due course if you will bear with me through a lead up which may contain a tip or two for the aspirants to this nice “front and free seat” job. Only a provincial who knew nowt about owt would come to London with an excursion ticket—on a Friday night—to try to pick up a job on a Saturday morning. And as only the lad who knew nowt about owt would do this, it naturally follows that only he would get such a job—at the first place of call on the Saturday morning. It was largely a scissors and paste job on what were called “partly printed newspapers,” which, so far as I am aware, is a dead form of our business.

### Impossible Happens

In due course I got a first football match assignment for a Sunday newspaper—the now absorbed *Lloyd's Sunday News*. It would happen that the opponents of Chelsea at Stamford Bridge should be Bolton Wanderers. Here was the big chance. That Sunday paper was going to get something different. Whether it would stand for it or not it was going to get what, for that time, was a

Monday morning story for publication on Sunday.

Perhaps you are acquainted with the long-ago type of Sunday football reports. It told whether the sun was shining at the start, which side kicked off, gave a few details of Jones and Brown sending the ball over from the wings, and ended with the last kick; no such thing as criticism of the play or the players.

This one was different. Not a word was written till it was all over; then reflective and critical thoughts were put to paper. At that time—early March—Chelsea and Bolton Wanderers were in the First Division danger zone. This different type of story wound up with these words: "Neither Chelsea nor Bolton Wanderers need have the slightest worry about relegation. They're both too good for that." The prophet who wrote thus might have been excused if, by some stroke from misfortune, one club or the other had suffered relegation. If you have a football record book by you, however, and care to turn back the pages to 1910, you will there find it set out that both Chelsea and Bolton Wanderers went down to the Second Division, folding hands. Let us all be thankful that it isn't only the newspaper reading public which has short memories: the sports editors share the failing.

### Foot On Ladder

In fear and trembling I visited *Lloyd's Sunday News* in due course to receive this assurance from Charlie Edwards, "You do a report for us as long as I am Sports Editor." And it was so. Rather nice, that feeling of the foot on the ladder.

I didn't know it then as now, but the "story for us every week" verdict was due to a bright thought—the purchase of a typewriter. Typed copy doesn't mean a thing in these modern days, of course, but those old-time sport copy subs. on the Sunday papers will realise the "miracle" of a typed story dropped on the desk in 1910. The number of words, as ordered, with even a suggestion of a heading. The lucky sub. to get it would take it all in at one glance, bung it upstairs, and be left with time to have an "odd one." It may be strongly suspected—is strongly suspected—that the actual Sports Editor concerned did not even read the story with its rotten Chelsea-Bolton prophecy. He probably asked the sub. what the story was like, and the sub., thinking of the typing

and his extra sip, replied: "Great," or some word to that effect.

This is no sermon with a typewriter ribbon as the text: the converted don't need a preacher, and we're nearly all converted to the typewriter now, noiseless or otherwise. At least nearly all. Typewriters are even used, in numbers, in the Press box at Lord's, but I wish there could be reproduced here a picture of the faces in that same Lord's Press box when I struck the first key on a (more or less) noiseless machine there. Metaphorically the typewriter and the typist went through the floor together. As late as 1938, when at the Oval Len Hutton stayed in for days and days to make mince-meat of Test match batting records, there was trouble over the typewriter being used in the Press annex. Spectators who were cheering every Hutton stroke, making noises to explode the gasometer, sent a round robin note to the secretary of the club protesting that they could not enjoy their cricket because of the typing which was going on in their immediate vicinity. They added a threat that if it wasn't stopped they would smash the machine and the machinist.

Odd pals tell me even to-day that they just can't think on to a typewriter. Nobody can—at first. But for such there is a message. "Stick it. Beat the mechanism of the typewriter, and the day will soon come when you will not only be able to think with a typewriter, but you won't be able to think without one." I know that to be true.

Another typewriter reminiscence. Jack Howcroft, football referee turned journalist on his retirement, is doing a Cup Final. Being for that occasion engaged by the same group of newspapers, we are seated next to each other and share the same 'phonist. Jack's handwriting isn't very good. The 'phonist takes a piece of my typed copy and gets it through. He takes a piece of Jack's written copy and gets it through, somehow. But with tears in his voice he comes back and whispers in my ear: "Would you mind lending Mr. Howcroft your typewriter, sir?"

### Sporting "Ghosts"

This mention of Howcroft, referee turned journalist, who did his own writing, tempts me to take a little walk with the "ghosts." It's a path beset with danger—from the Fleet Street angle. And it has twisted and turned a bit since those pre-first-war days when the opinions, and the signature to a personal article, could be obtained



for the present price of two drinks. Having had something to do with this "ghosting" for sport celebrities in the beginning, I would join Emanuel in a recent quotation if he had not been drawn over the coals for his indiscretion. We won't argue the ethics of this ghost business which, so it is stated on reliable authority, had its beginning in sport and has spread far and wide.

### "Learned Stuff"

Should we hang the fellow who picks the brains of the sport celebrity and puts them down on paper in journalese? If the fellow for whom the journalist does the ghosting has ideas—well, the wiser journalist uses those ideas, and thus keeps his own ideas for use in other directions. A different angle might be taken in connection with fellows who, theoretically, write the most learned stuff, but who in fact have difficulty even in writing their names. The delicate subject need not be pursued, although a yarn may be told.

The very good footballer who could just manage to write his name on the back of a cheque received many such cheques and signed many articles in the course of a season. In returning the umpteenth article, he penned a note thus: "Thiss is the best artickle I have ever writen."

Connected, in a way, with these stray thoughts about unknown fellows who write for very famous fellows, there is the charge often brought against the wholesale dealer in football that we write the stories in advance. There isn't enough wind left in me to catch up on that libel, so the only thing to do is laugh at it, and perhaps remark "They all write their stories before the match, but even so there is a difference between the good reporter and the ordinary reporter: the good one knows how many spaces to leave for goalscorers."

At this date perhaps it will be safe to tell one yarn which may have had something to do with the notion spreading abroad that we football fellows do write the reports in advance. Just about to embark on a train taking the Tottenham Hotspur team to Cardiff for a big Cup-tie there, I receive a message from a Sunday newspaper news editor asking for half a column, by telegraph, of the scenes in the streets prior to the game. The guard of the train tells us that we shall only get to Cardiff with bare time to travel to the ground. What is to be done about those scenes in the streets? Shall the news editor be let down? Reply to that in your own way.

My reply is that he is the man who knows what he wants, and pays well for it. So between London and Reading, with some of the Spurs players and officials snooping around, that vivid description of the pre-match scenes in the streets of Cardiff is duly transferred to telegraph forms. The forms are handed to an outside porter the minute we disembark at Cardiff. And as the cheque, rather than the nice letter of appreciation, is the only anticipated reward, I am surprised to get a note of congratulation from the news editor on my return: "Thanks for your fine scenes in the streets of Cardiff story. You got a lot of stuff which nobody else picked up!" On which side of the account—debit or credit—shall we find such items recorded when the Auditor sets out to balance the final accounts?

Not even Editors, and much less sub-editors, can know everything. Nobody, apparently, ever knew until this moment of a near-tragedy connected with a football match between Chelsea and Everton. Those were the days when the *Star* had a Saturday night pink, and when London supported seven many-paged evening newspapers to fix such a good wicket for the sports freelance.

The Football *Star* reports were then telephoned from a box at Chelsea, situated up in the dark at the back of the stand. I knew well enough that Chelsea played in blue shirts but entirely overlooked the fact that Everton also played in blue, and that they then had the right to retain their own colours. So a column report of the first half of the match was dictated, all correct, save that every move made by Chelsea was described as an Everton move, and vice versa. Unwittingly, how kind were the players of those two teams! They didn't score a goal during that first half, so while everything else was wrong, the telephoned half-time score was right. You've got to have bits of luck even when batting on a good wicket.

### Better Pay

Whether the wicket will ever again be so good nobody knows. In one respect it is already considerably better than it used to be. And that is in the pay packets!

Whether it is true that more people read the sport than read the leaders I wouldn't know. But it is undeniably true that even in these days the proportion of readers who know whether the sport stuff is good is greater than the proportion who know whether the leader is good.



"Boy, take this gentleman to the 'Believe it or not' Department!"



A man who had the temerity—and the knowledge—to forecast a goalless draw to a Wembley Cup Final is certain of respect wherever sports writers and sports fans gather. That man is the writer of this article and his name is

HENRY ROSE

## *“THIS IS MY REEL OF SPORT”*

“**W**HAT an enjoyable and varied life. You must meet so many interesting people.” I doubt whether any newspaper man has escaped hearing the observation from one of his friends.

“And most of them are newspapermen,” is my usual reply.

That is not exaggerated. A newspaperman worth his salt should be interesting, particularly those engaged in my line of territory—the covering of the dazzling, whirling reel of sport. I have seen it unwind over a period of years—a period in which reputations were made and often blasted in a single night, with a single punch, a false step in the ring, or with an erring flick of a foot on the field.

The breathless rapidity of the changing scene left little reflection at the time. The queer, fascinating people who made up the fascinating sporting world flash by in a never-ending panorama. Newspapermen themselves, many of them, are fascinating. But not quite as some (for instance, Hollywood) would have us believe.

### A “Hollywood” Reporter

Hollywood has been responsible for a revolutionary change in the popular conception of newspapermen. When I have given lectures on journalism I have occasionally set the verbal ball rolling by forgiving my audience (after assuming that they have derived their ideas of what newspapermen are like from the American movies) if they imagined that when I arrived at the meeting place I parked my car very carefully on the spot that said “No Parking Here,” that on meeting their chairman for the first time I dug him playfully in the ribs, proceeded to the committee room and then helped myself liberally to their whisky and cigars.

Thanks to the films, a few plays and the antics of a few “gentlemen of the Press” modern con-

ception of the news-gatherer moves along those lines.

The reporter of today, if Hollywood is to be believed, smashes all the furniture within sight when invited to a home, and prefers to climb the chandelier before beginning an interview with a prominent politician. It is assumed that he gets his greatest scoops while sleeping off a drunk in a boozy haven, that he writes his best on a dozen beers or whiskies; that he insults everyone within earshot, and is handsomely rewarded for his bad manners, that he is happier and most human when being thrown down a flight of stairs, that he has a wife whom he rarely sees and ill-treats when he does, an ex-wife who has never been able to collect any alimony, and a fancy girl parked away in a doubtful quarter of the city, who regards him as a misunderstood genius and an unappreciated Bernard Shaw.

The picture, of course, is a distorted one, a gross libel, even on American newspapermen, who are decent educated men, who do not consider it fashionable, if they ever did, to go away on a drunk when important news is breaking. They would be looking for another job if they did.

I doubt whether anyone enjoys his life more than the conscientious newspaperman. We have most of us an unhappy belief in our power of living the pleasurable and virtuous life of leisure. The desire to live what is sometimes called the “life of a gentleman” (which character is sometimes defined as a person who has no professional occupation) is very strong in all of us. But for all that we newspapermen enjoy our work. To return from a distant holiday is almost to be born again.

I am rambling, of course. I had intended to write of moments of thrill, of satisfaction. I have room for two only. I doubt whether it is possible



*Artist's Impression of Henry Rose.*

to recapture the heart-beat at first seeing one's name in print.

My name has appeared in all sizes and shapes since that first joyous moment, often three or four times in the same issue of a newspaper. It has appeared in contents bills complete with picture, has been heard on the air from coast to coast in America, weekly for years in Britain, has been on the cinema screen for various reasons from time to time, but the impression I experienced was when the name appeared nestling modestly for the first time at the bottom of the

leader page of the *Sunday Chronicle* many years ago over a short story—my very own.

And the other? The heady wine of the prophet. To eat one salted almond and then stop requires first-class will power. But you can train yourself to do it. To ask the sports reporter to refrain from saying "I told you so" is asking too much.

### Forecast Goalless Draw

My great "I told you so" arose from the prophecy that the 1938 Cup Final at Wembley between Huddersfield Town and Preston North End would end in a goalless draw after extra time. It was confounded cheek, because no cup final had been drawn for 26 years, and no cup final at Wembley had ever been drawn.

Odds against a draw then were astronomical. The prophecy was not made just as a wild guess, backing a long shot on the chance of pleading wisdom after the event with the sublime assurance that a wrong guess would not matter anyway and would soon be forgotten. I do know that in the liberal space allotted me on Page One of the *Daily Express* I made out a clear case for a heaven-sent hunch.

What actually happened was that after 90 minutes' play no goals had been scored and that the last seconds of the 30 minutes' extra time were ticking off when a disputed penalty kick was awarded Preston. They scored and I was robbed of the most daring football forecast in sports history.

The *Daily Express* did me proud in Monday morning's issue. In one edition my name appeared eleven times. William Hickey (then Tom Driberg), sports editor, the late Arthur Simmons, paid tribute as did the news columns.

The *Huddersfield Examiner* devoted a full length leader page article to my bold venture and subsequent report.

### My Head Spun

And Arthur Christiansen, Fleet Street's leading editor, did not let the occasion pass. On the day after the game, from his week-end retreat, he wired "I thought you were crazy in giving a goalless draw after extra time. But only seconds robbed you of the best tip in years. Hearty congratulations."

Forgive me if my head spun.



When a sub-editor on an English newspaper shouts "Hullo, sweetie pie, vot about some plutty proofs?" there are obviously difficulties in production but never any lack of interest, even excitement—as is right at the birth of a newspaper. And here, starting with verse,

★ HAMISH DAVIDSON writes ★

## *The Story of The "Sudan Star"*

*'Twas New Year's Day in the printers  
The time was half past five,  
And Birkby sat on a Mono case  
More dead by far than alive.  
For this was Sudan Star's birthday  
And for twenty-four hours before  
He had written and subbed and made-up  
Till he could write and sub no more.  
And now was the last great moment  
And out of the ink and the stress  
With no dummy run beforehand  
Four pages were going to Press.  
Soon the virgin sheets in the Wharfedale  
Would be selling like cakes in the town  
Look! The first proof comes from the  
rollers —  
And—the masthead is upside down.*

AND so, on New Year's Day, 1943, was born the *Sudan Star*, a daily newspaper to provide the latest and brightest in news to the large number of troops and the cosmopolitan civilian community of Khartoum, capital of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

With Rommel advancing on Alamein, Khartoum had attained a strategic significance in the Middle East. British, American and South African servicemen were based around the confluence of the Blue and White Niles. As the tide of war rolled away from them they thirsted after news of the actions they could not share. The war was theirs and they wanted to know about it. The *Sudan Star* told them.

Leonard Aldridge, C.B.E., head of the Mitchell Corts commercial group, agreed to finance the project. The job of editor was offered to Carel

Birkby, author and newspaperman, and first South African war correspondent in the field.

In November, 1942, with five weeks in which to make the necessary preparations, Carel arrived back in Khartoum to find that staff was as easy to find as pots of beer at the end of a rainbow. He bit his nails to find someone, anyone, in the heart of Africa. By the eve of publication he had found Joachim.

Joachim was a Czechoslovakian refugee whose only newspaper experience was as manager of a boot shop (but a very well-known boot shop!). He was engaged initially as a proof reader and although his English was quaint he developed in time into a sub-editor. In fact, after three years he emigrated to America and was last heard of holding down a job as copy-holder in New York — which says a lot for the *Sudan Star*, and even more for the pertinacity of Joachim.

He has, presumably, grown out of his habit of producing "classical" headlines. One of his better efforts was:

POST WAR HOUSING IN BRITAIN  
TO EVERYONE SO DESIRING IT A SEPARATE  
DWELLING.

Joachim was indeed a character. Middle-aged, heavily built, with a pale complexion and a black drooping moustache, he picked up English like a blue monkey picking up bad habits.

When Jack Allen, who was with Extel pre-war and left us to join Reuters, added his exuberance to the staff, Joachim lapped up his Cockney idiom. Everybody became "Chum" for a time. Later Jack Wheeler, from the *Bath Chronicle*, and now assistant editor, came along, bringing his wife as proof reader. One day inadvertently

he addressed her as "Sweetie Pie." This was too much for Joachim.

His eyes lit up, and he cast around for a suitable subject. In walked Mr. Gioda, a charming Copt, who did, and still does, control the Monotype setters. Joachim fixed him with a sardonic stare.

"Hullo, Sweetie Pie," he thundered, "Vot about some plutty proofs?"

### Variety in Staff

But Joachim was not alone in his glory. Apart from him the original staff included a Spanish-Palestinian Jewess with a Sudanese strain as secretary, a Greek accountant, an Armenian girl and a Sudanese youth as clerks, and an Egyptian Copt, the incomparable Fahmy Eff. Salib, as "advertising manager and circulation superintendent."

Fahmy is, thanks be, still with us. Fahmy is indispensable. He knows everyone, straight and not so straight, and can walk in their ways. What he cannot achieve by guile he does "by force." Fahmy is an advertising agent in his own right, although he has no business to have that right.

Not only does he control the advertising, and manhandle the circulation boys and the Post Office into doing their job, but he also acts as a diary of events, a booker of boxes for the cinema, a provider of the necessities of life when unobtainable by anyone else, and in general as factotum and friend. He is our pride and joy. Fahmy, in short, is a genius.

Our first offices were roofed with corrugated iron and the sun blazed white on three of the four walls. Officially the hottest shade temperature in Khartoum in 1943 was 117 degrees F. in the shade. But the *Star* produced its news hotter than that. For two months the thermometer in the office never dropped appreciably below 125. In the sweltering afternoons, while the rest of Khartoum slept, the staff worked stripped down to their shorts, sweating to produce a paper to greet the sleepers as they rose from darkened rooms to take tea on the lawn in the cool dusk.

The only printing plant available, then and now, belongs to the Government printers. They undertook a tough task when they agreed to print a 4-page, six column daily in 10 point, with an 8-page edition on Saturdays, all in Monotype and done by native workmen with the scantiest British supervision.

Crises came so often in the early days that they were soon forgotten. One came after the Assistant Editor, "Copper" Lemay, had arrived at last from Johannesburg. Carel was called to Cairo on other duties only to receive a cable on his arrival to say that "Copper" was down with double-pneumonia and that Joachim was bravely keeping the *Star* to shine. There was only one thing to do — and Carel tore off to find the nearest General and wangle a return passage to Khartoum in a matter of hours.

Producing a daily paper in the circumstances was strictly a co-operative enterprise. It was no uncommon thing for senior Sudan Government officials to call on the editor and find his wife seated happily on the floor sorting out stock blocks.

But despite technical and other problems the paper grew.

Ignoring the difficulty of being the only evening newspaper in the world produced entirely on Monotype, it provided 3.15 p.m. war news on the front page at 5 p.m. throughout the war. It sent an accredited war correspondent to Italy. With the co-operation of the R.A.F., the South African Air Force and B.O.A.C. it organised air distribution which enabled readers as far apart as Wadi Halfa and Juba (1,500 miles) to read the paper late in the morning after publication. Air distribution also ensured circulation at Geneina, on the border of French Equatorial Africa, and at Asmara and Massawa in Eritrea.

### At Saturation Point

The Coptic circulation manager, with every Government official in the country on his distribution list as a subscriber, must have been the only circulation manager in the world who could say that he had virtually hit saturation point.

The paper has always been bright and enterprising. It organised a war memorial fund which in record time raised more than enough money to build an air-conditioned club for merchant seamen at Port Sudan on the Red Sea.

It booked the first ever commercial call between the Sudan and Britain; the voice at the other end of the telephone line was that of the editor of the London *Star*. We use the 1,000 mile trans-desert telephone line to Cairo daily to get new leads and spot news.

The editor or his staff, intent on covering their area, jump an aircraft and fly to Juba, in



Equatoria, to Malakal in Upper Nile Province, a few miles only from Fashoda, scene of the famous Anglo-French incident, to Wadi Halfa in the North, and further afield to Cairo as the occasion demands or the opportunity arises.

### Plenty of Initiative

In the last year all these trips have been done and in addition the editor has flown in the test flight of the new Sudan Airway's De Havilland "Dove" to Asmara, capital of Eritrea, to record the flight and push circulation in the area.

When the "overlanders" were using the Sudan route to trek to South Africa we covered their story. When the McAllister party was lost in the desert North of Wadi Halfa on the Egyptian border we sent an aircraft to look for them — found them and flew them back to civilisation in Khartoum.

Reuters have been the mainstay of the news service of the paper. The news is taken nowadays on the Hellschreiber, but in the past it was taken down by Sudanese Morse operators. Every line of copy has to be subbed on typewriters, double-spaced, since the typesetters and compositors work by pictorial impression, some of them knowing no word of English.

In one respect the *Sudan Star* is unique. Here is the story.

### Only From Reuters

When Kitchener marched his army up the Nile to defeat the Khalifa at Omdurman and avenge the death of "Chinese" Gordon he received varied and valuable services from Reuters. In return he decreed that henceforward the news to the Army Up The Nile should be taken exclusively from Reuters, and that transmission should be free as long as there was a British Army there.

That service runs to this day, and a cable from Reuters to the Army Up The Nile comes straight to the *Sudan Star*. Much of the service is no longer required but sport is still taken. Last June the editor received four urgent pleas from towns spread over half-a-million square miles asking for the runners in the Derby so that local sweepstakes could be held.

In two days they had them. The Army Up The Nile cable came through on request from Cairo and the air distribution did the rest.

Since Khartoum is the air crossroads of Africa,

and the airlines, as part of the public relations work, provide night-stopping passengers with papers, the *Sudan Star* has a readership of far and fast travelling folk. In one week reports were received from people who had read it in Chungking, China, and in Miami, Florida.

In May last year the *Sudan Star* was printed by 1.30 each day and four copies were rushed on board the B.O.A.C. York service to London, where they appeared in the British Industries Fair at Earl's Court and Olympia on the day after publication. For the occasion we adopted new type and format. The original paper in 10 pt. type, in six 13 ems columns, gave way to a seven 11½ ems columns page in Times 8 pt. type.

### "A Village Paper"

The paper has come a long way since Carel Birkby wrote and subbed sport news, features, leaders and the popular gossip column, "The Hump," not to mention writing the advertisements, since there were no non-dummy ads., for that first issue.

By home standards ours is a small paper, a village paper almost, but it has a place in the life of a country a million square miles in area. It has to deal daily with a political problem which has been referred to the Security Council of the United Nations, the strange case of the first Condominium in the world — the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

The *Star* does its best. In this connection I should like to put on record one point. In November, 1946, the Sudan Protocol, which began all the bother between Egypt and the Sudan, was first let out of the bag by Sidki Pasha. Months later a home newspaper carried what it claimed to be the first text of the protocol ever published. Let it be said now that we were first. Within ten days of Sidki's announcement the *Star* published the text with a double column interpretation. That text was used two weeks later by the Sudan Independence Front delegation in London. They printed a pamphlet with the Egyptian case set out on one side and the *Sudan Star* text and interpretation on the facing sheet, and distributed it widely among leading men and politicians in England.

And so, as the Sudan sun beats mercilessly down; as "haboobs" (gigantic dust devils) roll chokingly out of the desert across the town, blotting out the light; as rains flood the Nile

and wash away villages : as blister beetles make September a misery ; as Ramadan makes feckless, fingerless morons out of the stone hands ; as Monotype falls glistening to the floor ; as machines gum up with sand ; as all these little things come along to try them, the staff of the *Sudan Star* still bash out copy, double spaced, still

scream for the copy-boy (" Muraslas " they call them here) and still publish a paper on three hundred odd days of the year.

For a newspaper is a newspaper, and a newspaperman is a newspaperman (Gawd help 'im), even deep in the mysterious and thrilling heart of Africa.

## NO PARADISE IN PALESTINE

says

★ O'DOWD GALLAGHER ★

*Mr. Gallagher, widely experienced "Daily Mail" Correspondent, writes with vigour on the dangers of the organised "hand-out system," particularly as it exists today in Palestine.*

PALESTINE is the slow-poke reporter's paradise. . . .

He can sit on his barrage-balloon of a backside (this posterior spread is not an occupational development peculiar to long-flight pilots of the world's airways) all night drinking Scotch at 2s. 5d. a single shot. The supply seems endless, and this pleasant pastime is restricted by no fixed licensing hours but only by the happy customer's ability to sink them. Unless, of course, he has been here in Palestine some time and his ulcer enables him to wear a smug smile as crooked as his abstemious halo when he says, "No, thanks, old man. Just a lemon squash for me."

He can eat bacon and two eggs at 4s. the large plate until he grunts like a uranium-heavy Berkshire boar and at the same time, amazingly, clucks like a White Leghorn winning a pre-war laying contest.

And such are the delights of this terrorist-plagued paradise that while eating and drinking he can amuse himself between mouthfuls by shooting craps with his fellow travellers. There is not much "For Amusement Only" about this because, after all, practice can make profit. The 2s. 5d. shots of Scotch may impair clear thinking and wreck a man's game, but—"Worthehell,



Mehitabel, Worthehell ! Boy ! Let's have another round."

Want to join us ? Brother, take a 'plane. Here's the address—

" c/o Public Information Office,  
David Building, Jerusalem."



Don't be too hard on us until you get here and have had a look around.

Many of us quick brown foxes have been turned into lazy dogs by this paradisaical P.I.O. It is a miniature post-war M. of I. It is so efficient it holds many reporters in thrall. They dare not leave the place and its day-long spate of "News Flashes," "News Releases," "Leader Summaries," "Police Bulletins." There is a bang in Tel Aviv. Looks like a big story. What to do? Take a taxi, be gone at least three hours, but get a first-hand story? Not likely, says wise-boy Slow-poke: the P.I.O. will get all the dope and kill the story within half-an-hour.

### A Story "Breaks"

So Slow-poke keeps it secured to the chair, has another shot and a roll—and wrecks the game when he leaps to grab one of the hand-outs that they have just brought down to the P.I.O. "Press Room" from the P.I.O. "News Room." He knows the background. It takes him five minutes to knock out an elaborated version of the hand-out. He hasn't soaked up the local atmosphere in the P.I.O. for the last so-many months for nothing: the local Jewish stringers certainly know their Palestine, old boy. And so—back to craps—"Who rolled last?" "Just a minute—I won that hand. . . ."

Somewhere on the road back from Tel Aviv a couple of hours later. . . . "Damn good angle we got from the mayor, wasn't it? Wonder what the P.I.O. has put out? Whole — thing, I suppose. Driver! Step on it, for the love of Mike!"

The P.I.O. News Service is so efficient that it has just about killed journalistic enterprise as dead as Kaiser Wilhelm. Associated Press of America tells their man, "Reuter three minutes ahead on Irgun attack stop how." Reuter tells their man, "A.P. had illegal ship battle four minutes ahead." United Press cables, "You trailing behind A.P. Reuter on prison break." But *always* first is the P.I.O. News Service. . . . If they were in competition with the Agencies out of Palestine I would be so sure they would come out in the lead that I would go so far as to advise you to put your ration-book on the P.I.O.

If they are as good as that, why the grumble?

Well, if it doesn't sound old-fashioned, the P.I.O. has made it impossible to get a scoop on a straight, non-political story. Snug Slow-poke can battle with the bottle and the bacon in com-

plete safety. He knows that so long as he sticks to the P.I.O. there is no happening of importance in Palestine that will be overlooked by the P.I.O. hand-out service, of which he is an honorary recipient. You don't get any scoops sitting here, old man, but you don't get scooped, old boy.

You don't *have* to sit in the P.I.O., but if you don't it's a risky business (particularly late at night), and it's expensive to run your own countrywide incoming service.

And (this is the main complaint) it is as difficult as finding a solution to the Palestine problem to try to get any information from any official source without being told, "Sorry, we just can't tell you anything. You'd better ask the P.I.O."

The P.I.O. is efficient. It is a war-time hang-over. It is a monopoly. It is the Colorado Beetle of journalistic enterprise. And (horror) it's well-meant. . . .

Is it fair in using its monopoly? Yes, I suppose it is. They have a telephone roster of all reporters here. It changes weekly, I think. The Agencies are always first. Of course, they say. Why? Ask some of us reporters for individual newspapers—but we must be out of date. And even the most efficient organisation slips some time, I suppose. I got up to seven on the telephone roster in one year. New boys were always among those who were called before me. Perhaps that is because I am a rebel against "nationalising" news, although I must report that I do not believe there is any personal discrimination by the hard-working P.I.O. directorate or staff.

### Bacon and Eggs

However, that is the set-up out here. Incidentally, if you don't care for bacon and two eggs (large plate) at 4s., you can have chips and chops at 4s. 6d. in the P.I.O. canteen while you enjoy the company of your colleagues and the split-second O.M.N.S.\*

A last word about this news service. Some Government servants also object to it. On the grounds that it is too objective!

And so, with some anxiety, I say "Farewell!"—hoping that Slow-poke and his pals don't butcher me for the above. . . . I know the P.I.O. won't take this piece into account in the service they give me (late though it may sometimes be). They are not that sort of people.

"Boy! Give me a halo. The best you've got. . . ."

\* Official Monopoly News Service.

## OLD HULTONIAN DAYS IN MANCHESTER

by

A. S. MELLOR ★

★ IN the great days of the Hulton Press in Manchester—the period when Sir Edward was taking over from his father (who “made” the concern) from the *Tissue*, a mid-day racing paper that started giving “tips” in Manchester—there was an artists’ staff that had a galaxy of talent that has never been surpassed in provincial (or even the more proud London) journalism.

“W.A.B.” (Bill Bradley), imported from Liverpool, was to my mind the finest theatrical caricaturist that I have known. Such sketches of his of Eugene Stratton, Neil Kenyon, Wilkie Bard and the great stars of the music halls, that we never see nowadays, were masterpieces; and there was no wonder that posters commissioned by such talent appeared on the walls.

### Victims of Cartoonist

“Matt” (Matthew Sandford), from Ulster, was one of the staff and—after E. T. Reed of *Punch*—I considered him the greatest political caricaturist. From Manchester he went down to London with Jimmy Heddle, who launched there the *Daily Sketch* in great rivalry to the *Daily Mirror*, and “Matt’s” name and presence in the Lobby of the House became familiar and popular for he was a “good mixer” with the highest and the lowest. Winston Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, Redmond and Joe Chamberlain (he went so far back) were his caricatural victims, but they never resented his art. There was never “venom” behind his work! Much of it adorns the walls of London Press Club and Manchester—his spiritual home. “A.E.M.” (Morton) made a name as originator of the “Imps,” which appeared by the pageful in *Ideas*.

“Alf” was also sporting cartoonist for the Hulton Press, doing a cartoon for the *Athletic News*, illustrating the *Football Chronicle* and the nightly cricket edition. Before the first “World War” (“the war to end wars”) a “Cricket Edition” was published each evening by the *Chronicle* and *Evening News*, with sketches of the day’s play, four or five (1 col.) as a rule. I did the *News* and Morton the *Chronicle*. Being “rivals,”

★ Memories of the great by-gone days are usually memories rich with names. In this contribution Mr. Mellor recalls many well-known names from the great days of the Hulton Press in Manchester. ★

we palled up together, drank together and came back together, with never a mention of work. Only when we saw our editions did we know what ideas each had brought into execution. Morton always introduced his imp near his initials.

Those were hard days for the newspaper artist, but good training. Each morning in the *Daily Dispatch* was a cartoon by “J.H.L.” (Lunn) that was, by many people, the first thing looked for—Frank Rose, their labour correspondent, used to provide most of the ideas, and they were beautifully drawn. Lunn, a most modest man, was persuaded to join the newly-appointed staff of the *Tribune*, which ended so tragically. He did some wonderful work for it, but its end just about broke his heart. The only work I saw of his in latter years were column sketches in *Tit-Bits*.

### “Weary Willie” Series

“H.P.” (Penfold Jenner) then joined the staff to draw the *Evening Chronicle* cartoon. He came from the staff of Amalgamated Press, following, I think, Tom Browne, in continuing the great children’s series of “Weary Willy and Tired Tim.” Such initial work was his “forte,” he never assimilated to the political cartoon, and always regretted his migration to Manchester.

Then “Poy” came to augment the staff with pungent wit that eventually got him a high-salaried job on the *Daily Mail*, somewhere about 1912. “Poy,” by the way, is about the only newspaper cartoonist who has been able to retire in comfort—the profession, as a rule, is too Bohemian. “W.H.D.” (Bill Dorrity, from Liverpool) and “E.D.” (Dale) also joined the staff.



*Local weekly newspapers are—and are always likely to be—a power in the land. But they have to earn that power by accuracy, by having “a tradition for honest reporting and fair and accurate presentation of news,” as P. H. CLEVERLEY, News Editor of the “Western Gazette,” Yeovil, points out in this contribution.*

## Wide Rural Interests Give Power To

THE production of weekly newspapers, be they small or big, have their own peculiar problems and what may be said about their difficulties, technical and human, may apply in greater or lesser degree to all of them. Communities which have their own locally produced papers regard them in a very special way as their own papers.

There is something more in this attachment than mere local patriotism. Most of the provincial journals owe their very firm position in their own territories very largely to a tradition for honest reporting and fair and accurate presentation of news.

Those journals which are addicted to the “stunt and splash” type of news presentation never inspire that trust which is enjoyed by the local papers produced by staffs living in close touch with their readers who are quick to distinguish between false or flashy shows and sound news stories. The local paper must be an honest and comprehensive record of local life. In its case, at any rate, the dictum that what is news to-day is not news tomorrow is an obvious fallacy. Nowhere else possibly will the local reader find the records and reviews of local happenings and enterprises in which he is interested. A stringent selection of the “best” news of the day may satisfy the readers of more illustrious contemporaries. The local weekly dare not sacrifice the so-called trivialities of local life and effort to the “high lights” of spectacular achievement or allow crime and scandal to bear a too disproportionate relation to the more sober and subdued hues in the woven pattern of urban and rural life. The difference between the “nationals” and “locals” is apparent and understandable. In character, outlook and style the variation is sharply defined.

The “locals” themselves are marked by an interesting diversity of types, styles and sizes, from the small town productions of undistinguished form and pretension to those which in style and prestige rank as high as, if not higher, than some of the dailies. Within that diversity are some exceptional examples with problems of more than normal complexity and magnitude. For illustration, the *Western Gazette* is one, but there are many others. In its coverage of four counties it issues under existing conditions about a dozen editions. In the collection and presentation of news and in technical organisation this calls for team work of a high degree of efficiency.

### Quart into Pint Pot

To seek to maintain the standards of pre-war days on a post-war paper ration is to attempt the old unsolvable conundrum of getting a quart into a pint pot. The panorama each week is one of infinite and vivid variety — hundreds of towns and villages, with a multitude of interests and occupations and diversions.

To-day, problems of production, immense in the days of unlimited paper supplies, have been enormously intensified by the restrictions on news print. The news editor has no anxiety about the volume or variety of the flood of copy which flows daily into the head office from all points of an extensive area of circulation, an amazing miscellany of local news, supplemented by all the propaganda of Government departments and organisations of all kinds, all intent on doing some window dressing within the attenuated limits of present-day accommodation.

The news editor's first consideration is for his local news service, to preserve the balance between one interest and another and one district

and another. He has a task which almost baffles the instincts of discrimination. Big things are happening in the countryside and more concern is being shown for everything that affects the progress, comfort and welfare of community life. Local authorities are wrestling with a multitude of problems in housing, water, sanitation, planning, etc., and all sorts of new schemes and experiments are being inaugurated to accom-

## Local Newspapers



plish the ideal of "the fuller life." Higher wages, more education and the extension of travel facilities have contributed to the broadening of the outlook everywhere.

A staff of some twenty trained reporters, stationed in various centres throughout the four counties, cover every aspect of the major activities, immersed in a "surging sea of social activity," of "sport and politics, committees and religion." Their work is supplemented by the contributions of literally hundreds of correspondents in all walks of life and of all degrees of literary ability.

One instance alone will indicate the volume of matter which comes from the villages. In the four counties of our interest are some seven or eight hundred Women's Institutes and from the majority of these come with unfailing regularity records of their monthly meetings. Multiply this by the reports of all the other organisations which are established in every area and some idea may be gained of the task which confronts the staff of sub-editors.

### Carefully Geared

Just as the sub-editorial staff must, among other things, be qualified to fit each village piece into the great jigsaw of the South West without geographical lapses, so the news room staff is so well versed in the topography of the area that they can deftly juggle each paragraph into its rightful place. A false move here or in the stereotyping department would throw out of gear the processes of printing and packing and despatching, and so cause trains to be missed and deliveries to be upset. Throughout the day the thunderous hum of the rotary press is heard intermittently as edition after edition comes off the machine. This modern press could dispose of its task in two or three hours at top speed if only one run was involved, but because of the constant changing of editions, publication begins at about noon and continues until well into the evening. All day long, too, the nearly eighty thousand of papers are being carried into every corner of the great area which the paper serves.

### Not Superhuman

A production of to-day's dimensions, with everything sacrificed to the cramped limits of present-day resources, scarcely reflects the best that can be done in the Provinces. But newspaper men are not superhumans. There are, after all, only a handful of Archangels known to theology!

### Keep It in Mind

Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the Press is the palladium of all the civil, political and religious rights.—Junios.



In all parts of the British Commonwealth and Empire newspapers are published in the English language—a world-wide achievement unique in man's history. Here "C.D.", a reporter who has worked abroad, touches on the fascinating subject of

## Commonwealth & Empire

# STORY OF THE PUBLIC PRINT

**A**DVENTURE beckons any young man who can write English, is willing to take a risk, has an itching foot and an avid desire to learn about places and people: he can work his way round the British Commonwealth of Nations and Empire as a newspaper reporter.

Adventure also awaits any reader, no matter how complacently middle-aged or timorously stay-at-home, if he reads the Commonwealth and Empire newspapers. Why, there is the smell of buccaneers and the rollicking days of pirates in the very name of the *Barbados Advocate* and the *British Guiana Graphic*, the feeling of the "Frozen North" in the *North Bay Star*, the glitter of diamonds in the *Rand Daily Mail*, the stamp of the pomp and poverty of India in the *Times of India* and something of the old-time pioneer about the recently launched *Centralian Advocate*, "printed and published by C. H. Chapman at his office, Railway Terrace, Alice Springs"—which, for the benefit of the ignorant, is located in Central Australia, a thousand miles north of Adelaide, and aims to be the capital of that enormous tract of land known as the Northern Territory.

### Readership Exchange?

The story of every part of the Commonwealth and Empire can be traced in the history of local daily and weekly newspapers; and for the sake of better understanding of people and conditions and problems affecting a quarter of the world it is a pity there is not a greater exchange of readership. Consistent reading of Empire newspapers would make Britons more familiar with the people and conditions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, British West Indies, the Fiji Islands, Zanzibar, or any other place you care to mention, than all the history and geography books ever written.

People frequently complain that there is no adventure left in the world, but it is staring them in the face—adventure through imagination on the pages of the Empire newspapers. And the young and enterprising who have a talent for reporting there is adventure in working for Empire newspapers. By that I don't mean going out on a paper with a nice secure contract tucked away in your wallet so that you can run back home if you don't like the people or the place; I mean going out and take a chance of finding a job.

### Empire Mixture

One morning five of us on the editorial staff of the *Daily Star*, Toronto, were having coffee and finding out where we came from. One was a New Zealander who had been a beachcomber; one was an Australian, another a South African. There was one Canadian and I, an Englishman. The Australian had worked on papers in China and the West Indies; the South African had worked in the Middle East and Britain; the Canadian had worked in the United States and Central America. And they had all done it the hard way, the adventurous way. The five of us were typographers of the reporters and sub-editors on a big Canadian daily paper published in any city from Halifax to Vancouver.

Canadian papers are, of course, vast masses of newsprint compared to the four-page British papers. But even in normal times the Canadian papers are very much bigger. For instance, it is common to have 36 to 60-page evening papers while the week-end papers run, section by section, upwards of 100 pages. I never was able to read through, say, the *New York Times* week-end edition (sold in Canada) nor even the *Toronto Star Weekly* on which I worked.

The Canadian, like most of the Dominions' Press

carries an immense amount of detailed coverage of local stories. I remember, for example, writing 12,000 words in one day, and 8,000-10,000 on other days, on a murder trial and every word was published together with many pictures. But such is the number of pages, this lavish devotion of space to local news does not mean squeezing out either foreign news or features. Indeed, the world coverage by any sizeable newspaper in the Dominions is as comprehensive as that of a "peace-time" British national daily—and far more detailed and explanatory.

The set-up of the Press in the Dominions and Empire is considerably different from that in Britain. In Canada, for example, there is no "national daily"; the country is too vast for distribution on a daily basis. The result is an intense local development of the Press. At the time I was in Toronto there were two morning and two evening newspapers serving a population of about 800,000. The *Daily Star* had then a circulation of about 250,000 (it has since risen considerably) and was—as it remains—the biggest English daily paper in the Dominion.

A feature of the Dominions' Press is the existence of numerous small daily newspapers. Thus, about 40 miles from Toronto the small industrial town of Hamilton supports two dailies, and it is not unusual to find a town with no more than, say, 15,000 inhabitants supporting a daily. Indeed, I know that dailies have been started in towns of less than 10,000.

### Comprehensive Service

These small town dailies are excellent newspapers, comparable in every way with the British Provincial dailies—giving, in fact, a more comprehensive service of foreign news and features.

Comparisons are said to be odious but I have so often heard British criticism of Dominions' papers as "proys" and "badly subbed" that I will risk the frowns of some Fleet Street colleagues and assert that most of their criticism is based on habit and familiarity. British papers have never compared in size to those of the Dominions, consequently selection of news has been narrower and the subbing of it more severe. Furthermore, the development of national dailies has tended to concentrate news and views on the broadest issues, while the struggle for vast circulations has encouraged editors to give high marks to entertainment value.

If your reading habits have made you familiar with this sort of newspaper then you may well assert, when confronted with a Dominions' paper of, say, 48 pages, that the British paper is to be desired. But I don't think you are even remotely right if you say—as I've heard persons often say—that the British paper contains all the facts and none of the wordiness. A Canadian or Australian or New Zealand reader would consider a "peace-time" British daily poor fare (in quantity at least) and would be convinced he had not got all the facts. And he would be right simply because you cannot put a quart into a pint pot no matter how hard you try.

### Intense Development

I have mentioned the intensity of newspaper development in the Dominions, especially in relation to daily papers. The development in relation to weekly papers is even more intense; small towns of 7,500 to 10,000 population often have two or three weeklies, and villages of a couple of thousand people sometimes have their own weekly or fortnightly. Some have been established since pioneer days; some are started in new pioneer districts; and many are started where others have tried and tried again—and failed. But that never seems to distress your enterprising Commonwealth cousin; indeed, I got so used to friends of mine in Canada dashing off to start a paper that I was prompted to start one myself but, having selected a village for that purpose, I was thwarted by a Linotype operator who had been struck with the same idea; and as far as I know he is still running his little paper to-day.

Any young man who wants to have a lot of good, homely fun, a fair amount of excitement and, at the same time, get solid training in newspaper work could venture no better than to join a local newspaper, especially a local in one of the Dominions or the Empire. I was lucky. I was just turned 17 when I took myself off to Canada with an ambition to travel and write. A year later a sympathetic professor assured me I stood a chance as a reporter, so I called in to see the editor of a metropolitan daily. An office boy, who was posted strategically to keep away tykes like myself, informed me that he was the editor and that (he was sorry) there were no jobs.

I had never met an editor but I was sure I was not in the presence of one, so I withdrew down the corridor and waited. The moment the



youth's back was turned I made a dash and burst in on the great man. He was amused, tolerant and kindly, gave me no hope and told me to go out and dig up a story. With that he got rid of me—so he thought. The next day I was back with a news feature story; this time he took my name and address. He advised me to go and get experience on a weekly paper. I did. I went with a party to Orillia, Ontario, met the editor of *Packet & Times* there by accident, and was hired for the three summer months. I stayed with that paper 18 months, when the daily newspaper editor asked me to join his staff. (Who says hard-boiled editors are not men of their word?)

### Doyen of Editors

The point of this bit of biography is that jobs are to be picked up casually even by the callow and inexperienced. The number of newspapers in relation to population is so much higher in Canada and other Dominions than it is in Britain that any youngster who is keen is almost certain to be given a chance, even if it's only delivering the papers. But, as I said, I was lucky. I worked under C. H. Hale, doyen of weekly editors in Canada, a writer whose leaders have been quoted not only throughout North America but in all parts of the world. And the paper he still edits with such distinction is comparable to any town weekly in any part of the world and far better than most. I have seen very few in England the equal of it in make-up and presentation of news. It is bright and lively, factual, accurate, and carries a number of features. As a good "local" should, it covers Orillia and the surrounding area with great thoroughness. But, in addition to all its qualities as an excellent weekly, it carries Mr. Hale's editorials. In its columns he expounds on problems international and national as well as provincial and local, in vigorous but stylish prose, the study of which reveals a mind of unusual quality and of considerable learning. Indeed, had Mr. Hale wished to venture into the broader realms of newspaperdom he would, without doubt, have made a great name for himself in the course of a distinguished career. But Mr. Hale, like many other editors of small newspapers, preferred the close and intimate life in a small community.

There are thousands of newspapers in the Commonwealth and Empire edited by such men and it is in their columns that you will find a reflection of local life.

In my opinion life on a local paper in the Dominions is a much more interesting and vigorous occupation than it is in Britain. Local politics, for instance, are waged with real intensity of feeling on all sides—much after the style of eighteenth century English parliamentary elections. The country itself is less tamed and always near at hand and that produces exciting stories—about forest fires, wild beasts, poisonous snakes, man's continuing struggle against nature. Except for the escape of circus animals, it is a long time since anything more dangerous than a fox has been at large in England.

The habit of starting newspapers seems to be very strong in the British people wherever they settle. One of the most interesting of recent newspaper ventures is that of Mr. C. H. Chapman at Alice Springs, Central Australia.

According to a letter I received recently from him, together with a souvenir copy of his new weekly, the *Centralian Advocate*, Mr. Chapman is made of the stuff of Empire builders. He has worked up to ownership of grazing stations, saw-mills, oil and water boring plants, farming property, and contracting works. He has also been an explorer and prospector—with the crowning achievement of discovering the Granites Gold Mines where recently six 44-gallon drums of specimen ore produced one thousand ounces of gold—hence the *Centralian Advocate*. Mr. Chapman can now afford to try his greatest adventure, that of newspaper founder and owner.

### Pioneer Story

Listen to this for a tale of how to found another Empire paper. Mr. Chapman, who had the first private airplane in Central Australia, has travelled far and wide in and outside Australia, and found at Alice Springs, a "town" of 1,600 inhabitants, a place so congenial in climate and scenery that he decided to settle there for life, and start a newspaper to keep him occupied.

He bought land, iron and timber, and a saw-mill plant. Exhaustive searches in Adelaide (1,000 miles away) and elsewhere enabled him to buy 20 tons of cement. He got on with his building but up north, at Darwin (also 1,000 miles away), was a "planner," an architect with (to quote Chapman) "Victorian ideas," and he said Chapman's plans must be scrapped. He insisted that Chapman erect a building in a way to get the direct rays of the hot sun; but such is the omni-

potence of planners the world over, Chapman had to take the heat and like it.

Next he started a frantic search for Linotypes, a press and newspaper plant. After many more thousand-mile journeys he did get hold of what he wanted—but could get nobody to pack and shift the plant 1,000 miles north. Eventually he got a man and a compositor-machinist to set about dismantling and transporting the plant, but by the time they were ready there was a strike on the railway. The men went home. Just as they started out again—a week later—a second strike took place. After that delay they got the plant on its way to Alice Springs. That journey, due to mishaps, took three weeks and during that time the compositor-machinist got himself a more convenient job in Adelaide.

Chapman soon got the plant installed and carried out another change to the roof of his building (on the instructions of the architect-planner 1,000 miles away). But he still could not start although he had hired an editor four months earlier.

Two weeks later the mechanic arrived with a Linotype operator, who was to stay indefinitely, while the mechanic promised to find a compositor-machinist.

The men had worked for a week ; all was well ; the paper was about to be published ; from all around Alice Springs people clamoured for a copy ; even the advertisements came in so freely that there were more than could be accommodated.

### Birth Frustrated

Then the Linotype operator left at a moment's notice because of family troubles, and the birth of the *Centralian Advocate* was again frustrated.

With the resolute philosophy of the pioneer, Chapman remarked at the time, when a lesser man would have bayed the moon and torn his (or somebody's) hair out by the handful : " Anyway, it gives me a kick in life to overcome obstacles. These are nothing to a driller losing his set of tools at, say, 1,500 feet. It all spells adventure—and we shall get there in the end."

He was right. He did—about a month later, on Saturday, May 24, 1947.

If Alice Springs is all that our Australian cousin, Chapman, claims it to be—the best climate in Australia, probably the world, with superb scenery, rich soil where anything will grow so quickly that it seems magical, minerals and precious stones

in abundance, a constant supply of soft water, and fruit hanging from the boughs in luscious clusters—if Alice Springs is all this then it most certainly will thrive. And in the days to come, when it is a large and flourishing centre of population, and the *Centralian Advocate* is a powerful daily, the people of that future Alice Springs will honour the name of the determined, rugged pioneer founder of their newspaper—and probably lament that the days of adventure are over.

### Varying Readership

In a Commonwealth and Empire as extensive as the British it is only to be expected that the newspapers should vary as much as the conditions under which they are produced. The flashing parakeets of British Guiana provide a very different background from that of the howling wolf packs of Northern Canada or the roaring lions of Central Africa or the languid lagoons of the Pacific isles. I mention these rather highly-coloured differences in order to stress that there are differences not only in conditions but in the people concerned—the readers.

Let us visit, for a while, the British West Indies, and take for our guide Mr. G. Mac Eoin, a newspaper editor in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. He can tell us a lot about the newspapers of the islands where the readership is shared among the white and the coloured citizens of this section of the British Commonwealth.

Mr. Mac Eoin in a recent letter to me quoted the following :

" The public is hereby notified that I Prince Taylor is (*sic*) no longer responsible for my wife Henrietta Ramsaroop, she having left my home without just cause or provocation, and that I do not hold myself responsible for any debts contracted by her."

If, Mac Eoin wrote, you opened your newspaper and saw about a dozen such notices you would know that you were in the Eastern Caribbean—in Trinidad, Barbados, British Guiana, Grenada, St. Kitts, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Dominica, one of those little outposts of Empire where the bones of buccaneers have bleached on the sands.

The idea of the " wife notice " or " putting her in the paper " (or him, the husband) is to bring odium on the erring spouse. And when it works there is usually a clause in the reconciliation agreement to advertise that the spouse " is again under my care and protection."



That is one difference of outlook between the West Indies reader and, say, the British ; another is the disregard of the time element in relation to news. The readers want a substantial report on, say, an important local function and they are willing to wait for it ; none of your London tricks of boiling it down to a few lines.

" One morning paper in this area locks its latest pages at 7 p.m. and starts to print at 8 a.m., the formes remaining locked in an empty office for 13 hours," Mac Eoin informed me. " Two Trinidad papers which go to bed at 2 a.m. some hundreds of miles away are on sale outside the office several mornings a week, delivered by air, before the first copy of the local paper comes off the machine. But there is still a public for the local product.

" Even the relatively up-to-date Trinidad papers suffer from the inescapable time-lag," continued Mac Eoin. " It is not a question of equipment—they have the most modern—but of the psychology of the workers, aggravated by lack of skill.

" It is impossible to achieve a routine interlocking of activities from reporter or photographer

to printing machine. The reporter will take several hours to hand the sub. a column of copy. The sub. will worry over it for further hours before it goes to the printers, who are quite capable of losing it.

" To get to press at 2 a.m. the ten or twelve-page morning paper will have to start at 8 a.m. and have all but three or four pages closed by 6 p.m. The effective deadline for copy and blocks is about 9 p.m., and even a single late picture or a column of matter after that will cause more confusion than a midnight dissolution of Parliament would arouse in Fleet Street. If the town council meets from 4 to 6 p.m. most likely only a few paragraphs will appear in the next morning's paper, and five or six solid columns dear to the West Indian heart will follow next day.

" The ' why worry ' outlook goes even deeper," Mac Eoin went on. " If you come in one evening and find two stone hands instead of six, and three Lino operators instead of eight, you will know that carnival, inter-island cricket, or horse races, are to blame. And instead of getting excited, you look around for some stock blocks or half a dozen stereos to fill the holes."

## THANK YOU !

*The Secretary and Committee of the Newspaper Press Fund join with the publishers of INKY WAY ANNUAL in thanking all advertisers who have so kindly supported them in the production of this volume. It is confidently expected that the net revenues from sales and advertising will provide a noteworthy addition to the resources of the NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND.*

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